RAILROAD MAGAZINE

December 1941

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RED STAR MAGAZINE DEC.

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December, 1941 ***Vol. 31, No. 1*** ***15 Cents***

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A **RED STAR** *Magazine*

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, NEW YORK, N. Y.
WILLIAM T. DEWART, President & Treasurer WILLIAM T. DEWART, JR., Secretary
PARIS: HACHETTE & CIE, 111 Rue Réaumur
LONDON: THE CONTINENTAL PUBLISHERS & DISTRIBUTORS, LTD., 8 La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4

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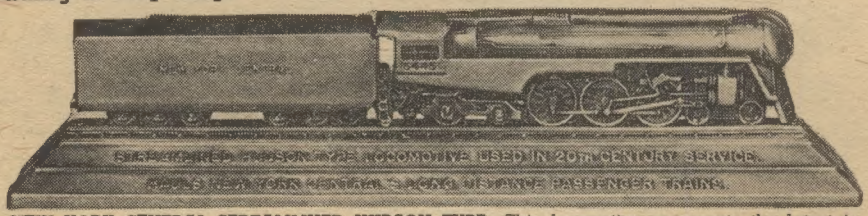

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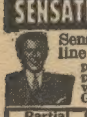

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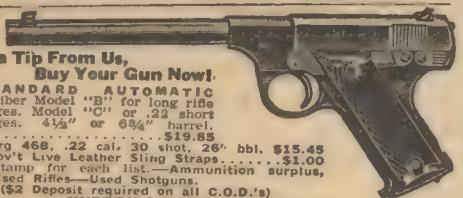

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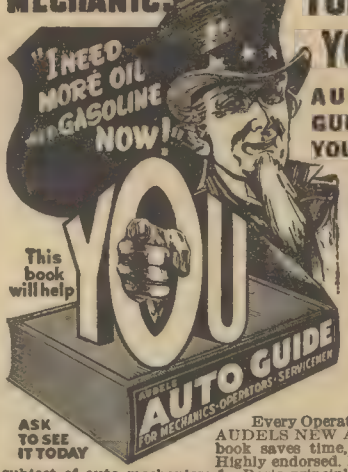

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Little Red Caboose

She May Be a Dinky Old Four-Wheeler or a New Streamlined Steel Palace, but She's Home Sweet Home for Thousands of Trainmen

By BILL KNAPKE

REMEMBER the night of the big sleet, Old-Timer? How, just after a blast of sleet that rattled the windows, you heard, muted by storm and train, the whistle? *W-h-a-a-a-a w-h-a-a w-h-a-a,* it sounded. You took a quick glance at the air gage. Nope! Not a "busted hose." You groaned:

"Hell's bells! Wouldn't you know it hafta be night like this for something to go wrong?"

You slid into your heavy coat, grabbed your white and red lamps, yanked the two fusees from where they were stuck in the floor, and in no time at all you were out on the rear platform and down on the step, ready to unload as soon as the speed slackened enough. You dropped off and fought your way back through the storm.

Will you ever forget the bitter cold and almost unbearable suffering of the next hour, how you stomped your feet and threshed your body with your arms in the effort to keep from freezing? Then came the most welcome sound you had ever heard in your life: four long blasts from the whistle of your engine. They were faint and almost indistinguishable through the storm, but you could have heard them even if they hadn't been half as loud.

You twisted the bonnet off a fusee, cracked it, stuck it in the end of a tie, and began your battle back to your crummy with the fervent hope that the

Side-Door Hack on the Great Northern, Snapped at Glasgow, Mont., in 1894:

"big ox" hadn't let the fire get too low. He hadn't. In fact, the stove was almost white-hot, and the "old man" insisted on helping you off with your coat. Then he made you lie down on the locker right behind the stove where you could soak up the heat from both sides at once. There you slowly thawed, listening to the muffled drone of wheels rolling beneath you, and you thought: *Is there any spot in the world more comfortable?*

And there, my friend, is the answer to a trainman's affection for his caboose. It's usually painted red, but may be yellow, green or almost any other color. It is his refuge from winter's icy storms and summer's blistering heat, a place to prepare his meals, play his poker and, above all, "hit the hay" at the end of a long tiresome trip.

Although this kind of equipment has evoked railroad lore in poetry and prose for nearly a century, the word *caboose* itself was originally a nautical term for "galley" (ship's cabin in which cooking is done). You can readily understand why it was taken over into land travel.

The earliest mention of *caboose* in railway journals to come to my attention is an item (from Bill Mulheisen, St. Louis) published more than eighty years ago, relating to a suit brought by a man named Edgerton against the old New York & Harlem Railway (now New York Central) for injuries he sustained February 28th, 1859. How the case turned out is aside from the point. I read elsewhere that in the same year a traveler visiting a New England town was struck by the odd appearance of a railroad flat-car carrying a sort of shanty, and he wrote: "The men had erected a caboose in which to cook their meals."

Inasmuch as New England's chief

Most Roads Have Long Since Discontinued Using That Type of Equipment

Photo by U. Buckley, 2617 77th Court, Elmwood Park, Ind.

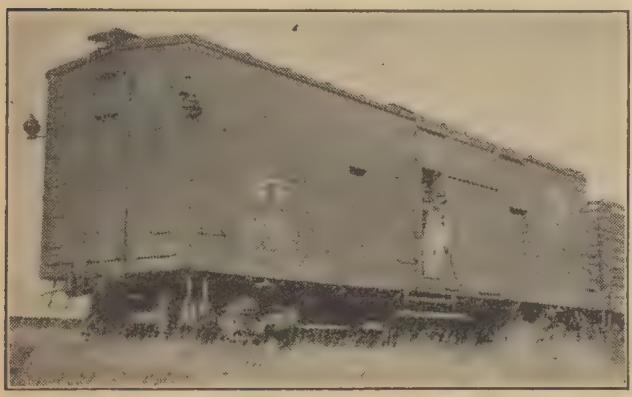


Photo by W. K. Robbins, 1293 K St., San Bernardino, Calif.

Remodeled Boxcars Used as Cabooses: (Upper) The Rock Island Employs a Number of These on Switching Runs in and Around Chicago. That Odd-Looking Seat on the Roof Certainly Wasn't Designed for Tunnels or Low Bridges. (Lower) Note the Marker Lights on the Espee Buggy

industries centered around sailing ships, it is almost certain that the commentator borrowed a nautical term to describe what he saw. David L. Joslyn of Sacramento, Calif., an authority on railroad history, bears out this point.

"When trains began to operate over great distances," Dave told me, "a place of shelter for the crew was needed. So the railroad companies gave them a platform car, on which the men were not slow to build a boxlike affair similar to those they had seen on sailing vessels."

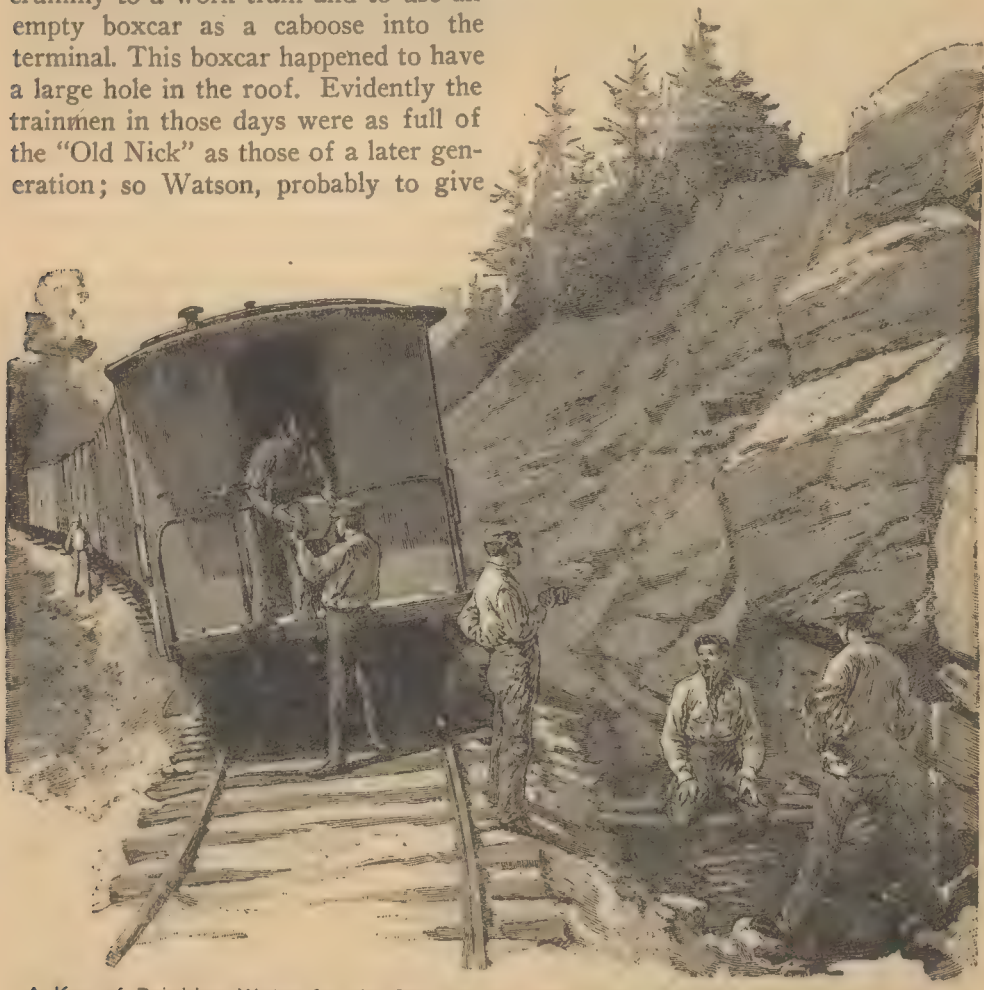
IN THE absence of authentic data, I visualize an ancestor of the caboose as follows: One bitter wintry day a conductor decided to place an empty boxcar on the rear of the train as protection from the cold, and the crew probably threw a few shovels of sand on the floor and built a fire. This made the trip so much more endurable that on the return he tried it again, using the same car because of the sand pile already prepared. Afterward, as I imagine it, the crew held onto that car to supply heat until the Arctic weather was over. This, I assume, planted the seed, so that when the next winter's cold came, boxcars had been especially fitted for shelter purposes.

One improvement followed another until the caboose reached its present efficiency. It began without a cupola and is rapidly returning to same condition. The original purpose for which the cupola was devised—visibility over top of train and accessibility to handbrakes—is now pretty much a thing of the past. With one of the present boxcars ahead of the caboose, there is no more visibility than through a tight board fence. Just the same, we old trainmen dislike to see the cupola vanish, for a crummy doesn't look real without one.

From several sources I learn the cupola was devised by T. B. Watson, a freight conductor on the Chicago & North Western between Cedar Rapids and Clinton, Iowa, in the summer of

1863. Nevertheless, years passed before it was widely used. In fact, one of my boyhood recollections is seeing cabooses with a bench, somewhat like a park settee, bolted to the running board of cabooses, and a small paned window sash that could be moved to either end of bench and used for wind-break. These cars were used on both the Indianapolis & St. Louis (now Big Four) and the Cairo Short Line (now Illinois Central) somewhere around 1880.

One day in the summer of 1863, Conductor Watson was ordered to give his crummy to a work train and to use an empty boxcar as a caboose into the terminal. This boxcar happened to have a large hole in the roof. Evidently the trainmen in those days were as full of the "Old Nick" as those of a later generation; so Watson, probably to give amusement to other crews he met, piled some boxes under the said hole and sat on them with his head and shoulders above the roof. This position gave him such an advantageous view of his train that it produced serious thought. Upon arriving at Clinton he suggested to the Master Mechanic that two new cabooses, which were then under construction, be built with glass-enclosed lookouts on top. Evidently the Master Maniac thought well of the idea, for the cupola came into being.



A Keg of Drinking Water for the Men on the Rear End. The Only "Modern" Touch in This Old Print of Fifty Years Ago Is the Absence of a Cupola

Photo by R. H. Kindig, 3831 Perry St., Denver, Colo.

You Couldn't Get a Much Shorter Train Than This One: Narrow-Gage Engine 681 Backing with a Caboose near Fall River, Colo., to Clean Out the Empties Remaining Above Idaho Springs on the Abandoned Part of the Colorado & Southern, January 30th, 1939

THERE are some things of which the caboose is shy, but names isn't one of 'em. Known to the car department and on official records as *caboose-car* or merely *caboose,* to yard, engine and train men it is called by a variety of appellations. In the days before yardmen were furnished cabooses for their outside deliveries there was nothing more galling to some half-frozen switchman, perched monkey fashion on the rear drawbar of his cut of cars trying to avoid the icy blasts, than to pass some caboose, its windows reflecting the glow of inside warmth and its crew seated around the table enjoying a meal. From situations of that sort sprang the wide and varied nomenclature, most of which—if you will give them a moment's study—were clearly inspired by envy. I'll set down a few of these titles as they occur to me and if these are not enough, any old-timer can supply you with plenty more:

Ambulance, anchor, buggy, brainbox, bazoo wagon, cabin, chariot, crummy, —cage (supply your own prefix), *cripple's home, den, doghouse, diner, glory wagon, go-cart, hack, kitchen, madhouse, monkey hut, palace, parlor, perambulator, rest room, treasure chest, van, way-car, zoo.* Not to mention some others which polite usage and postal laws forbid. "Van" is the term most commonly used in Canada. It has an English derivation.

Early-day cabooses looked much the same inside. The arrangement of closets, stove, desk, bunks and cupola might vary a little, but all the essentials were there. When you entered the end door you found, on each side a locker —really a long box with a series of hinged lids, usually extending from the end of the car to the wall of the cupola. Sometimes a section of one or both would be omitted to provide space for a desk or coalbox. Near the center and almost under the cupola loomed a big, heavy, cast-iron stove, bolted to the floor. It had a flat top and two lids. Close by stood the desk, bolted to the wall. Pigeon-holes, racks and cigar boxes, with one end taken out and

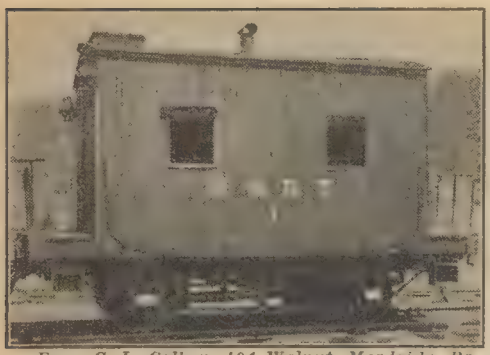
stuffed with papers, decorated the wall everywhere within arm's reach. Light was furnished by an oil lamp secured in a bracket and chimney to prevent its being knocked off.

Some cabooses had the bunks built in tiers, two high. Others boasted the swinging type which folded up against the ceiling in the manner of Pullman upper berths. As for bunks, wide diversity was shown in various localities. In the East, due to greater density of population and consequently easier access to hotels and rooming-houses, less attention was paid to sleeping provisions than you found in cabooses elsewhere.

The further West you went, the more facilities you discovered for livability in the way-cars. It was all a matter of necessity. On many desert divisions you had no place to eat or sleep, outside of your caboose, from the time you left one terminal until you arrived at the other. So it was a case of eat on the crummy, carry a nosebag, or go hungry. Now there are two things that trainmen love to do: eat and sleep. A conductor sent the following wire to trainmaster's office: "Brakeman Jones taken ill. Send brakeman to relieve him. Must be good cook." And, brother, that may be only a story but it's more truth than poetry.

Likewise in the matter of slumber. Most of the desert hotels or rooming-houses were such in name only. One or two experiences of trying to get rest in 'em generally sufficed. Then, too, in bygone days the "hotshots" such as we have today were few and far between. It was not uncommon to "tie up" for rest on the road when human endurance had reached the limit, and so it was a safe bet that you'd find any crummy fully equipped for eating and sleeping.

Rare Old Photo of Caboose and Engine on the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo (Now Part of Chesapeake & Ohio)



From C. L. Collom, 491 Walnut, Meadville, Pa.

Number 1 of the Huntingdon & Broad Top

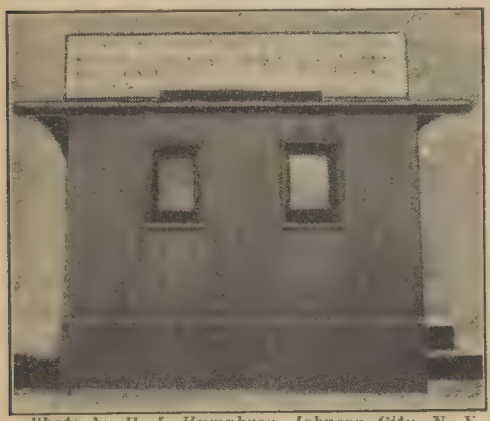


Photo by H. I. Humphrey, Johnson City, N. Y.

Arctic Explorer Peary Took This Erie Caboose to the Far North

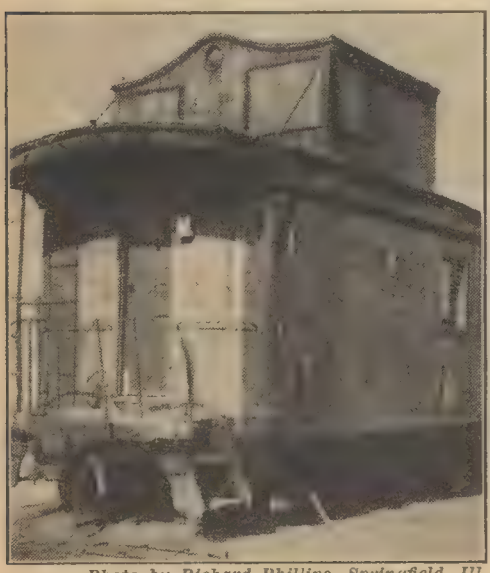


Photo by Richard Phillips, Springfield, Ill.

Jacksonville & Havana Brain-Cage; Note the Tail Light in the Cupola

Photo by H. A. Hill, Seattle, Wash.

Photo by Gerald Best, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Typical Logging Cabooses of the Big Woods. (Upper) Bloedall-Donovan Lumber Mills, Sappho, Wash. Note Odd Cupola, Gas Headlight, Handrails, Extension Platform. (Lower) West Side Lumber Co., 3-Foot Gage, Tuolumne, Calif.

Photo by L. W. Moody, Union, Maine

4-Wheeler on Uintah Narrow-Gage (Abandoned)

MUCH variety was shown in the placement of the cupola. You could find it anywhere from the extreme end to the exact middle—according to the whim of the designer, I guess, for I could never see any advantage in one location over another. But that's the way they were.

Then there were closets and cupboards galore, mostly built in, under and around the lower part of the cupola. These provided ample storage space. We also have lockers for the heavier supplies such as journal brasses, knuckles, knuckle pins, car chains—in fact, a collection like unto nothing else, except it be the contents of a small boy's pockets.

There was a time when part of these lockers were used to give weight to the light wooden caboose by filling any unused space with short lengths of rail, scrap iron, or any other heavy debris. There was a good reason for this.

You see, before the day of air-brakes the caboose and engine were the two most efficient braking units in the train. It didn't take as many brakes to control one of those lightweight trains as you might imagine. The crummy and one or two cars on the rear, plus the engine and a couple on the head end, would serve for any ordinary stop; so to make the caboose as effective as possible it was customary to give her all the weight we could. The more weight we had, the less liability there was of sliding wheels, while more braking pressure could be applied, with greater retardation.

In olden days the caboose not only had a brake on each end but also a third one located in the cupola. Those brakes were all opposed. By that I mean, when any one of them was tightened it would pull against the other two. Brakemen would frequently take advantage of that when they had a car immediately ahead with its brake toward the crummy. By unbolting the chain of the caboose from its brake-staff and with a piece of chain fixed for the purpose, they joined the caboose brake-chain to brake-chain of car ahead. Thus, when a cupola brake was applied it not only set the caboose brake but the brake on car ahead as well. Many times a hind man would go over the division without getting out of the cupola.

I have already mentioned the stove. On a few Western roads space was provided for two stoves on a caboose. Cooking on a two-lid heating stove was a pretty sketchy affair, as you can figure. On Western lines the men did a real job of keeping house—a regular range and a full outfit of utensils and dishes. Yep, on those chariots we had tasty meals with all the trimmings, but along with my recollection of food I have eaten are memories of grub I didn't eat. Ferinstance:

Soon after the Southern Pacific had brought big power to its Los Angeles Division and equipped the hogs with independent or straight air, most of the hoggers were still unfamiliar with straight air and had no conception of what effect its full application would have on the rear end. But it didn't take long until they were fully informed—in lurid and profane language—by various irate skippers.

At that time I was braking behind for Ed Suell. Ed was a fine conductor but like most of us, had some peculiarities. He invariably wore a stiff-bosomed white shirt, turn-down celluloid collar fastened with "snap-on" collar button and no necktie. Stiff-bosomed shirts for everyday wear were not uncommon around the turn of the century. Generally Ed left his vest unbuttoned. His hair was sparse, but he wore it—

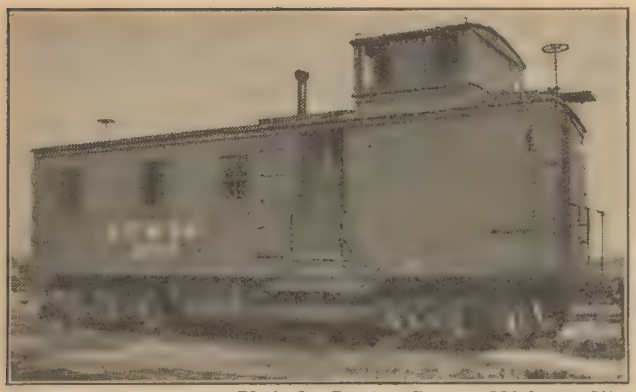


Photo by Preston George, Oklahoma City

Side-Door Cabooses Are Now Illegal in Kansas, but You Can Still Find a Number of Them in Use Elsewhere

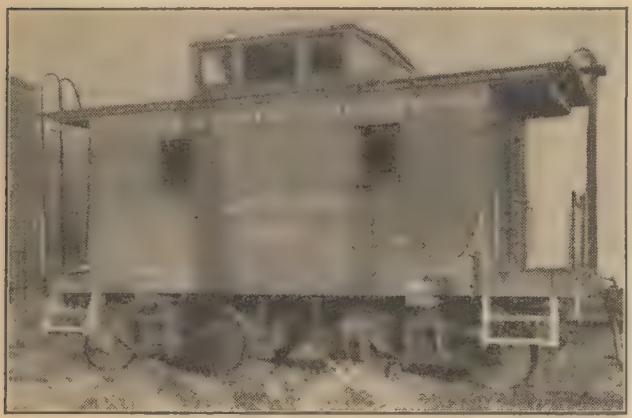


Photo by U. Buckley, Elmwood Park, Ill.

Plenty of Wheels on the Sacramento Northern 1614! Compare It with the CRI&P 019105, Pictured Below

Photo by Wesley Krambeck, Kansas City, Mo.

This Four-Wheeler, in Rock Island Transfer Service, Was Shattered to Bits Jan. 24th, 1937, When Hit by a Foreign-Line Transfer Train at North Kansas City

what there was—quite long to make up for the scarcity.

We were on an eastward extra and headed in at Mammoth, Calif. It was evening, so the skipper was getting supper. I closed the switch, caught the crummy, and handed the head end a sign. Then I went inside and told Ed the order board was red. Nearly all orders in those days were "31" forms. Anyhow, Ed had a pan of fried spuds setting on floor of cupola. His hands were in biscuit dough he was preparing. So he told me to go over and sign the order; as he couldn't leave right then.

I walked past him to the front. Just as I was about to open the door he spoke again. Not catching what he said, I turned around to ask him to repeat it. At that precise moment, on front of the train the hog had ambled up to nearly clearing distance at the other end. Our engineer, Davis, shoved in the throttle, "tipped over the brass monkey," threw his feet up on the boilerhead, and apparently drifted into pleasant dreams. Meanwhile, on the rear, Ed had his back to me and was stooped over, busy with his dough, when I turned. Then the explosion!

My head and shoulders rammed through the glass of the front door. Ed tumbled over backward, his head between my legs and

his shoulder striking my knee. His skull hit the floor with a solid bang. The pan of hot friend murphies made a graceful leap from their resting-place. It turned upside down, lit on Ed at the belt buckle, slid up the white stiff bosom and veered off to one side, leaving a trail of greasy contents enroute. The pain of that bump made Ed forget the biscuit dough and he grabbed his sparse hair with both hands.

Boy, oh boy! If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget that sight of Ed, his hair decorated with biscuit dough, his shirt bosom bedaubed with greasy hieroglyphics and his eyes fairly shooting fire. And the language he used. My, my! That's one meal I didn't eat that I've never forgotten.

AS I SAID, most Western cabooses were equipped for real housekeeping. You can gather to what extent this was from the fact that I was on an Espee work train for more than a year, during which time the crew ate every meal (except Sundays) in the doghouse. We had pretty fair eats, too. There were plenty of desserts; but not much fresh meat, as we were in the parched sandy country and ice was rather scarce.

One of the dishes we enjoyed was baked beans, and we worked a scheme in cooking them that I've never seen elsewhere. For the benefit of you guys who are still "feeding" on the crummy, I'll pass it on, as follows:

We had the lower half of a cut-in-two five-gallon oilcan. Also the top of the same can, trimmed just enough to fit inside, which made a sort of false bottom. This we had punched full of nail holes. A few small iron nuts kept this false bottom from contact with the bottom of the boiler and, in effect, made a double-boiler of the whole affair. So

Photo by Eric Swanson, 1571 Dewey Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Immaculate Caboose: C&NW 1144 Is Standard Red Outside; the Whole Interior Is Enameled White with Black Trim. She Is Used in Passenger Service in a Mixed Train on a Branch Line between Pelican Lake and Harrison, Wis.

when you were boiling your beans and had to leave the caboose for a while you didn't have to worry about them sticking to the bottom and scorching. After the beans were thoroughly done, we'd turn them into a shallow baking-pan, cover the top with slices of bacon, and set them in the oven until the bacon became crisp. I tell you, those beans were fit for anybody's palate.

Our favorite dessert was that old stand-by, rice pudding. When the rice was about half cooked we'd dump in a half-pound of seedless California raisins and enough sugar to suit our taste. When well done, this concoction was placed in a baking-pan on the caboose stove. Then a custard was made of

From a Northern Lumber Camp R. Young Sent Us This View of Old Canadian Pacific Van Number 62 and Two CP Wood-Burning Engines, 5 and 16, on Nipigon River Bridge in a Section of Ontario Known as a Fisherman's Paradise

eggs, canned milk and real vanilla extract (not the imitation stuff sold nowadays), with butter stirred in. The whole mess was put in the oven and kept there till brown in top. This, my friends, makes a dessert you'll relish, if you aren't stingy with butter and fresh eggs.

Housewives, cooking in the quiet of their kitchens, might wonder how we could keep pots and pans on the stove, with the caboose bouncing around. Well, we had a sort of iron fence or rail, about two or two and a half inches high, bolted entirely around the outer edges of the stove top. This "fence" was notched at intervals. A movable bar was placed in those notches, from side to side, which kept the utensil from having much movement. For tall kettles or pots, a chain or piece of wire was fastened to the ceiling and a hook in the free end was secured to the bail of the utensil. This, of course, kept it from turning over or being knocked off. Oh yes, after you had the "mulligan" deposited on the floor a few times, you learned to take precautions.

I MENTIONED the affection that trainmen have for their cabooses. It's but natural they should. In this connection a rather amusing incident comes to mind:

A certain conductor, whom we'll call Smith, had finished his run into Yuma, Ariz. He'd just eaten dinner and was reading in the library when the hogger, Johnny McNerney, who had pulled him into town, barged into the room with a couple of other engineers. The skipper was hidden from them by a large bookcase.

One of the engineers asked McNerney: "What kind of a trip did you have, Johnny?"

"Oh, pretty fair," he replied, and added with a laugh: "But one thing happened, I was never so deflated in my life. You know Smith don't think a

Old print from "The American Railway," Scribner's, 1897

In Bygone Days, One of the Qualifications of a Trainman Was to Be Handy with His Fists. You Had to Be Hard and Tough if You Wanted to Ride the Hack

bit more of that crummy of his than he does of his right eye. And you know, too, he's generally easy to get along with. Seldom crabs about things."

"Yeah," interrupted one of the others, "but when he does, he sure takes your hide off."

"Well," continued Johnny, "near the hind end we had a car to set on the spur at Iris. They brought me around to the hind end and I went to sleep or sumpin' and plowed into that doghouse scand-'lous. The cupola humped up in the air like a cat's back, with Smith standing a coupla car-lengths away, watching. I'd no sooner smacked 'er than he started for me, walking with short, stiff-legged steps. *Oh, oh!* I thought, *here's where I catch hell.* So I got ready for a blast that would lift me clean off the seatbox. I had it coming and couldn't say a word. Smith planted himself right under my window, glared up at me, opened and closed his mouth a coupla times, and then said quietly, with deep disgust, 'Oh what the hell's the use? After that he turned and walked away. After being set for a complete bawling out, that completely took the wind outta me."

The caboose from its position on the rear of the train was the first object

Snow Comes Early in the Colorado Rockies; and Cabooses There, More So Than Almost Anywhere Else, Must Be Strong and Weathertight to Withstand the Elements. They Are Well Provisioned, too, to Keep Train and Engine Crews Alive in Case the Drag Is Stalled a Week or More in a Heavy Drift. This Piece of D&RGW Narrow-Gage Equipment Was Snapped at Durango by Robert M. Hanft of Brainerd, Minn.

The Above View of a Crummy on the New York, Susquehanna & Western also Was Made on a Winter's Day; but When or Where, Nobody Seems to Know. It Was Loaned to Us by a Charter Member of the Railroadians of America in the Hope That Some Reader Might Identify at Least One of the Six Men Pictured Here

that some following train, "short-flagged," took a nibble at. Lucky the crummy that had never had its rear platform elevated on the pilot of some 'gine, trying to root its way into the cupola. However there were lots of other ways than what the Interstate Commerce Commission gravely designates as a "following collision" for the parlor to get all mussed up, and some of those ways were odd ones.

There was one that happened in the summer of 1903, on the Blackwell, Enid & South Western (now Frisco) a couple of miles out of Beaumont, Kansas. A freight train collided with a car of black powder. In the resulting explosion, although the caboose was thirty car-lengths away its inside paint was so scorched as to require repainting, while the glass blown from windows and there was a freakish happening. The curtains of this crummy were of a heavy, striped material somewhat like bed-ticking. *The explosion ripped every curtain, along each, and every stripe, top to bottom, as cleanly as though cut with scissors.* If you don't believe it, ask the I.C.C.

The worst messed-up crummy, inside, I ever saw was one in which I had been riding one night when the said messing occurred. We just been released from work-train service and were on our return to terminal. We were running over a branch which had no carded trains, and we had but two cars and the caboose. Speed was about eighteen miles per. Our hogger felt the engine lurch and drop. He had hold of the throttle at the time and jerked it open. The engine got over, but the water-car dropped into a hole about ten feet deep, caused by a washout, and rammed into a solid bank of dirt, causing stop somewhat sooner than instantaneous.

Everything in that crummy moved forward. The stove was torn from the floor, the desk off the wall, the cupboards and lockers danced away from their positions, the water barrels and wash-stand piled into the mess, and our bunks were torn down. In fact, everything—not omitting the train crew—went up to the front and lingered not on the order of their going. The tongue-and-groove siding was inclined forward at an angle of about sixty degrees, the rear truck was shorn off clear up to the possum belly, and the markers were still lit.

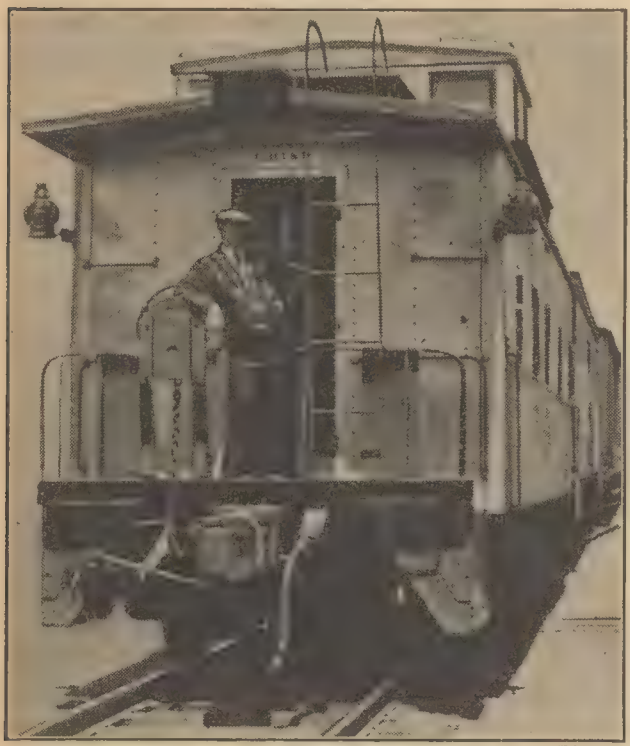
NOW we come to the story of a man with chill-steeled nerves. I like to tell this because it brings out that quality of bravery we all admire.

One summer night, about the year of 1910, an eastward extra freight toiled up the west slope of San Gorgonio pass on the Espee's Los Angeles Division. It was a three-engine train. One helper was in the middle of the train and the third engine was just ahead of caboose. The conductor, Chris Carothers, and his rear brakeman, Ed Kammerling, held a "wait" order at Hinda, Calif., which delayed them about ten minutes.

When the "wait" expired the engineer called in the flag and tried to start the train. The rear drawbar of the fifth car behind the road engine was extracted in the attempt; so Chris decided to set it on passing track, pull the train over the switch, and pick up this bad-order car behind the caboose, using the rear helper to make the pick-up. The car was set out. The swing brakeman went high and tied it down.

Then the engine and four cars returned to train, about which time the set-out car started to move down the grade. Carothers and the swing man mounted it and doubled on the hand-

Photo by Ted G. Wurm, San Francisco
Nevada Copper Belt Way-Car, Used for Passengers and Baggage



Condr. Jimmy Earp, Rail-Fiction Writer, on Rear Platform of His New Steel CRI&P Chariot

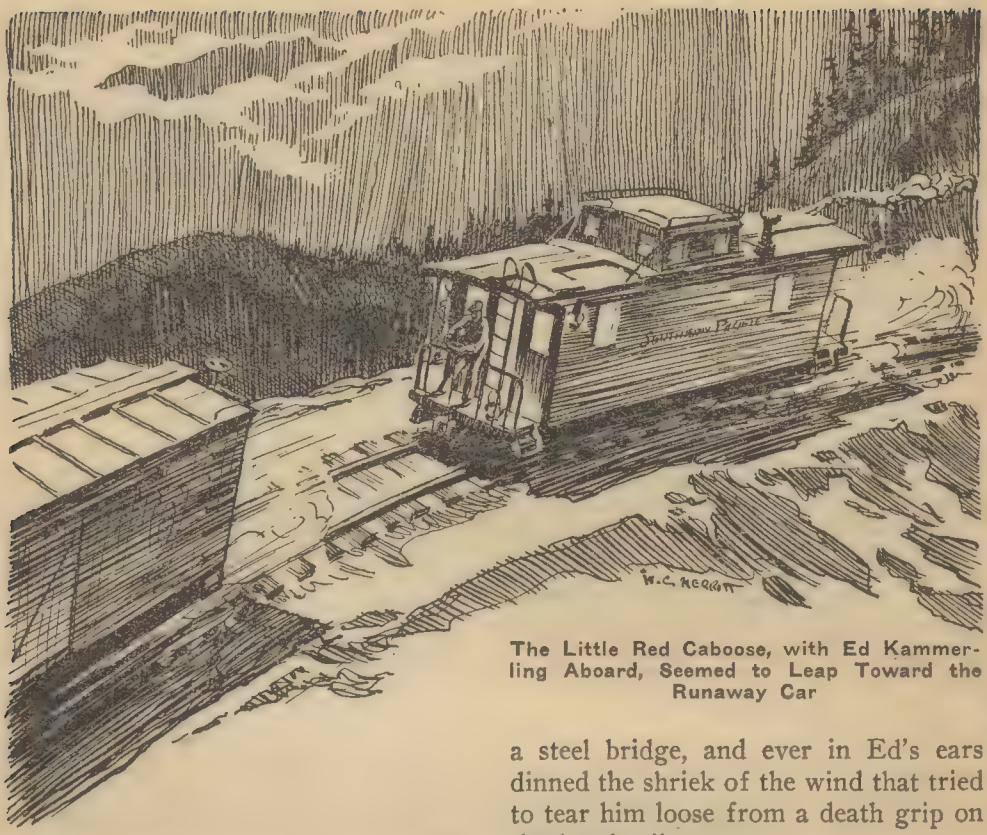
Photo by A. C. Phelps, Auburn, Calif.
Combination Coach-Caboose on the Sierra Ry. of Calif.

brake but to no avail. As there was nothing further they could do, both men unloaded. But before leaving Carothers hastily bent the wire bail of his lantern into a hook and hung it on the brake-wheel. He knew that Number 244, another freight, was somewhere behind them and as he afterward said:

"If it didn't do any good, it wouldn't do any harm, and 244's crew might see it come shooting around some curve and give 'em some little chance to unload."

At the rear Ed Kammerling was standing beside the caboose. His ears told him what was transpiring on the head end but his eyes were constantly looking back to catch some flicker of 244's headlight or for the automatic block to turn red. Suddenly he heard the sound of rolling wheels. Startled, he turned his gaze and there, almost up to him, he spied the dark form of the runaway. On top of the car he saw the light.

By that time the car had attained a speed of thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. Ed thought some member of the crew had stayed aboard too long to unload. As the runaway curved out to the main line it drew the brakeshoes a little tighter, throwing off a few sparks. Through Ed's mind raced these disjointed thoughts: *Piece of a brake on that car*



The Little Red Caboose, with Ed Kammerling Aboard, Seemed to Leap Toward the Runaway Car

—this crummy heavy—free rolling—maybe I can run her down, couple to her and get that guy off before he smacks 244.

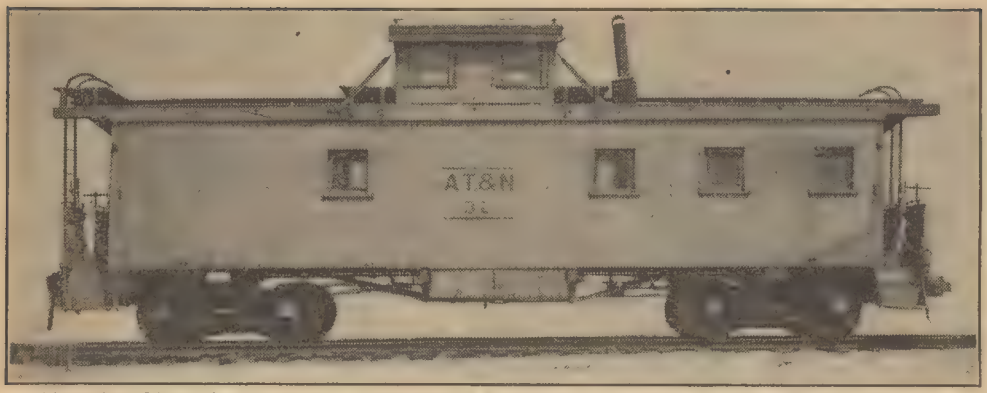
As the thoughts were rapid so was Ed. A quick turn of the release valve on auxiliary, a sprint to head end of caboose, a strong jerk on the well-oiled knuckle lock, and the crummy was rolling downgrade. He shoved it as long as he could keep up. Then he leaped on, opened all the doors and windows to lessen air resistance, and stationed himself on the platform.

The race was on. Faster and faster clattered the wheels over the joints. Stronger the gale and louder its howl as the speed increased. The car lurched wildly around curves. A crash sounded like an exploding shell as it shot across a steel bridge, and ever in Ed's ears dinned the shriek of the wind that tried to tear him loose from a death grip on the hand-rail.

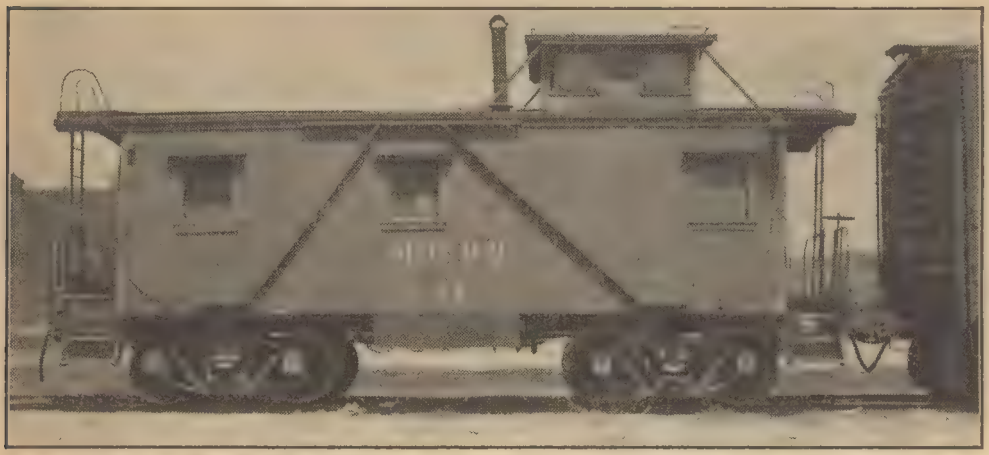
Long before, his lamp had blown out, had jiggled over to the edge of the steps and fallen off into the shadowy night. There in the darkness, pressed against the wall of the caboose by weight of wind, the brakeman stared eagerly ahead for glimpse of the dark shape he was pursuing.

At length he saw an object as it fled around another curve, and knew he was gaining. But the runaway seemed so far ahead that Ed Kammerling almost despaired of catching it. Then another brief view, much closer, and he felt victory in his grasp, if—ah, that *if*—they didn't meet and smash into 244. Ed tried to blink the water from his eyes as he muttered:

"Well, if we do, there'll be one of the damndest, all-fired messes any big



"Number 32 of the Alabama, Tennessee & Northern Is Yellow," Writes C. W. Witbeck



He Adds: "The 42-Mile Mississippi Export RR. Has Distinctive-Looking Hacks"

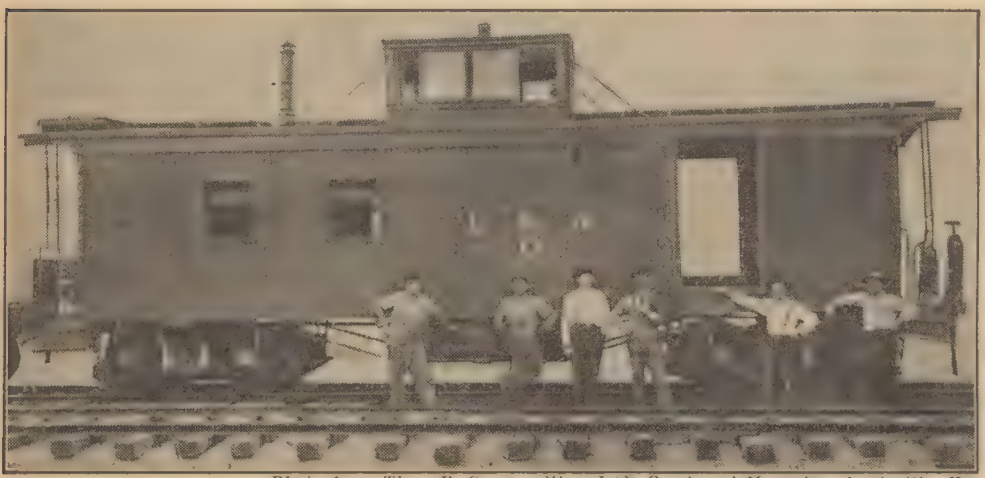


Photo from Thos. E. Owen, editor, L&N Employes' Magazine, Louisville, Ky.

Side-Door Crummy of the Old Louisville & Atlantic (Now Part of the Louisville & Nashville), Photographed in 1907 at Irvine, Ky. The Picture Shows Engr. John Coffelder, Fireman Calvin Black, Brakemen Henry McGuire and John Tyree, Condr. Ernest Ills and an Unidentified Man

hook ever picked up on any road."

As they shot out of a narrow cut and onto the wide sweeping reverse curve at El Casco the cars were not more than two hundred feet apart. Crash! The upper water tank was passed. Another crash as he passed the lower tank and office. Ed got a brief glimpse of the operator staring in wild-eyed amazement, and grinned to himself at what the op's thoughts must be.

And now the space had narrowed to a hundred fifty feet. One hundred, now fifty and then the boxcar began to act as a wind-break, and with the let-up in air pressure Ed could relax his grip on hand-rail. The little red caboose seemed to fairly leap toward the runaway car. A jar as the couplers contacted and Ed "sapped up" the crummy brake with all his strength.

He was by Ordway, Calif., before he had the situation under control and had ascertained there was no one on top of the car. Still under control, he let them roll down to the "telegraphone" booth at Brookside and brought them to a stop.

At El Casco the night operator had been reading a newspaper when his trained ears caught the roar of a train from up the canyon. Puzzled, as there was supposed to be nothing due from that direction, he reached for his key to report to the dispatcher. But before he could open it there came a shock that rocked the office on its foundations, a blast of air that threatened to blow the windows in. Then a dark shape hurtled past, followed instantly by a second one. Frantically he reported to the dispatcher:

"Two runaway cars just passed. Speed 150 to 175 miles an hour. Clear main line."

At Colton, hurried preparations were being made, but into the turmoil came

Unique Monument at Uhrichsville, O., Erected on the Grave of Brakeman Wittig of the Baltimore & Ohio, Who Died May 4th, 1900, at the Age of 37½ Years. Who Can Supply Further Details?

the rattle of telegraphone on sounder and a calm, unhurried voice announced:

"This is Brakeman Kammerling with caboose and runaway car on main line at Brookside. Where'n hell's 244?"

And that, brother, is not only the story of what was in my opinion the fastest man-ridden trip that ever rolled on rails but is my tribute to an unsung hero of the Espee.

THE facts about one of the freakiest wrecks on record, which I am about to narrate, were told to me by Charlie Timlin. Charlie is an old-time boomer and O. R. C. He is still in service and he lives in my home town of East St. Louis, Ill.

Charlie was braking behind on the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis Ry. in May, 1900. Somewhere between Kilbourne and Petersburg, Ill., he attempted to light a gasoline stove in the

crummy. The said stove gave a *whoosh* and the whole inside of that caboose resembled Mt. Lassen. Charlie, the big sissy, didn't linger around there at all. He tore out through the cupola window and gave a vast assortment of urgent and prayerful "Go-to-hell" washouts. But the head end crew, as usual, had stiff necks and nobody saw him. About half the train were "jacks," so there was no chance to pull the air.

Just as the caboose topped a hill, it burned in two. The rear portion was stopped by the burning debris that piled in front of the hind truck. The front coupler was in a twist that held, while the forward portion of crummy stayed with the train to the point where they stopped for water, a short distance from the foot of the grade.

Charlie, his partner, and the conductor were standing stock still, gazing at what they had left of their parlor. Somebody let out a yell. Then came the rear truck down the grade, like a bat outta the nether regions, smashing into what was left of the head part of crummy. The debris that stopped the truck at top of hill had burned away, releasing the truck. Of course, the latter came galloping down the grade and into the train. That's the only time I ever heard of a crummy colliding with itself; and if you don't believe this, jump on Charlie Timlin. He's the guy that told it.

There's a macabre tinge in caboose history, too. Such a case was that of Chris Lavoo, veteran conductor of the Missouri Pacific, who was shot and killed in his caboose just before midnight of December 9th, 1932, or very early the next morning. One of the worst blizzards of the winter was raging. Mercury had dipped to 20 below zero. The tragedy occurred at Horace, Kansas, which the train reached at 11.45 p.m., and where it layed over for the night.

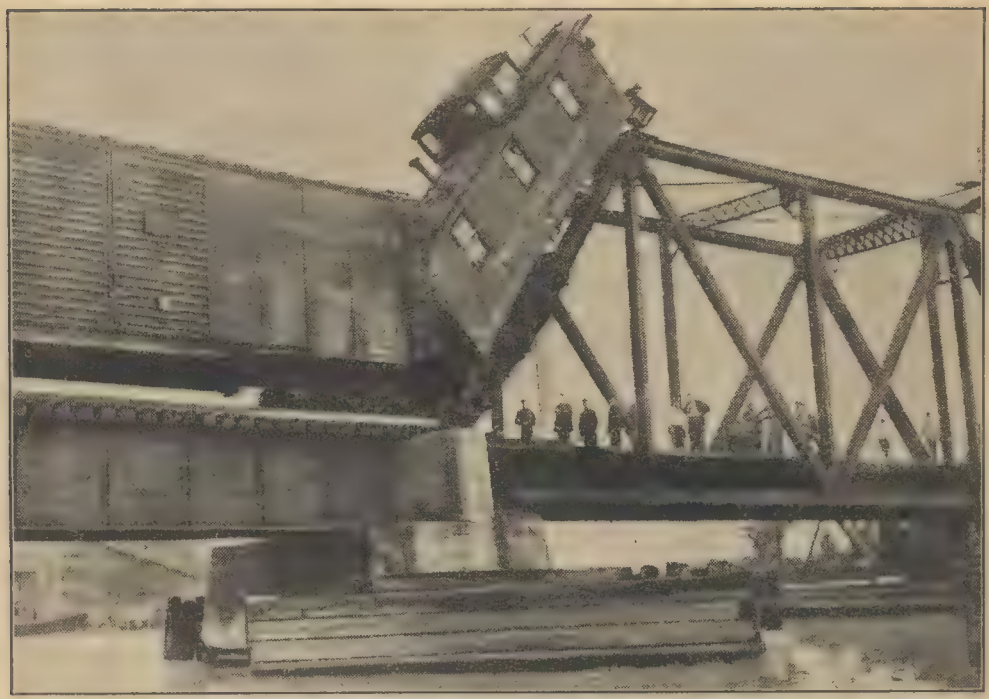
The following morning at 7.30 a switchman named Glenn Neil, peering through a window of the crummy, saw Conductor Lavoo's body, clad in nightclothes, crumpled in a corner. The caboose door was locked, having a night latch that could be operated from the inside but which would automatically lock when the door was closed. A revolver lay on the floor. There was evidence of a struggle. But who killed the skipper or why, is a mystery of the rails and may always remain so.

Chris had been in MoP engine service for eighteen years, was regarded as a kindly man, and had been living happily in Pueblo, Colo., with his wife, his son and two daughters. A third daughter was married. Till this day the crime has never been explained.

THERE is one grim job that many a caboose has done which evoked nothing but sorrow in its performance. I mean the conveying of some wounded or slain member of your own crew, or the injured from some wreck, to a hospital. In my own experience there has been many—far too many. Still, it was some measure of comfort that my caboose could provide a certain amount of easement in pain and misery.

Yes, there have even been tense moments, when emergency compelled, during which operations were performed on locker or caboose table. That era, I rejoice to say, is with us no more. Times have changed and the frequent need for caboose ambulance service is one of the items of "back in the good old days" that none of us regret losing.

Did you ever hear of a haunted caboose? Well, here are a couple of them. I'll offer no explanation for the first story, but will say it was told me in



Caboose A-386 on the Pere Marquette Got into This Jam on a Sunday Night, Last August 3rd, Over the Grand River at Grand Haven, Mich., When the Hogger Backed Her into a Partly Opened Drawbridge, Injuring the Skipper and Tieing up Rail and River Traffic for an Entire Day

Photo by C. W. Witbeck, Edwards Hotel, Jackson, Miss.

Illinois Central Way-Car (Type Pictured at Top of Page 28) Is Shown in Process of Being Dismantled and Rebuilt at Nonconnah Yard, Memphis, Tenn.

sober earnest by a conservative man whom I know well. His name is H. G. Snyder and he's an engineer on the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio in service today.

Engineer Snyder was running on the Wabash between Moberly and Kansas City and had just made a trip with Conductor John Enzline. A short time before, Enzline's caboose had been in a smash-up in which a conductor named Runyon had gone to glory, but had since been overhauled and put back into service. Enzline complained to Snyder that he couldn't sleep in the chariot on account of moans he'd heard. The hard-headed engineer laughed and advised the conductor to change his brand of drinks. However, Enzline was so insistent that his friend agreed to sleep in the caboose himself. Snyder is a big fellow and is plenty tough even today, but here is what he told me:

"As soon as I lay down in that crummy I heard a groan of pain and a low shriek. Looking over at Enzline, I told him to cut it out. John denied making the sounds. Even while he was talking, they came again. I searched that caboose from one end to the other, moving all things that seemed as though they might rub together. Then I went outside and searched for overhead wires that might vibrate in the wind. I even looked in the possum belly. I got a bar and pried on it to see if it could move and cause a sound. In fact, I tried everything, both reasonable and unreasonable, that I could think of. Then I lay down again. No sooner had I stretched out than the moans began anew. Well, I stood it as long as I could. Finally I got up and told Enzline: 'This crummy is all yours, so far as I'm concerned.'"

Both men left the caboose. Later other crews also complained about it so persistently that the company had it dismantled.

Snyder says: "I'm not now nor ever was a believer in the supernatural. I offer absolutely no explanation as to cause, but in all honesty the thing hap-

Photo by Ted G. Wurm, 2521 McAllister St., San Francisco

A Juice-Line Crummy: Sacramento Northern 1606, Painted the Standard Red, Has an Attachment Which Is Hooked to an Overhead Trolley Wire, Thus Supplying Electricity to the Car as She Stands in the Yards at Oakland, Calif., in Daytime. Freights Run on This Division Only at Night

"In the Past Seven Years That I've Been Taking and Collecting Erie Railroad Pictures," Writes Vic Neal of Wellsville, N. Y., "I've Never Seen but One Erie Caboose Like This—i.e., One with a Tiny Bay Window and a Steel Cupola. I Ran Across Her on a Sunday Morning in 1935 in the Yards at East Hornell, N. Y."

pened just exactly as I've told it."

The year was 1905. Any Wabash man who wants to can check on names and events, but Snyder does not remember the caboose's number.

Here's the other "ghost story." I can explain this one, for I was the spook. I was braking for Chris Carothers (the same man I previously mentioned) on the Santa Ana local of the Espee. This crew layed over at Santa Ana, making round trips to Los Angeles six nights per week. The entire gang resided in Los Angeles, deadheading home each Sunday morning on an early passenger train.

One Saturday night Chris came over to the engine, a few stations after leaving the big city, and rode the 'gine all the way to Santa Ana. We thought it strange, as he seldom did so. We did not flag on that run, as we had an order which relieved us from protecting the train. So there was no one on the rear. At length we arrived and finished our station work. Then we went to the crummy to get a little shut-eye.

Chris had been sticking at our heels all the way and was with us when we entered the caboose. I dropped my bunk down, felt under the bedding, brought forth a dollar alarm-clock, and set it on the desk. Chris took a gander at the clock, laughed and said:

"Well, I'll be damned! Did you fellows wonder why I was riding ahead tonight? Well, I'll tell you. We'd stop some place and I'd hear *tick-tick-tick*. Then we'd start and I wouldn't hear anything. Stop, and *tick-tick-tick* it would go again. I looked all over this crummy, in the lockers and closets, but couldn't find a thing. At length it got on my nerves so strong that I came over to the head end."

When I tell you that Chris was about

Upper photo by C. W. Witbeck; lower, from C. E. Kane, Editor, Illinois Central Magazine, Chicago

Two Unusual Features Mark These Illinois Central Way-Cars: the Small High Side-Doors and, as Shown in Upper Photo, Names of Terminals Between Which the Car Runs, in This Case Jackson and McComb, Miss., Painted Under the Door, on the Outside. Caboose in Lower Picture Has No Cupola

six feet six inches tall and weighed over three hundred pounds you can see why we got such a laugh from a cheap alarm-clock running him off the caboose.

CABOOSES, unlike other freight cars, are pretty much of the "home guard" class. They spend their working—though not altogether prosaic—lives shuttling back and forth over their division, until that time comes when, with one corner sagged, the platforms forlornly drooping and a cupola that moves like a mule's ears with each start and stop, they limp their last weary way to be dismantled.

But there have been others that, boomer-like, wanted to see what was over the hill and so "pulled the pin" to ramble afar. Yep! One of 'em outboomered anything that ever rolled on rails. I refer to caboose 4259 of the Erie Railroad, which the company loaned to Lieut. Robert E. Peary, the famous explorer who later discovered the North Pole. Peary used it as a deck-house on the good ship *Windward* in his Arctic expedition of 1899. Curiously enough, this is the only incident I know of in which a railroad caboose reverted to its nautical origin. The 4259 also served the Peary party as sleeping quarters at Etah in the ice fields, reaching a latitude as high as 70 degrees north. For years this relic stood beside the old Erie depot at Susquehanna, Pa., and was often photographed.

"Last spring," said Hubert I. Humphrey of Johnson City, N. Y., who sent me a picture of the 4259, "it became so rotted from exposure to sun, rain and snow that the company had to tear it down."

Another distinguished caboose has had better luck. I refer to the one at Oneonta, N. Y., which is roofed over as protection from the elements. I wonder how many "stingers" know that the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen was born in this crummy? ("stingers," by the way, are B.R.T. members, so called from the initial B.) I have never seen the caboose in question—Number 10 of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., Albany & Susquehanna Railroad—but *The Railroad Trainman* magazine regularly carries its picture. In this dinky piece of rolling stock the Brotherhood of Rail Road Brakemen was organized September 23rd, 1883, by eight D&H train and yard men. Six years later its name was changed to B.R.T. The Brotherhood is so intimately associated with cabooses that I have used the B.R.T. emblem at the opening of this article. A bronze plaque adorning the crummy at Oneonta bears the organization's three-word slogan: "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry."

Several railroads had cabooses at the New York World's Fair in 1939 or 1940, among them the Western Maryland with its smart-looking 1876. A. C. Fraser, 141 Roosevelt Blvd., Madison, N. J., sent me a good photo of this one. But the boomer crummy of all time, aside from the Erie 4259, is the Rock Island's 18058, which Conductor Jim Bullard used as his headquarters in publicizing the dear old CRI&P. It isn't the fashion these days to have a pair of deer antlers fastened on the doghouse, but if it were, Jim should certainly put a replica of the "Flying Dutchman" on that here-today, yonder-tomorrow go-cart of his. Listen to this:

Built at St. Charles, Mo., in 1904, the 18058 started rambling up and down a tough 157-mile division. In 1928 she went to the Missouri State Fair at Sedalia. Two years later she visited every division point on the Rock Island from Chicago to Herrington and

When Condr. Ed Shields Retired from the GN, Years Ago, He Persuaded the Company to Let Him Keep His Caboose, Which Was About to Be Scrapped, and Dragged It a Mile and a Half by Tractor to His Home in Great Falls, Mont.

"Gosh, How Many Miles I've Traveled in That Car!" Sighed a Boston & Maine Crossing Watchman, an Ex-Trainman, at Newburyport, Mass., When the Photo Was Shown to Him by R. E. Arthur, Ring's Island, Newburyport

The Chain Festooning the Side of This Palace of the Denkman Lumber Company (Photographed by C. W. Witbeck at Canton, Miss.) Is Very Useful in Logging Operations, as You Can Readily Imagine

back to Kansas City. In 1934 she preened herself at the Chicago World's Fair. In 1936 she drifted to Tulsa, Okla., for the International Petroleum Exposition; then she scooted down to Ft. Worth and to Dallas for the Texas Centennial, spending four months on the latter trip.

Incidentally, that buggy, carrying around Jim Bullard as an ambassador of goodwill, has had 'er ups and downs. Four times the "big hook" has come to her rescue; but on each occasion, after a few dabs of red paint she was on her way again—and better yet, is still going.

Another of our versatile crummies, disguising itself, played the part of one of its forbears in the motion picture "Union Pacific." I refer to caboose Number 9 of the Virginia & Truckee, which became, after suitable face-lifting, UP 14 in the Warner Brothers movie. Number 10 of the V&T enacted a similar role. Both actors are now stored at Los Angeles for future motion-picture work.

ALTHOUGH in song and story the crummy is generally referred to as "little red caboose," that phrase mustn't be taken too literally. Especially not today. Quite a number of roads have drifted away from the romantic color and are now painting freight equipment the same hue as their passenger cars.

A few companies, going beyond that, have special markings. The Baltimore & Ohio, for instance, flaunts tiger striping of black and white on the ends of some of its cabooses to give better visibility at night, for safety's sake.

For the same reason the Denver & Rio Grande Western has taken to whitening the steps, ladders and hand-rails of its way-cars. The other day I ran across a new breed of doghouses, yel-

Photo by Chas. A. Brown, Publicity Officer, Central Elec. Railfans' Ass'n, 1240 Edison Bldg., Chicago

Three Cabooses Were Included in an Unusual Train Which Hauled a CERA Excursion over the Single-Tracked Aurora Branch of the Chicago, Aurora & Elgin Railroad Last August 10th

"This Newburgh & South Shore Car," Writes Foster T. VanBuskirk, "Is Known as a 'Hot' Caboose; It Carries Crews Handling Hot Metal Around Steel Mills." Pardon Our Curiosity, Foster, but Is There Any Connection Between the Letter "D" on This Hack and the One at the Bottom of Page 22?

Photo by L. B. Herrin, 7846 East End Ave., Chicago

Old Glory Wagon—Combination Coach and Caboose—Has Been Standing for About 30 Years on a Rusted Track Alongside an Abandoned Copper Mine on U.S. Highway Route 41 a Mile North of Hancock, Mich. Presumably the Spur Belongs to Copper Range Railroad. It is a Very Short Bobtail Coach, with Old-Fashioned Wooden Brake-Beams

low, with black lettering: "M-K-T— The Katy — Serves the Southwest Well."

John Johns, a New York Central freight conductor who writes occasionally for *Railroad Magazine,* trimmed the exterior of his chariot with silver paint and is proud of its distinctiveness. I might add that Warren C. Merritt, who painted the present front cover of this magazine, made his preliminary sketches in Johnny's caboose.

Considerably less than half of North America's herd of crummies carry company trademarks. I once saw a "Cotton Belt Route" emblem about five feet high daubed on a side-door hack. This, I think, just about holds the record for size on cabooses.

One thing that has been missing for a long time is the old-time cupola light. I mean the one that used to show above the cupola roof. You stuck the lamp up into from inside the cupola and changed a couple of panes of colored glass from end to end according to which way you were going.

Remember the old built-on markers? Made right onto the side of the cupola. You opened a door from inside and put in the lamps. They, too, had a couple of panes of colored glass that you shifted back and forth as need directed.

Another thing that heavy power has caused is the stiffening of caboose underframes. Put one of those big hogs behind the train to boost up the hill and when it got to working hard the crummy would have a hump like a camel's. So the railroads began to put channel steel reinforcements along the center sills and all new equipment has been built with steel underframes.

THAT equipment brings to mind the many new cars being turned out. I can't go into full details, but will cite a few examples. Take the Peoria Road (TP&W) as a starter. This company is proud of its half-dozen new, semi-streamlined, steel cabooses of the bay-window type. They were built recently in the company's shops at East Peoria."

"These cabooses," I am told by A. V. Pennington, General Car Foreman, "are a decided advantage over the old cupola-type caboose from the standpoints of safety, comfort and convenience, besides being much neater in appearance."

He's right there, as you see from the photo; but I'm stubborn enough to prefer the old red chariot with a doghouse on top, even though the march of time has outmoded that variety, for reasons I've already pointed out.

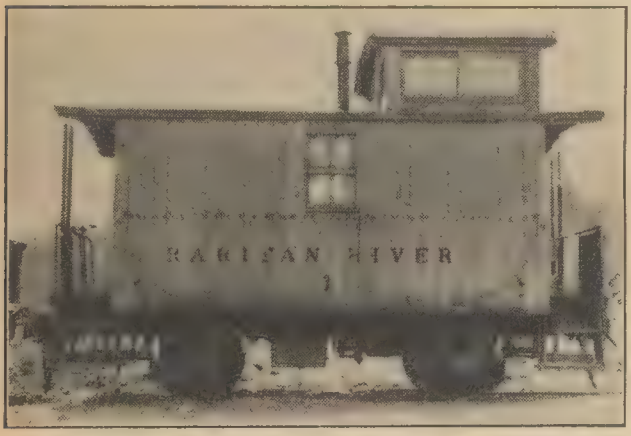
"The bay window," Mr. Pennington goes on, "affords the trainmen an excellent view of the full length of the train, especially on curves. This eliminates the hazard of possible injury in climbing in and out of cupolas while the train is in motion. Fibre-glass insulation in the walls and ceiling and the Weather-Tite sheathing insulation in the floor add to the trainmen's comfort."

My, my! I can hardly believe my ears! When I was a youngster starting out on the road, no company official was giving very much thought to "trainmen's comfort."

Mr. Pennington still has the floor. "The middle window in each bay," he says, "has a siding sash which permits an opening of twenty inches. This enables the trainmen to pick up train orders while remaining seated, instead of going to the platform, thus eliminating further hazards of injuries as well as discomfort during inclement weather. The excellent riding qualities are due to the weight, the low center of gravity,

Photo by Gerald M. Best, Vice Chairman, Pacific Coast Chapter, Ry. & Loco. Historical Society

Virginia & Truckee Caboose 9, as Repainted and Used in the Film "Union Pacific"



Raritan River One-Spot: Photographed by a Member of the Railroadians of America, Walter A. Lucas

Walter Connor, 87 Locust Hill Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., Traveled 400 Miles to Snap This Shot of the Caboose in Which the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen Was Founded

and swing-motion trucks."

These TP&W cabooses have all-welded underframes and are equipped with necessary lockers, toilet, icebox, lights, washing facilities, coach-type reversible seats in the bay windows, and three seats with two-by-six-inch cushions. Inside, they are finished with fir, varnished. The exterior is painted a tile red, with a seven-inch green band and a thin yellow border. I guess that makes 'em all right. Even with the fancy trimmings, you could still call 'em "little red cabooses."

The Reading Co. has recently completed fifty all-steel crummies in their own shops at Reading, Pa. These contain many new features, too numerous to mention here. The Canadian National, at its Point St. Charles shops in Montreal, built some fifty cabooses at the rate of one—sometimes two—every working day in November and December, 1940. That's a lot for a short period of time. These also have numerous improvements.

On the Milwaukee Road a hundred all-welded, semi-streamlined hacks of the bay-window species were recently completed. Judging from the description I have, they are mighty nifty waycars. One nice feature is the inside finish of plywood.

Meanwhile, the Atlantic Coast Line has been busily redesigning some of its old-type cabooses into modern bay-window ones. When it gets through, they will be virtually new rolling stock. A novel touch is a trapdoor in the floor which permits access to the possum belly from the car's interior. Another pleasing innovation is the overhead hand-rail running the car's entire length. I'll venture to say that this equipment will prevent many a trainman from being stood on his left ear when the hogger dishes out too big a gob of atmosphere.

THE Espee, in its Los Angeles shops, set a one-a-day record in the construction of a hundred all-steel crummies that also have a world of new features. Noticing that indicator windows were missing from cupolas, I wrote Asst. Supt. B. W. Mitchell, inquiring if the company had discontinued their use. Mr. Mitchell said they had. Yes, no doubt these new ones numbered in the ten hundreds are mighty comfortable, but just the same I wouldn't trade my old number 339 of the same road for any two of 'em.

A few weeks ago I learned that a hundred all-steel, "ultra-modern" cabooses were about to be built for the Union Pacific by the Mt. Vernon Car Co. at Mt. Vernon, Ill. Having occasion to visit that town, I inquired about the bunch of doghouses. The company's chief engineer, Tom Collinson, treated me kindly but was evasive about details.

"Plans are still incomplete," he said.

The chief draftsman, A. F. Bedard, who designed most of the cabooses built by the Mt. Vernon outfit in the past thirty years, showed me an almost endless file of photos. While I didn't get much information, I did receive an invitation to return and inspect the first one of the lot when completed. So I say to some of you fellows on the Un-

Unconventional Steps, Side Grab-Irons and a Bay Window Instead of a Cupola Characterize This Type of Car Designed and Built at the Mount Clare Shops of the B&O, Baltimore, Md.

Semi-Streamlined Steel Caboose of the Toledo, Peoria & Western: Half a Dozen Were Designed and Built Recently at the Company's East Peoria Shops

Photo by Robt. A. Le Massena, Member of the Railroadians of America

Four Hacks on One Lackawanna Train Could Haul a Whale of a Big Crew. In This Case, However, Three of Them Are Probably Empties

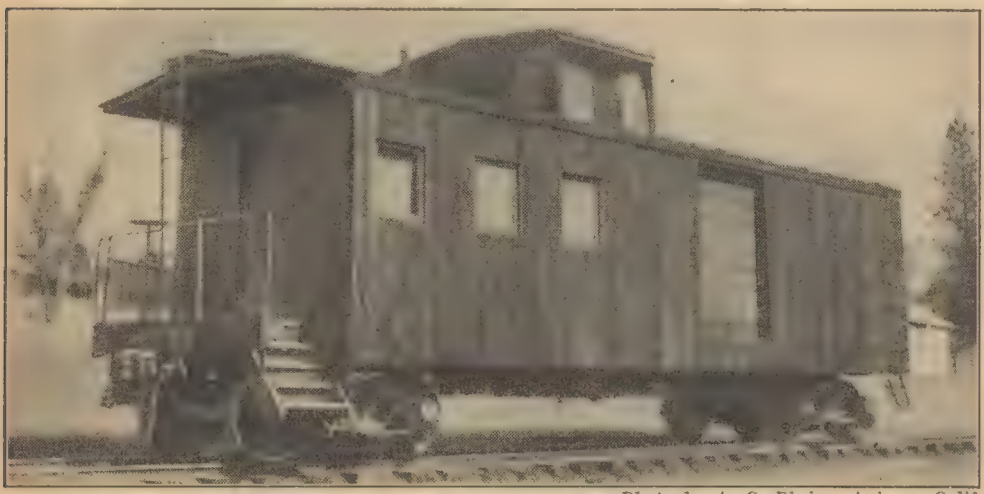


Photo by A. C. Phelps, Auburn, Calif.

Number 1, Now Scrapped, Was Used for About 30 Years on the Camino, Placerville & Lake Tahoe Ry. of California as a Way-Car and to Carry Passengers

ion Pacific, I'll have a chance to give your hacks the once over before you do.

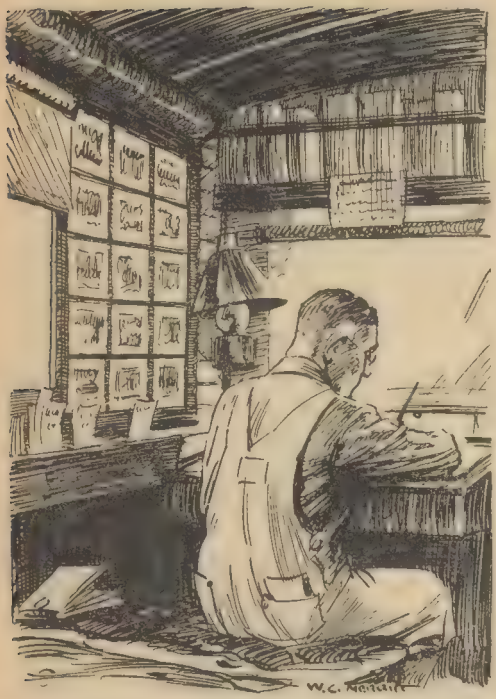
But with all the construction of new parlors, I am glad to report there is at least one old-timer that didn't go to the boneyard when its years of toil were ended. The crummy had long served Ed Shields, a Great Northern conductor of 916 Third Avenue, N.W., Great Falls, Mont. When the day came for Ed to retire from the road he loved so well, he was cut to the heart to learn that this faithful old car was doomed to be scrapped. There must be a way to save it! There was. Mr. Shields obtained the caboose from the company, hired a tractor to haul it a mile and a half across country to his home, and had it repainted and furnished as a railroad den. Today it stands in his yard, a precious souvenir of its owner's long and fruitful career. May Ed live many more years to enjoy it!

I had never expected to feel the "embarrassment of riches," but it certainly hit me wallop when the readers of *Railroad Magazine* responded to my request for help with this article. Photos came not by the dozens but by the scores. If Editor F. H. Hubbard could publish them all, the issue this appears in would have to run in three sections, each with full tonnage. As it is, Hubbard assures me this write-up will carry a larger consist of illustrations than any other article published in the magazine since it was started back in October, 1906!

Before Setting Out on a Goodwill Business-Getting Tour, Jim Bullard Had His Chariot Decorated by Miss Bobby Bennett of Chicago

I THOUGHT I had been around a bit and seen something, but many of these pictures had me on the ropes. Yep, cabooses of all kinds. The photos show tall ones and squatty ones, long and short, eight wheels and four wheels, trucks far apart and trucks trying to kiss each other. Platforms without overhang and overhangs without platforms. One baby that shoots up from the platform to top of cupola like a miniature skyscraper.

A crummy with spoked wheels, on the Sacramento Northern. (Photo by



A Collection of About 200 Railroad Photos, in Groups, Was Hung on the Walls of the New Haven's C-246

L. J. Ciapponi, 1510 98th Ave., Oakland, Calif.) A picture from Gerald Boothby of Portland, Maine, showing a Bangor & Aroostook caboose equipped with airhorn for calling the head end. A shot from Gerald M. Best of Los Angeles which he describes as a "Chick Sales three-holer." A vehicle that would do credit to Rube Goldberg. One on the Milwaukee with a small door below the cupola, which opens the locker, used in place of a possum belly. (Photo by Barry Thompson, 206 8th St., Raymond, Wash.)

What a varied assemblage of photos is spread out before me as I write. I can't begin to express the gratitude I feel to all the readers who sent them in, nor the regret that comes from the knowledge that less than sixty of them can be used in this issue. I received a picture, for instance, from Foster T. VanBuskirk, of North Olmstead, Ohio, showing a Newburg & South Shore crummy lettered D.

"This," Foster writes me, "is what is known locally as a 'hot' caboose, because it has a railed platform on one end and is used to carry crews handling hot steel, slag, etc., around the steel mills. The railed-in section, I am told, is to permit them to couple onto these hot loads and still keep the caboose proper at sufficient distance from them, so as to properly protect the crew from the intense heat."

And from J. William Barnes, Box 263, Southbridge, Mass., comes a set of pictures of a New Haven caboose that Mr. Barnes says could probably have won a prize for being the cleanest in the world. None of this set will be published with my article, although the front-cover artist, Mr. Merritt, made a line drawing of one of them, an interior view. The hack is the C-246.

"I believe," Mr. Barnes explains, "that a lady in white satin gown and ditto gloves could have sat anywhere in it without getting a smudge. The floors were scrubbed and windows washed at least once a week. The caboose was kept newly painted inside, white with black striping. An interesting collection of about 200 railroad photos, in groups, was hung on the walls, with a beveled plate glass covering them. Many visitors, including Boston & Maine crews, visited this caboose to examine the picture display."

Barnes tells us that this crummy makes a daily round trip between Southbridge and Worcester, Mass.; and that Henry M. Dunn of Worcester was conductor until about a year ago, when he was badly hurt by the top rung of a boxcar ladder pulling out and dropping him. Mr. Dunn is now stationmaster at Providence, R. I.

IN FRONT of me is a photo showing an excellent type of modern all-steel, bay-window crummy. With its neat design and nice paint job it is about as handsome a chariot as could be desired. I look at that trim roof line, unbroken by cupola, and I can't keep from thinking: *Okay, fellow, if you want 'em that way. But for me, I'll take the old lookout.*

My thoughts turn back and I'm lounging on the lazy-board of some hack on some road in Iowa or Illinois. It's a warm summer night and we have the windows open for the gentle breeze to wander through. The car roofs show for quite a distance up the train, in the light of a full moon. Our 'gine is just nosing her way into a patch of woods ahead when I lean 'way out the side window and take a careful squint along the train. Nothing wrong that I can discover. I pull back inside again, just in time to see that the skipper across from me had done the same thing.

I stretch out, light my pipe and then happen to think of an argument that a bunch of us shacks had, at the terminal, about work-train orders. I know my "big O" is a pretty wise gazabo on train orders, so I look across and say: "Cap, if you were on a work train and had orders;" and then I put the problem up to him.

The "brains" explains what should be done in such a case. By that time the crummy has come out of the copse and I see the fields spread on either side. The first one has been newly mown with the hay raked into long shadowy rows that stretch across the meadow. The next one sends up its sweet aroma of dew-laden grass, and in that pasture a half-dozen horses are grazing. A colt huddles close to its mother, peering under her neck at the strange visitor.

We come to the far edge of the field, which is fenced by a hedge of mock-orange shrubs. Then we cross a road, deep with dust and stretching away grayly as a ribbon to where it disappears under some overhanging trees. Just beyond the trees, we see a black form that we know to be a house, unlighted and the people sleeping. Field after field, past lanes and woods, across a shallow brook, on we go.

The terminal isn't many miles away and there's nothing due, in either direction, for several hours, so I haven't a thing to worry about. Just ride the cupola and relax, brother, relax.

Yes, I'll take the cupola for mine.

Trail's End: An Old Doghouse of the Abandoned Laurel & Tallahoma Western Railway—C. W. Witbeck's Answer to the Question, "What Happens to Good Cabooses When They Die?"

The Little Red Caboose Behind the Train

O, I'M a jolly railroad boy and braking is my trade,
As I run upon the road each day and night,
Throwing switches, making fly-stops, as along the road I go,,
Taking care to see the train is made up right.
O, yes, we're always ready, whene'er we're called to go,
Either in the sunshine or the rain,
And you'll always find a jolly crew, if you'll only come and see,
In the little red caboose behind the train.

Chorus

O, the brake-wheel's old and rusty, the shoes are thin and worn,
And she's loaded down with link and pin and chain,
And there's danger all around us as we try to pound our ear
In the little red caboose behind the train.

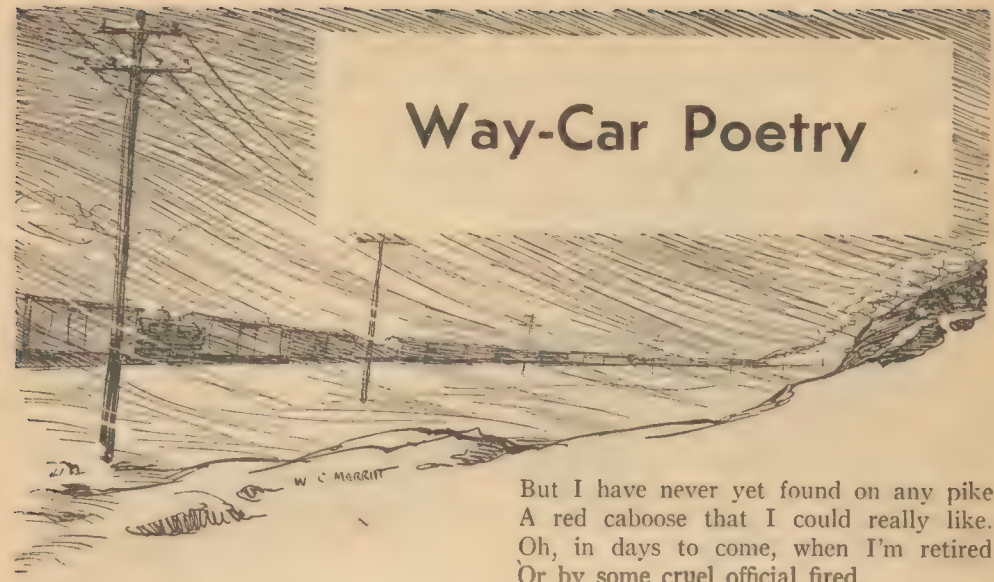
One red light we hang upon each side, another on behind,
As day goes by and night comes stealing on;
And you bet the boy that rides ahead, he keeps it in his mind,
For to see that all the train is coming on.
And when we're near the station we're startled from our thoughts,
By the sound of the whistle's thrilling scream,
Then we skip out on the hurricane deck and leave our car behind,
That little red caboose behind the train.

—ANONYMOUS

A Trainman's Complaint

I'VE heard many songs of the red caboose
And have listened vainly for some abuse,
So while others the praises softly croon
I'll sing you a song with a different tune.
Have you ever heard the north wind roar
As it sought the cracks beneath the floor
And crept inside where a board was loose,
On a shabby, dinky, red caboose?

Have you stoked the stove with a Number Two,
When the smoke poured out till the air was blue,



Way-Car Poetry

While the flame backfired with a cloud
of soot,
And the pipe was bent and loose to boot?
If not, I'll say you've some excuse
To sing your praise of the red caboose.

Have you rode this van when she had
flat wheels,
Till you must lie down to eat your meals;
When the dynamite, as the airbrake works,
Made you juggle the beans between the
jerks?
Oh, I love this car, yes—like the deuce!
This rickety, rattlety red caboose!

Have you ever stretched your weary bones,
When the bunks seemed paved with cob-
blestones;
Have you ever heard the switchmen shout,
"On your bellies, and then look out!"
Have you braced your feet while your
head got bumped,
And the windows shattered and dope was
dumped?
Have you ever thought: "Oh, what's
the use?"
While you tried to sleep in the red
caboose?

For many years I've been riding the rails
On various hacks, on numerous trails.
But I have never yet found on any pike
A red caboose that I could really like.
Oh, in days to come, when I'm retired
Or by some cruel official fired,
I may hunt the bear or follow the moose
But I'll keep off the road of the red
caboose.

—W. H. Stober

The Old Caboose

SENTENCED to roll at the end of the
train
Trying ever with might and main
To keep abreast of the speeding load
But tagging behind on the roaring road.
Tardy at sidings, the last to leave,
Yet I may not complain or grieve,
Minding my own, last of the train.
Pounding out but the one refrain.

Song of the wheels in staccato notes
Clicking the rail, yet a music floats
Over the broad terrain and away,
Song of the train through the livelong
day.
Dust on my wheels and weather worn,
Limping behind and a way forlorn,
But a car must fit to the place allowed
And why should an old caboose be proud?

Lumbering over the steel highway,
Rain in the sky or a blustery day,
Skirting the hills, and the desert knows,
For it has accorded me many blows.

Sand and silt and the staggering sun,
Glare on my roof till the heat is done,
Into the sunset gliding on,
Last to emerge in the paling dawn.

I must follow where engines lead,
Bending my will to an iron steed,
Every day till my frames are loose,
That is the lot of an old caboose.

—C. MILLIGAN, in CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Three-Seven-O

WHEN viewing scenes of distant past,
As my mind goes rambling loose,
There looms before memory's vision
A dust-covered red caboose.
It revives the thoughts of other days:
Of my years on the rail long ago,
And the thousands of miles I traveled
In old caboose Three-Seven-O.

From its cupola top the landscape I viewed
As it rapidly glided by,
When we rolled through sunshine or tempest,
And at night 'neath a star-studded sky.
I've seen the great hills at nightfall,
Fade out with the twilight's glow,
As we sped 'round the curves of the Valley Line
In old caboose Three-Seven-O.

The years are many since last I stepped
Out of its weather-stained door,
A change had come—I was leaving the run,
And knew that I'd enter no more.
But I've never forgotten that cozy red car,
And oft when the winds fiercely blow,
I'm reminded of wild stormy nights on the road
In old caboose Three-Seven-O.

—GEORGE M. HILL

Passing of the Red Caboose

I OFTEN think I'd like to run on an old-time highball train.
And stride along the running boards of the hurricane deck again.
I'd love to feel the sway that comes when she hits the grades and bends.
And the joy that springs from a thing well done as the day and the journey ends.

Somehow I fear the same old thrill would not be there for me,
For the modern trend has changed a lot of the things that used to be.
I'm all for the safer ways, of course, that the boys find there today;
I'm glad that the old-time link and pin and the frog have gone their way.

The worst of all is still to come if the news today is true—
The old caboose that we all hold dear is soon to be taboo.
That ancient car where all good cheer and friendliness held sway,
According to the latest word, is soon to pass away.

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills. (Adv.)

The old hand-brake and the diamond-stack hold memories dear to me,
The pilot-bar and the dear paycar of the days that used to be;
I guess I'm just old-fashioned but I can't keep silent when
I've known the thrill of the bygone years and the joys that filled me then.

I fancy I could work once more and still feel quite content
With all the changes that have come if I were competent,
But little joy would come my way, and work seem but abuse,
If railroads try to run their trains without the red caboose.

—CHRISTOPHER JAMES BYRNE

Drag Freight

OVER the hill at Libertyville, with a jangle of gearing loose,
Comes Forty-eight, the long way freight, with the little red caboose.
'Way up in front, where he bears the brunt of the sleet and swirling snow,
Old Mogul horse plods his weary course, steady and strong, though slow.
With a rattle of slack bumping down the track, 48 takes the siding, clear,
While Number Four, with a deafening roar, whistles by in her mad career.

With a heave and a strain, back on the main, 48 goes jogging along;
While from frosty rail, in the teeth of the gale, the wheels fling a strident song.
With a clickety clack, a long mile back, the crummy tails the drag,
And now that night obscures the sight, the lamps replace the flag.
With jolts and jars, on the swaying cars, they're bucking the ceaseless grind,
While a twinkling light laughs at the night, from the little caboose behind.

God grant that they have right of way, with a meet or a pass for all,
Till the home yard light, with a welcome bright, flashes the last highball.

—J. N. STEWART

Home on the Rails

THERE'S a wee little car and it silently steals
O'er the rails like a bird on the wing.
And this nice little car to the trainmen appeals,
So its heartiest praises they sing.
And they hook up this car at the end of the train,
Where the motion is easy and loose.
Let us chant a few notes with a catchy refrain,
To the snug little homelike caboose.

And you wouldn't believe what a nice home the boys
Have at hand with its many details.
It has teacups galore for the drink one enjoys,
As it glides o'er the long, shiny rails.
And a stove it can boast, to impart the good cheer,
That is born of a chill winter night,
Yes, a closet or two with a few dishes near,
For the grub that's the trainman's delight.

And this wee little car that is built so compact,
Has advantages more than you know.

It has two sturdy desks with reports closely packed,
Each beneath an oil lamp's mellow glow.
And it even has beds (they are bunks, if you please),
Where the boys saunter off to sweet dreams.
Oh, this wee little car is a place of great ease;
It's a railroader's home, if you please.
—A. W. M., in ERIE RR. MAGAZINE

That Little Red Caboose

CONDUCTOR, he's a fine old man,
His hair is turning gray
He works all in the sunshine and the rain.
And the angels all watch over
That ride upon the cars,
In that little red caboose behind the train.

'Twas many years ago
That his hair was black as jet;
It's whiter now, his heart has lonesome been,
And I'll tell you all his story,
A story that is true,
Of that little red caboose behind the train.

He met her in September,
She was so fair and sweet.
Oftimes together they walked lovers' lane,
Never was a girl more fair,
No sweeter ever rode
In that little red caboose behind the train.

'Twas on a frosty morn
And the cold north winds did blow.
The cold had frozen up the windowpane,
They were riding through the city,
'Twas on their honeymoon,
In that little red caboose behind the train.

The engineer had ridden
That line for many years.
He said the cold was driving him insane,
But he held onto the throttle,
His care was in the cars
In that little red caboose behind the train.

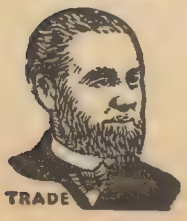
The fast express came roaring in
At ninety miles an hour.
The brakeman tried to see, but 'twas in vain—
And his fingers all were frozen.
He said a silent prayer
For the little red caboose behind the train.

'Twas after the collision,
Among the wreckage there,
They found her body lying midst the train.
Many were the tears and heartaches,
And many were the prayers
For the little red caboose behind the train.

They placed her in the graveyard
Beside the railroad track.
He still works in the sunshine and the rain,
And the angels all watch over
As he rides all alone
In that little red caboose behind the train.

—ANONYMOUS

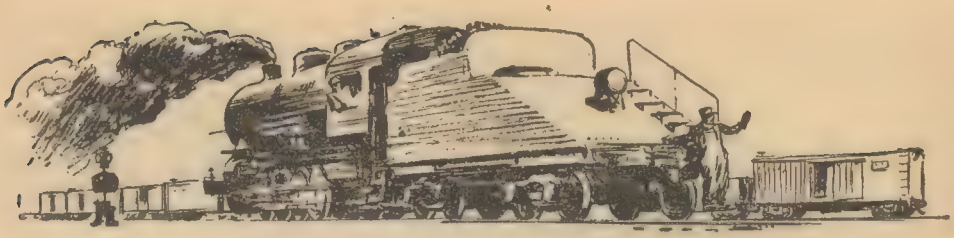
ROMEOS



Don't let your love-making be spoiled by a cough due to a cold . . . Keep Smith Brothers' Cough Drops handy. Black or Menthol, just 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



Put the Hogger in the Crummy

LET me sit on the right-hand side,
A-hold of the throttle and Johnson bar,
And make our rough wild hogger ride
At the other end on the old way car.
Just watch him try to stay in the hack
When I start the train with the air and the slack,
And hear him holler when his head I drove
Right in behind the crummy stove,
And as the train goes into the sag,
Knock him out with the slack in that drag.
And let him lay there on the floor,
Afraid to stand up, for fear he'd get more.
I'd head right in on the longest track,
And cut her off a long way back;
When the hogger walks in, to him I'd say:
"Well, how was the ride you got today?"

—B. H. TERRY

The Way-Car

THE mighty machine at the head of the train
Is impressive, you'll have to admit,
As she rumbles and roars o'er the glimmering rails,
You can tell that she's doing her bit;
But back at the rear the familiar way-car
Just rattles along kind of loose—
She is not much to see, but I'm sure you'll agree
There is need for the little caboose.
The "brains" on his perch in the cupola
Watches over the swaying train,
And his eyes and his nose and his ears are set,
For trouble will ever complain.
And never the squeal of a brake that sticks,
Nor a sound that seems abstruse,
Is missed by the scout that is watching out,
From the rear of the little caboose.
And the smell of the smoke of a burning box
Is a scent that his watchful nose
Can tell from the smell of the smoke in hell,
Though he can't smell a fragrant rose.
And then, when they go in the ditch, 'tis then
That they'll have the greatest use
For the things you will find, trailing on behind,
'Way back in the little caboose.

—C. E. CALKINS

The Glorified Caboose

WHEN you hear the freighter whistle
And you see it 'round the bend,
You may nod in high approval
As you view its other end.
Gone the old ramshackle boxcar,
With its flat and noisy wheels;
Gone the car that made the freighter
Look so run down at the heels.

Gone the clatter and the wheezing;
Gone the forlorn aspect, too,
Of the tail end of the freight train
As it rattled out of view.
Now a new caboose shines brightly
At the far end of the train,
And she doesn't look like something
Long exposed to wind and rain.

She has lost her look so comic
And her tone so drab and flat;
Now the folks along the railroad
Take a look and gasp, "What's that?"
The caboose has now gone ritzy—
She is like a private car;
She has everything but bathtubs,
Patio and cocktail bar.

Oh, she's now a thing of beauty,
And with pride the train crews burst,
For she helps fulfill the teaching
That the last shall yet be first.
There she goes around the bend, boys—
All dressed up and on the loose!
Oh, what airs the freighter puts on
With a swallowtail caboose!

—H. I. PHILLIPS, in N. Y. SUN

Retrospect

PERCHED on a high spring wagon-seat
I have driven to town with a load of wheat,
On a hayrack heaped with a coarse slough hay
I have come from the mowing many a day;
Over the rangeland, far and wide,
On a tricky broncho the herd I'd ride;
But I rode to the county seat in state
In the red caboose of the local frieght.

In the days of youth, gone long before,
How often I've sat near the open door
Of the old caboose, felt it rock and sway,
And watched the track slip out and away
With the telegraph poles across the plain;
Prairie and track and the moving train
All that a searching human eye
Could see in the circle beneath the sky.

I may travel long and may travel far
In liner or clipper or palace car,
But never so long that I could forget
Coming in from the dark and wet
To the shelter and warmth of the rough clean hack
At the end of a freight train on the track,
Never so far that my dreams turned loose
Would not carry me back to the old caboose.

—MAUDE K. BACKLUND

You rate high, mister, in her book
If you've a smooth and well-groomed look!
With thrifty Thin Gillettes it's easy
To get shaves that are clean and breezy!
Outlast Ordinary Blades
Two To One
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
Produced By The
Maker Of The Famous
Gillette Blue Blade
Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27c

Model Railroading

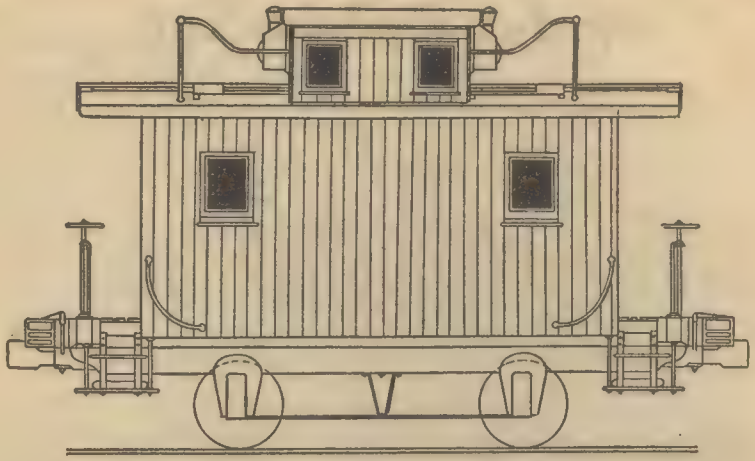
Photo from the Railroadians of America.

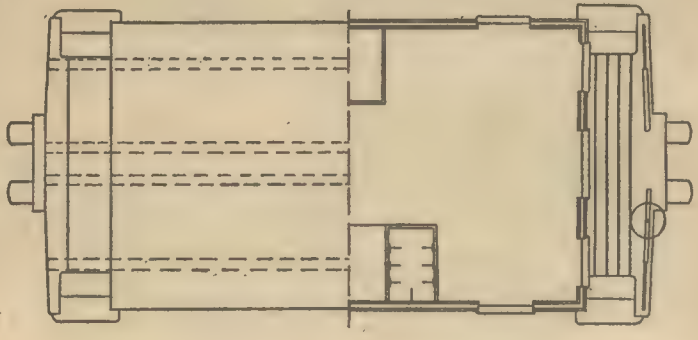
Build an Erie "Bobber"

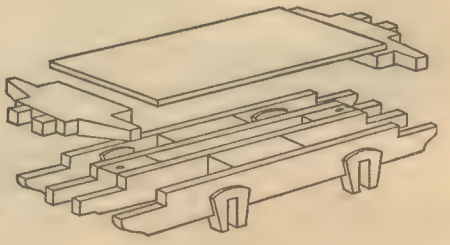
THEY'RE turning out some mighty handsome cabooses, nowadays. Rolled metal roofs and circular windows; side-bays and diagonal striping. Soon some enterprising master carbuilder will probably bob up with a set of blueprints for a double-ended beaver-tail job—and ruin model railroading.

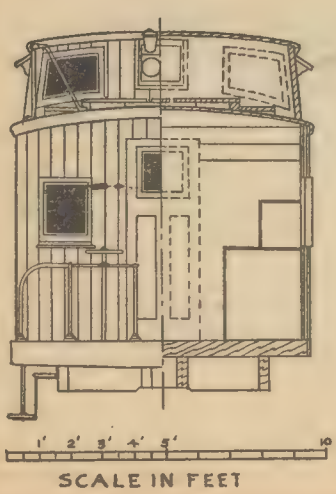
For those of us who reproduce the roaring road in miniature are agreed upon one point. We'll tolerate a streamliner in our passenger train setup; or a Texas type, or even a 4-6-6-4, when it comes to freight. But don't expect us to use a new-fangled crummy as a prototype! We like 'em old and battered.

Flower and fruit of all four-wheelers is the Erie bobber pictured here. Designed at the turn of the century, little cabins like this gave a good account of themselves for many years, withstood all the punishment the world's heavy duty freight road could impose upon them. Take the memorable

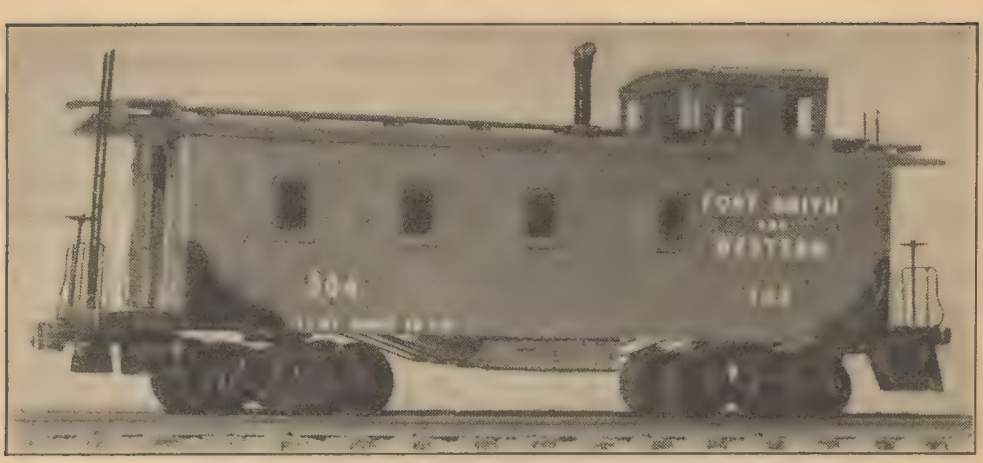








Drawing by Donald Van Dyke



Preston George, of 2235 Newton St., Denver, Colo., Built This Excellently Detailed O-Gage Caboose with No Commercial Parts Other than Trucks. Faithful to Prototype, Its Body Is Fashioned of Wood—in This Case, the Sides of a 5-Pound Cheese Box. Steps of Soldered Tin Can Stock Incorporate a Crispness of Detail Not Found in Castings

morning back in 1917 when the hogger of the triplex *Matt H. Shay* missed a signal to quit shoving while a mile-long drag was easing into town. The mill at the head end stopped all right, and so did the train—including its bobber. But the Mallet kept on coming.

A shack in the gig-top sensed the inevitable conclusion; dove out through a window casing. The skipper followed from the rear platform, and just to complete the V-formation, a flagman joined him in mid-flight.

But the husky little bobber didn't telescope. Instead she tilted back on one pair of wheels and gave a leap, herself; right onto the *Matt Shay's* pilot deck, above the forward set of cylinders.

GETTING down to details of construction: a model like this is plainly a build-up job. No commercial casting could properly reproduce the undergear; the step construction; or the interesting character of the original draft-gear pockets.

The isometric drawing on the opposite page illustrates the basic arrangement of the underframe and floor. Four parallel sills run the length of the car and can best be held in proper relation to one another by spacer blocks placed as indicated. Platform members, also of wood (scribed to simulate planking) are secured to the depressed sill ends, using cellulose cement. The floor, itself, is similarly attached to the elevated surfaces, and should be of sufficient thickness to support side and end walls of bristol-board or cigar-box wood.

Eight brass journal box guides (see side elevation for contour) are required. One set fits inside the outer sills at each of the four axle locations, while the others are situated at corresponding positions on the opposite surfaces of the same members. In the event that the car is not sprung, the guides must be soldered to small blocks of brass or bronze, shaped to resemble journals (note that the photo shows one of the bobber's original side-hinged bearings). A hole is drilled in the back of each journal to receive an axle-end. After this is done, the units are fitted onto the wheel assemblies, and then secured to the under-sills with so-called "cold solder" cement.

The coupler pocket construction is clearly shown in our drawing. Here the center-sills flank the draft gear units, while the shallow spacer-blocks receive wood-screws which pivot conventional coupler castings. The steps are built up from thin brass spring-wire and tinned steel, and will be more characterful if the solid side walls shown in the photograph are omitted.

THE caboose body, as already mentioned, is formed from either bristol-board or cigar-box wood. In the latter instance, sides and ends may be neatly scribed to resemble vertical planking. A number of modelers have complained of difficulty in aligning cupolas and making them sufficiently rugged to withstand the wear and tear of table-top operation. Some of this trouble, we believe, results from attempts to treat the gig-top as a separate member. Solution to the problem are cupola ends that project straight to the floor of the car; thus furnishing additional bracing for the crummy, and gaining a firm purchase, themselves. In this method of construction, small blocks, curved to conform to the arc of the roof proper, must be attached to the bulkhead surfaces, each in a position to support the inner end of one roof section.

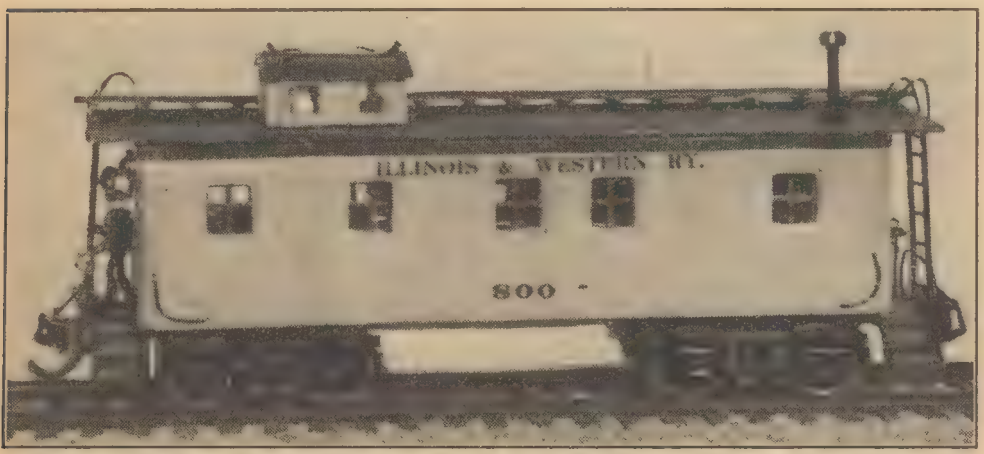
The final closing off of the car interior, following the placement of celutate glazing in window apertures, comes with the attachment of the cupola sides and roof.

SUPERFICIAL trimmmings, such as grab irons, platform railings, brake-wheels, etc., calls for the employment of wire, soldered where connections with other metal parts are required, or forced into holes pierced in wooden members with a coarse needle, and further secured with cement. Dress snaps make excellent brake-wheels and spaghetti insulation serves for air hoses.

Features peculiar to these Erie bobbers were lookout signal lamps, incorporating two rondels apiece, and situated one on either end of the cupola. (In later days the lamp box was elevated to the roof-top, to insure visibility above cars that were forever increasing in height.) Their purpose was to indicate to the head shack or the engine crew that all was well (or otherwise) with the rear end of a moving train. Considered superfluous, the green rondels were later eliminated, and the lights themselves disappeared from service several decades ago.

With them went the little secondary running boards, located in advance of the gig-top end windows. Three-plank catwalks had already supplanted the broader center platforms, and cupola braces and ladders took the place of initial side railings.

Finally, no modern vivid red were these cabins of yesteryear. Just a somber shade of rust, with dusty black undercarriages and rigging. Lettering appeared in white.



Illinois & Western Shacks Ride in a Comfortable 8-Wheeled Crummy, Complete with Interior Fixtures. It Was Constructed by Master Carbuilder A. A. Sternat, 267 E. Vallette St., Elmhurst, Ill.

Model Engineers and Clubs

TRAINMEN were instructed by the MoP not to touch caboose 807 in the yards at Coffeyville, Kansas, while W. M. Bower, a model-maker of Claremore, Okla., climbed all over the car taking detailed measurements, so he could construct a model of her.

Mr. Bower says you don't have to be a mechanic to build your own railroad. "I manage a grocery store," he reveals. "You can imagine how far I get on an article when the author's plans call for such and such a gage wire, certain number screws and certain ply cardboard. It might as well be printed in Chinese for me. But I can go to a railroad yard, select my prototype, measure it and make a scale drawing from which to make my model my own way. This gives me more of a personal interest in the finished article, too."

After sizing up crummy 807 to his heart's content, Mr. Bower drew O-gage plans in the scale of ¼-inch to the foot. Then he knocked apart a dried-prune box for straight grain pine, bought a bit of flat copper, unravelled some 8-strand clothesline wire for the grab-irons and ladder details, and cut up an old piece of glass for windows.

The body is built as one section, while the roof and cupola are fastened on with screws. The prototype has channel end beams, but the replica has wooden ones, as the craftsman was afraid to try his hand at soldering. That detail matters little, however, because some cabooses of that type originally had wooden end beams. Automatic couplers and insulated wheels enable the miniature 807 to bring up the rear of any car on Mr. Bower's two-rail pike.

Added night-time safety is assured by red and green marker lights, made of 10c costume jewelry. Speaking of prices, the entire job cost less than $3. Pride of creation and ownership is worth many times that small sum.

* * *

"I AM SIXTEEN years old, and the HO bug has bit me hard," writes Dwight Smith, Box 398, Mt. Hermon, Mass. "In a short half-year of effort I now have nine HO cars in various stages of construction. I try my rolling stock out on 58 inches of track which is laid out on my dresser top. Soon I hope to be able to expand into the second floor of the family garage."

Dwight's prototype roads are the Barre & Chelsea, the Vermont Central and the Montpelier & Wells River (which runs past his house). His pike, the Northern Vermont Lines, now has four cars: a caboose, a boxcar, a milk car and a wedge snowplow, complete even to scribed sides and a bell and headlight.

* * *

J. F. BLACK, auditor of the Cassville & Exeter, which claims to be the shortest operating standard-gage line in the U.S.A., enjoys railroading on a still smaller scale in his spare time. Mr. Black has his own HO gage layout, with about 86 feet of track on a table 6x12 feet, all decorated with trees, fences, pastures, etc. To make it resemble still more closely his home town of Cassville, Mo., the auditor has cattle, hogs, sheep and horses grazing in the leas. The animals are never startled by the miniature trains chugging through their pasture, as most of the rolling stock bears the Frisco emblem. The Frisco is the big pike in those parts, connecting with the 5-mile C&E.

* * *

WESTCHESTER MODEL CLUB (Arthur Q. Smith, vice pres., 300 Gramatan Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.) is holding its annual exhibition at the Pelham Manor station of the NYNH&H, from Nov. 1st to 11th inclusive. From 7.30 p. m. till 10 each evening miniature railroad operations will be executed for the entertainment and education of visiting townsfolk. Saturdays, Sundays and Armistice Day the session will start at 1 p. m., lasting until 10. Sunday, the 2nd, has been set apart for visiting clubs.

* * *

BALTIMORE SOCIETY OF MODEL ENGINEERS, Inc., is going to celebrate the Yuletide season with a festive exhibition of model railroading, beginning Dec. 26th and continuing through the holidays. No admission charge. Everybody is welcome to drop in at 1513 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md., any evening of the exhibition between 7 and 10.

* * *

CHICAGO and vicinity fans interested in forming an HO model club are invited to communicate with Frank Lang, Jr., 1938 E. 74th or Dave Munroe, 10242 Ewing Av., Chicago.

O-Gage Caboose Model Built by W. M. Bower

Model Trading Post

LISTINGS here are free. Because of time required to edit, print and distribute *Railroad Magazine*, all departmental material should be sent to the Editor six (preferably seven) weeks before publication date, which is the first of each month. Every Trading Post entry must be accompanied by the latest Reader's Choice coupon, clipped from page 143 or home-made.

When writing to anyone listed here, enclose stamped envelope or use 2c reply postal-card.

For Sale or Exchange

CABOOSES, Lionel, over 20 yrs. old, six-in. 4-wheeler, 8-in. 8-wheeler, both O gage, and 11-in. std. gage, all somewhat rusty, paint damaged by water, but exc. cond. otherwise: will repaint swell, 75c ea., postpaid. Write first.—H. A. Summers, Eng. Dwg. Rm., Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

* * *

CABOOSE, home-made, O gage, ¼-in. scale, electrically lit, for sale or trade for HO eqpmt.—Frank Flynn, Gen. Del., Union Beach, N. J.

* * *

CABOOSE 817, O gage 3-rail Lionel reefer 814R, boxcar 814, gon. 812, elec. loco 252 (incl. 5 4-wh. cars), *Flying Yankee* set 268, Pullman 600, obs. 601, bag. 602, fifty sections track OC and OS, r.c. switches 012, 45-deg. crossover 020X, bridge 270, and AF water tank. Make offer in other material or cash.—W. Deckeraw, 3978 Dalton Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

CABOOSE and 9 other assorted frt. cars $30; 2 Lionel switchers $27 ea.; 2-rail B&O switcher $30; perf. detail O gage 4-4-2 Hudson type loco $50.—L. M. Blum, 807 Engineers Bldg., Cleveland, O.

* * *

CABOOSE KIT, Milw. O gage, offered in trade for Lionel O gage Pullman car body 2640. Don't want trucks.—Robt. Hahn, Jr., 614 Main St., Hellertown, Pa.

* * *

CABOOSE 817, $1.10. Lionel *Hiawatha* and tender 250 rebuilt for scale, side 3rd rail, almost new, $10. Lionel loco 257 with tender, $3.75; derrick 810, $2.50. List of over 100 items, 3c stamp.—Robt. VanBuskirk, 120 Chestnut Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

CABOOSE 2817 and 3 other O gage Lionel frt. cars: oil tankers 2815, box 2814, gon. 2812, all elec. couplers, perf. cond., in orig. containers. Cost $14.75 new. All four $9.50, singly $2.75 ea. I'll buy Lionel loco 225 and AF locos 436, 427, 4622-6 and 4622-4.—Capt. John S. Crull, BBTC, Camp Davis, N. C.

* * *

CABOOSE 2817, also oil cars 2815 and 815, offered in exchange for Lionel loco and tender set, O gage track, wide-rad. curved track, or Lionel cast-head auto. couplers. Send list of items you sell.—Fred Schorr, Jr., 1800 Elk Ave., Pottsville, Pa.

* * *

I BUILD any type of old open or closed trolley model, O or std. gage, 1890 to present. Also European types. Details for stamped env.—Paul Willis, 910 E. Chelten Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

LIONEL 027 eqpmt., hardly used, priced reas., or will accept ¼-in. scale eqpmt. Also new Lionel and AF eqpmt. at 25% off catalog. Send stamp for list and info.—A. W. Burger, 186 Glen ave., Glen Rock, N. J.

* * *

HO BLUEPRINT NYC 4-8-2 type, also HO frt. cars with auto. couplers and 4-wh. trucks, HO auto. couplers, 4-wheel trucks, switches, rail. Enclose 3c stamp.—Mike Filks, 2011 Medbury Ave., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

AF SWITCHER, wheels turned to scale 3rd rail, shoes geared 34 to 1, auto. couplers, hand reverse switch, engr. and fireman, $15 F.O.B.—C. W. Medick, c/o Motor Inn Garage, Hogan and Church Sts., Jacksonville, Fla.

* * *

LIONEL and AF 1941-'2 new scale model trains, reas. prices. Large illus. folder L or AF 10c coin. Melvin Frankel, 129B. 88th St., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

LOCOS, steam and elec. type, streamliners, frt. and pass. cars, tracks, switches, crossovers, accessories for O27, O, 072 and std. gages. List for stamped env. I want pulley and hand wheels for crane car Lionel 810, cash or trade.—Geo. A. Powers, 1424 Maple Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

TWO-RAIL OO gage boxcar, reefer, auto, cattle, hopper, gon, tank and flatcars, $3. Pullman, baggage and dining cars, $6; all perf. cond.—Chas. Davis, 6527 Aberdeen, Chicago.

* * *

ERIE boxcar, O gage, ¼-in. scale, with dummy couplers but no trucks; good paint and construction job. Write for price.—J. Everett Long, 12 W. Front St., Morgantown, W. Va.

* * *

LIONEL whistle outfit consisting of Diesel type power car 636W, coach 637, obs. 638, 12 sections O gage track, whistle controller, all fair cond. Will trade for any O gage steam-type frt. outfit with elec. couplers and track.—Michael Vankin, 10 Westminster Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

20 PIECES old 072, old tinplate trucks, 3 rulebooks, incl. PRR west of Pittsburgh, May 29, 1910; Chi. & Ind. July 1, 1913; and Ind. & So. Harbor Belt, Aug. 1, 1913. Want ¼-in. eqpmt. or engines 1666W, 2225W or 2226W.—Ed Sundberg, 2704 Kansas St., McKeesport, Pa.

* * *

VARNEY Mikado mechanism, Walthers Diesel switcher, power pack, cars, trucks, rails, etc., all new HO eqpmt. Will trade for O gage eqpmt., good cond. —Milford D. Gibson, 39 E. Howard St., Pasadena, Calif.

* * *

SIX AF pass. cars, 2 derrick cars 219, 3 prs. Lionel manual switches, pr. AF man. switches, quantity of Lionel and AF track; all good cond.—Karl Koenig, 481 Pennsylvania Ave., Williston Park, N. Y.

* * *

SELLING AF pass. tr. 4013 (B&O) outfit, new, $12. Three-quarter in. scale pass. cars with tinplate trucks and couplers, $7.50. Complete list for stamped env.—Walter Johnson, 2645 E. 44th St., Cleveland, O.

* * *

LIONEL 2620, 2657, 2651, 2680, 2600, 2601, 2816, 2859, 811-'17, OC, OS, 1013, 1018; AF 406, 408, 410, 411, other Lionel and AF eqpmt., for sale. Send 3c stamp for list. —Daniel Stiteler, Jr., Elverson, Pa.

* * *

AF curved track, HO gage, new; sell at ½ price or trade for other HO articles.—A. F. Clow, Rm. 4421, Int. Commerce Commission Bldg., Washington, D. C.

* * *

SCALECRAFT Hudson 4-6-4, O gage, $60; new Lionel $52, used $44. Walthers Polly drive, chassis and motor, 8 wheels, switcher, pilot, $20.—A. L. Mann, 4719 Rockwood Rd., Cleveland, O.

* * *

STD.-GAGE Lionel loco, cars, track, bag. car and loco. 8E, like new. Want cash or HO eqmt.—J. A. Casper, Jr., 18175 Clifton Rd., Lakewood, O.

* * *

HO interurbans with Geo. D. Stock motor unit, pass. type, $13 up; frts. $11.50 up. Many dif. prototypes for sale. List for 6c stamps.—C. K. Given, 3411 Brunswick Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa.

* * *

WILL sell Lionel frt. train 139 with extra boxcar 2655, all new; Lionel type T transf. and Jeff. 75-watt transf., all for $15.—Raymond Lew, 101 E. Agnew Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

LIONEL 1071, streamline tr. 027 with power car, 2 coaches and oval of track. Price $5.75 or what have you in HO?—Regis Cordis, 4231 Saline St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

NARROW-GAGE O, 7/8-in. scale converted to run on 1-in. track, AF loco, 4 frt., 3 pass. cars, 250 ft. steel O gage rail, ties, spikes, accessories. All for $40 or good 8 mm. movie eqpmt. Send 6c stamp for photos and list.—S. Blanc, 1350 Tennyson St., Denver, Colo.

* * *

LIONEL Hudson kit 700K for sale at $29.—J. Beal, 18033 Pomciana Ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

LIONEL eqpmt., O gage, excellent cond., sale or trade. I need OO gage or other O gage eqpmt. Write. —Frank L. Gouch, 36 Bruce Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

I'LL trade AF loco 226E for 449 or 4680; 2 red-brown Pullmans 3001 for 2 green 3001's. Remote AF *Hiawatha*, $4.75. Seven lithographed AF 4-wheel frts, $1.25 postpaid. Want Ives, Dorfan and AF long pass. and short frt. cars.—J. L. Mater, 334 Hamilton St., Harrisburg, Pa.

* * *

WALTHERS ¼-in. scale frt. and pass. cars, Lionel and Lobaugh frt. and pass. engines; also Walthers ¼-in. scale CNS&M "MU" combine. Details for stamped env.—R. M. Berry, 819 1st Ave., Seaside, Ore.

Wanted

OLD CATALOGS of rr. accessories and models, home furnishings and hardware, prior to 1890. Give description and price.—A. Sheldon Pennoyer, 114 E. 66th St., N. Y. City. *(Editor's Note: Mr. Pennoyer is well known to our readers as a railroad artist and member of the Railroadians of America. Among other canvases he painted the narrow-gage cover for our Aug. '41 issue.)*

* * *

I OFFER cash for old style toy locos, cars, trolleys, catalogs, any age, type or cond. Esp. want old German and early U. S. items.—G. Harrison, M.D., Barnes Hospital, 600 S. Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

AMUSEMENT-PARK live-steam loco, 2nd hand. State age, gage and cond. of engine, also cash or installment price.—F. J. McAteer, 49 St. Anne's Place, St. Thomas, Ont., Canada.

* * *

HO LOCO in good cond. In return I offer new ⅛ h.p. elec. motor which cost $10.50; also AF loco. and tender, Marx Loco, and AF motor and wheels, all O gage.—Gordon Wallace, Wallacecroft, Lebanon, Ore.

* * *

O GAGE 3301 Vanderbilt tenders, 3300, 3325 AF steam type locos; also any AF frt. or pass. cars with brass name and number plates. State price and cond. —R. C. McLaren, 935 N. Hayes Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

* * *

LIONEL O gage loco 156 (4-4-4), pass. cars 610-'12 (green), pr. 012 r.c. switches and complete std. gage Bild-a-loco motor unit 381E.—Harvey Roe, 68 Lake Ave., Tarrytown, N. Y.

* * *

MAERKLIN HO gage long luggage van 354B with lighting attachment; 3 car lights with double bulb for new long coaches; elec. type loco series 800 for overhead-rail operation; overhead rails; trans. 270A for 800 ser. locos; regular track, crossover, switches. Will pay reas. price for items, good cond.—E. G. Nau, 224 Cottage Grove, Greensboro, N. C.

* * *

O GAGE tin-plate eqpmt., esp. Lionel switches and OS straight track. Must be good cond. I'll pay cash. —Arthur Romig, Box 171, Akron, Pa.

* * *

STEAM engine (stationary), horizontal type. I offer cash or O gage eqpmt.—Geo. Allen, 370 Lexington Ave., 8th floor, N. Y. City.

* * *

O GAGE ¼-in. scale eqpmt. I offer year's issue of *Ry. Age* (vol. 108 No. 22, June 1, '40, to Vol. 110, No. 22, May 31, '41—53 copies). Would sell mags. for $6 postpaid.—A. H. Keith, 412 8th St., Antioch, Calif.

* * *

LOCOS, cars, tracks, catalogs and accessories made by Ives, Lionel, AF, Dorfan, Bing, Hornby and Maerklin. Also parts, incl. couplers, trucks, etc.—A. McDuffie, 1st Communications Sq., Hamilton Field, Calif.

* * *

OO GAGE eqpmt. wanted. I offer in trade Nat'l Graflex 11, F, 3.5 lens, Lifa med. red filter, Omega B enlarger, Weston 650 and M.C.M. meters, Kemp print washer, developing tank, three 8x10 trays.—L. Grier, 123 Morningside Dr., Elmira, N. Y.

* * *

HO EQPMT. or loco parts and AF used loco or train set, HO. In trade I offer stamps, radio parts, books, 3 HO frt. cars and reefers, HO track and eqpmt. for HO loco. Would sell my model material too.—Geo. T. Thomas, Rte. 1, Box 107A, Herndon, Va.

* * *

AF GIRDER BRIDGE No. 58 or Lionel girder bridge 314; will pay cash or swap for Lionel circuit-breaker or transf.—Leo Bain, 76 Front St., Dunkirk, N. Y.

"I Talked with God"

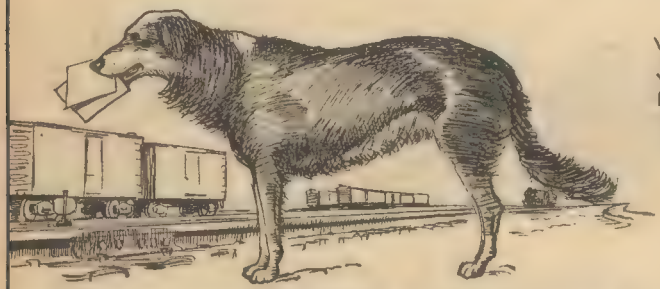
(Yes, I Did — Actually and Literally)

and as a result of that little talk with God a strange Power came into my life. After 42 years of horrible, dismal, sickening failure, everything took on a brighter hue. It's fascinating to talk with God, and it can be done very easily once you learn the secret. And when you do — well — there will come into your life the same dynamic Power which came into mine. The shackles of defeat which bound me for years went a-shimmering—and now—?—well, I own control of the largest daily newspaper in our County, I own the largest office building in our City, I drive a beautiful Cadillac limousine. I own my own home which has a lovely pipe-organ in it, and my family are abundantly provided for after I'm gone. And all this has been made possible because one day, ten years ago, I actually and literally talked with God.

You, too, may experience that strange mystical Power which comes from talking with God, and when you do, if there is poverty, unrest, unhappiness, or ill-health in your life, well—this same God-Power is able to do for you what it did for me. No matter how useless or helpless your life seems to be — all this can be changed. For this is not a human Power I'm talking about—it's a God-Power. And there can be no limitations to the God-Power, can there? Of course not. You probably would like to know how you, too, may talk with God, so that this same Power which brought me these good things might come into your life, too. Well—just write a letter or a post-card to Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Dept. 10, Moscow, Idaho, and full particulars of this strange Teaching will be sent to you free of charge. But write now—while you are in the mood. It only costs one cent to find out, and this might easily be the most profitable one cent you have ever spent. It may sound unbelievable—but it's true, or I wouldn't tell you it was.—Advt. Copyright, 1939, Frank B. Robinson.

ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by JOE EASLEY

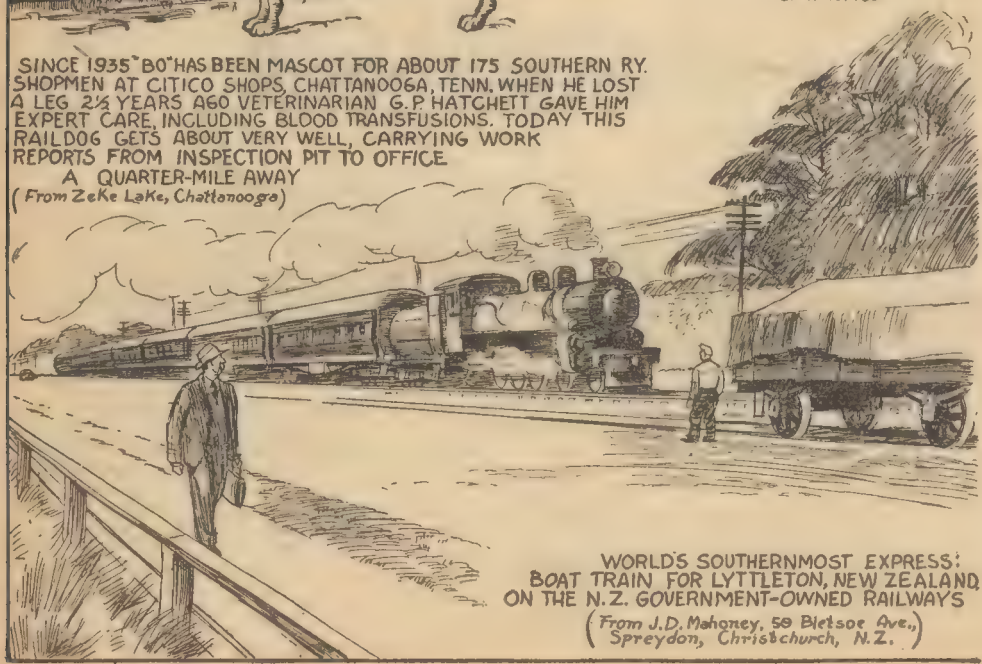


WHAT BECOMES OF OBSOLETE PASSENGER CARS? THIS OLD WOODEN PULLMAN "LETITIA" REPOSES ON THE SHORE OF GREENWOOD LAKE, N.Y. NEAR THE NEW YORK & GREENWOOD LAKE RY. (PART OF THE ERIE SYSTEM). IT IS USED AS A SUMMER COTTAGE

(Drawn from photo by Walter A. Lucas, member of Railroadians of America)

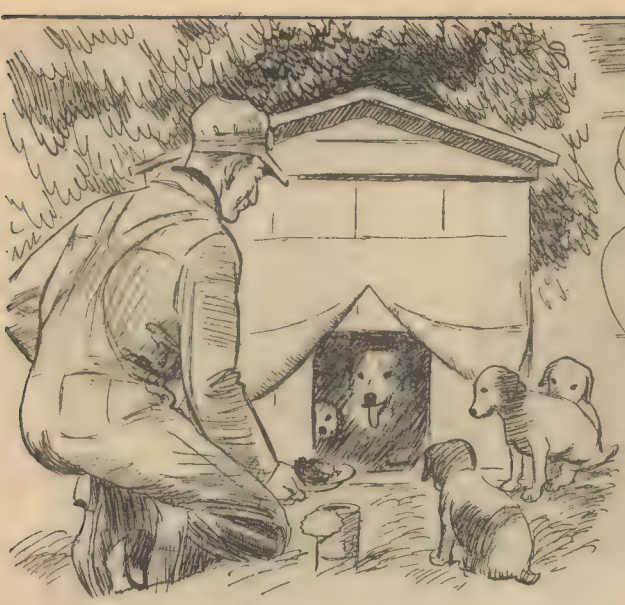
SINCE 1935 "BO" HAS BEEN MASCOT FOR ABOUT 175 SOUTHERN RY. SHOPMEN AT CITICO SHOPS, CHATTANOOGA, TENN. WHEN HE LOST A LEG 2½ YEARS AGO VETERINARIAN G.P. HATCHETT GAVE HIM EXPERT CARE, INCLUDING BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS. TODAY THIS RAILDOG GETS ABOUT VERY WELL, CARRYING WORK REPORTS FROM INSPECTION PIT TO OFFICE A QUARTER-MILE AWAY

(From Zeke Lake, Chattanooga)



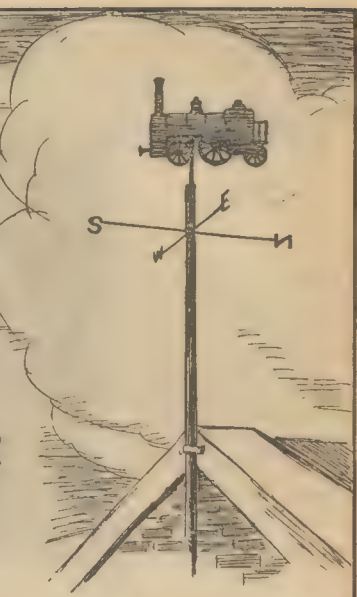
WORLD'S SOUTHERNMOST EXPRESS: BOAT TRAIN FOR LYTTLETON, NEW ZEALAND ON THE N.Z. GOVERNMENT-OWNED RAILWAYS

(From J.D. Mahoney, 58 Bletsoe Ave., Spreydon, Christchurch, N.Z.)



PENNSY ENGINE CREWS OF DELMAR DIV. RECENTLY BUILT A $50 DOGHOUSE AT DELMAR, DEL., FOR "FANNY" AND HER FOUR PUPPIES. "FANNY" WANDERED INTO THE YARDS AS A STRAY MONGREL SPITZ 18 MONTHS AGO. BESIDES RIDDING THE BUNKHOUSE OF RATS AND MICE, SHE MEETS ALL TRAINS. IN RETURN THE MEN FEED HER WELL, GIVE HER ENGINE-CAB RIDES, AND EVEN SUBSCRIBE TO A MONTHLY DOG MAGAZINE

(From Herbert C. Foote, Wilmington, Del.)



STATION AT BIRKENHEAD, ENGLAND, HAS WEATHERVANE DEPICTING TYPE OF ENGINE USED 100 YEARS AGO WHEN BUILDING WAS ERECTED. TODAY THE DEPOT SERVES BOTH GW AND LMS RAILWAYS

(From Great Western Ry. Magazine)

RARELY DO YOU SEE AN ENGINE WITH THIS FAMOUS NUMBER. ILLINOIS CENTRAL 999, BUILT IN 1924 BY BALDWIN, HAS 25 X 24-INCH CYLS., 42,500 LBS. TRACTIVE EFFORT, 210,000 LBS. B.P., 187,160 LBS. WT. ON DRIVERS, 293,400 TOTAL ENGINE WT., CAPACITY 16 TONS OF COAL AND 10,000 GALS. OF WATER

(Drawn from photo by C.B. Medin, Ass't Editor, IC Magazine, Chicago)

Courtesy, the Mutual Magazine

Pennsylvania-Reading Seashore Lines Train Number 1073 (The Sea Plane) Crosses New Jersey Twice to Connect New York with Atlantic City. Here She's Shown Just after a Change of Engines at Trenton. Number 269, One of the Pennsylvania's Big K-4s, Has Just Taken the Place of the GG-1 in the Background

Locomotives: Pennsylvania-Reading Seashore Lines

This and succeeding photos from Joseph Lavelle, 4615 66th St., Woodside, N. Y.

All Seashore-Lettered Passenger Engines Are Atlantics. Here's 6061, the System's Last E3sd Machine

EXTENDING southeastward out of Camden, N. J., the Pennsylvania Reading Seashore Lines blanket the southern portion of the "Garden" State with 413 miles of closely interwoven routeage, incorporating numerous junctions, and having seaboard termini at Atlantic City, Ocean City, Wildwood and Cape May.

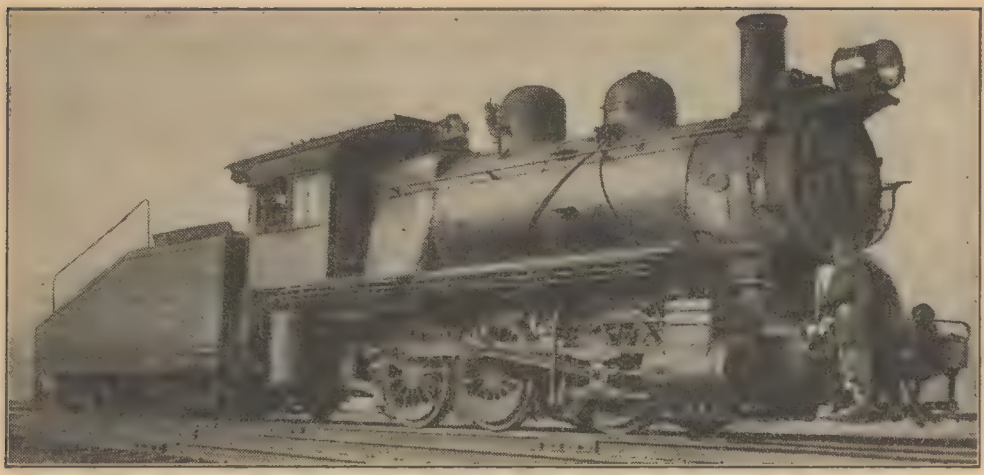
This intricate network of trackage involves a complex series of mergers, culminating, on July 15th, 1933, in the unification of the Reading-controlled Atlantic City Railroad and the South Jersey Lines of the Pennsylvania System (primarily the West Jersey & Seashore Railroad Co.)

Under the terms of the consolidation, the PRR received two-thirds of the capital stock of the newly formed organization, the remainder being held by the Reading. E. W. Scheer, president of the latter road, is similarly chief officer of the P-RSL, while the keystone system is represented by operating vice-president J. F. Deasy.

It requires 1800 employees to keep the Seashore Lines' 176 daily passenger trains and 36 daily freights shuttling over their various traffic lanes. A majority of the former run from Market Street Wharf,

Photo from the Railroadians of America

A Tail Wind Drives Steam from Cylinder Cocks Before Her as Number 6086 Pulls out of Camden, N. J.



Today, B6sb Engines Are Doing the Terminal Work Once Assigned to Switchers Like the 6052

or Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, to Atlantic coast resorts famous the world over as both summer and winter playgrounds. Atlantic City, alone, draws more than 16,000,000 visitors each year.

Leaders of the express-train fleet across the state are *The Boardwalk Flyer,* of "58 miles in 52 minutes" renown, and *The Barnacle Bill Special;* followed by *The Boardwalk Arrow, The Skipper, The Cruiser, The Dolphin, The Sea Hawk, The Navigator, The Seashore Limited, The Beach Patrol, The Flying Cloud, The Ocean Wave, The Seagull, The Seaplane,* etc. In addition, heavy weekend and holiday patronage call for the operation of a considerable number of extra and excursion trains. Needless to say, the limited number of passenger engines listed on the opposite page could not conceivably handle such density of traffic, but include only owned locomotives, formerly employed on the WJ&S. Leased Pennsylvania and Reading power, both freight and passenger, retains its original lettering.

WJ&S electrified service, which was extended between Camden and Millville and Newfield and Atlantic City in 1906, is now limited to the former branch. Fifty multiple-unit cars, equipped with both third-rail shoes and trolley poles (the latter for use between South Camden and South Gloucester) traverse this 41-mile line. Current is 650 volts D.C.

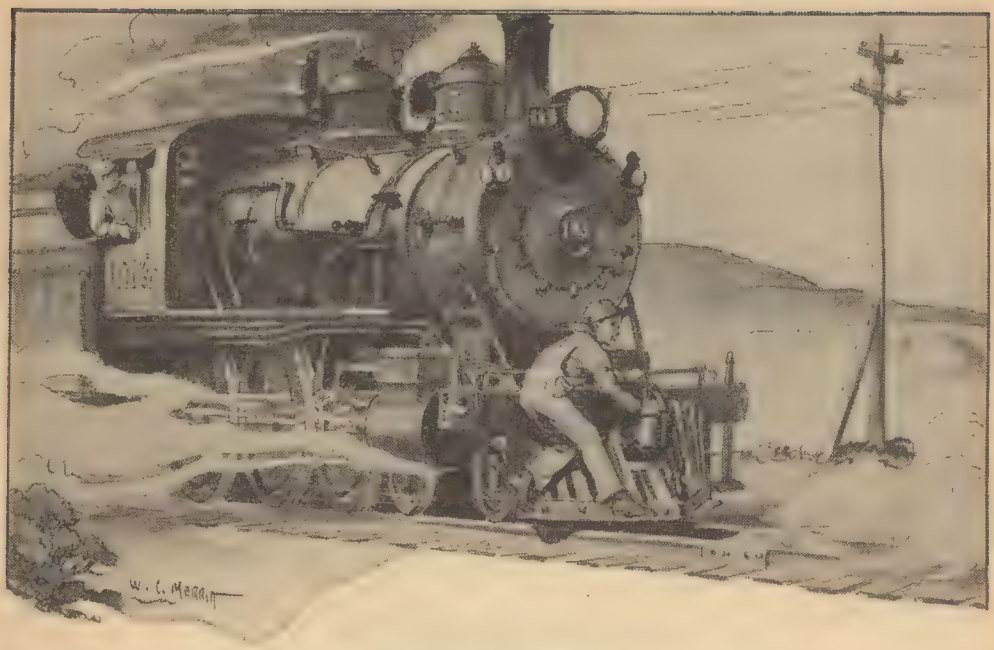
Motive Power Listing as of October 1st, 1941

Number	Class	Builder	Date
	4-4-2 (Atlantic) Type		
6061	E3sd	Juniata	June, 1905
6009	E6s	Juniata	June, 1914
6028	E6s	Juniata	April, 1914
6056	E6s	Juniata	April, 1914
6064	E6s	Juniata	April, 1914
6084	E6s	Juniata	April, 1914
6085	E6s	Juniata	April, 1914
6086	E6s	Juniata	Sept., 1914
6087	E6s	Juniata	July, 1914
6092	E6s	Juniata	Mar., 1914
	0-6-0 (Switcher) Type		
6076	B6sb	Juniata	April, 1916
6095	B6sb	Juniata	Dec., 1916
6096	B6sb	Juniata	April, 1916
6097	B6sb	Juniata	Nov., 1917
6098	B6sb	Juniata	Feb., 1916
	2-8-0 (Consolidation) Type		
6007	H6sb	Baldwin	Nov., 1905
6016	H6sb	Baldwin	Jan., 1906
6072	H9s	Juniata	Nov., 1913
6073	H9s	Baldwin	Sept., 1913
6074	H9s	Baldwin	Dec., 1913
6075	H9s	Baldwin	Sept., 1913
6093	H9s	Baldwin	Feb., 1911
6094	H9s	Baldwin	Nov., 1902

Gas-Electric Cars

Number	Type	Horsepower	Builder	Date
400	Single Unit	250	Westinghouse	July, 1926
401	Double Unit	350	Westinghouse	April, 1929

The Only Juniata-Built Consolidation Type in Seashore Service Is Number 6072; Class H9s



Switch-Key

Johnny Conners Sure Went to a Lot of Trouble to Get a Souvenir of Old Hickory Road

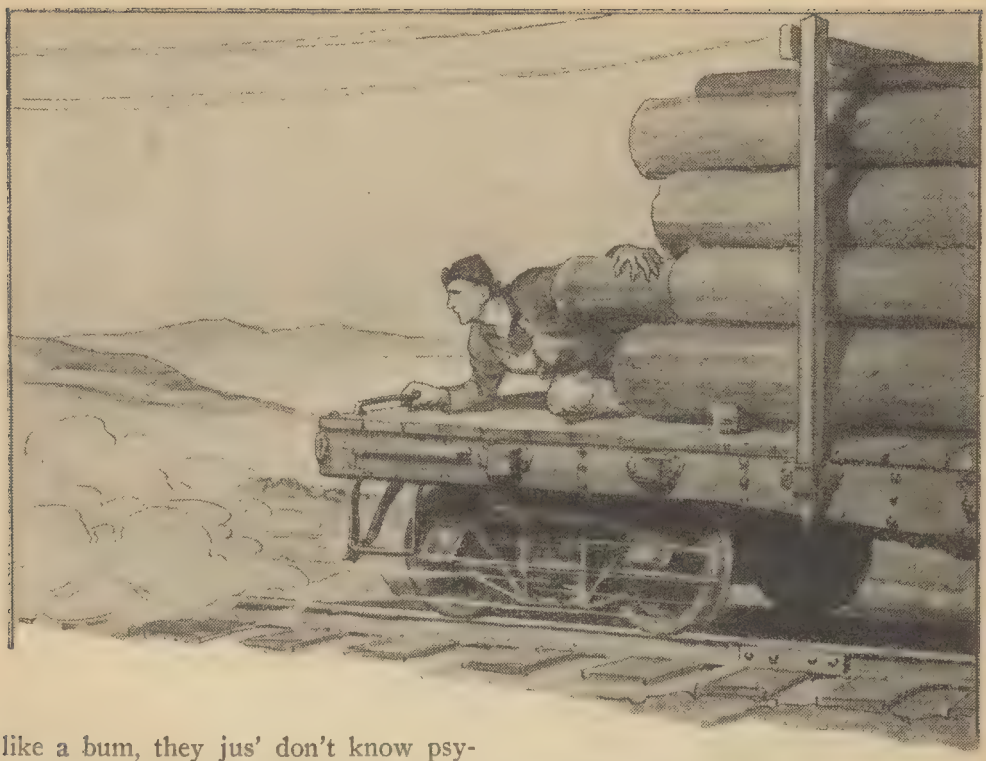
By "TURKEY" MOORE

WITH one foot resting on the brass rail, Johnny Conners, better known as "Switch-Key," stood at the Johnson Bar swapping boomer talk with Gus Johnson, the pot-bellied, walrus-mustached proprietor. The low, rambling saloon was crowded with cowpunchers, construction workers and "rails." Clouds of tobácco smoke hung against the grimy ceiling. Loud-pitched voices were raised in arguments as here and there a patron insisted on carrying his point.

In this motley group Johnny Conners presented a smart appearance. Although the young boomer was currently out of a job, you wouldn't have guessed it from his elegant attire. Somewhat smaller than the average, his compact and well-muscled body was garbed in a well-fitting suit of rather flashy pattern. His feet were encased in shiny patent leather. A light fedora hat was tilted at a rakish angle over a pair of keen, challenging, blue eyes.

"Switch-Key" was an enigma to his compatriots. Regardless of financial status, you'd always find him well clothed. When Johnson reproached him for extravagance, the answer was:

"Listen, Gus, I may blow in a lotta dough for clothes; but I always land an office, don't I? These guys who spend all their stake before they start lookin' for a job, and then show up lookin'



like a bum, they jus' don't know psychology."

The Johnson Bar, at Forth Worth, run by a retired engineer in the golden age before the first World War, was a favorite hangout of home guards as well as the boomers who drifted into town. Strung on a wire over the backbar was the choice assortment of switch-keys that had given Conners his nickname. For years Johnny had made a hobby of collecting switch-keys, saving each new acquisition until he happened to visit Johnson's saloon; then he'd turn it over to the proprietor as a free gift to add to the exhibit. This attraction drew quite a bit of business to the gin-mill and was a source of envy to many boomers who came from far and wide to view it. The former engineer had to keep a sharp watch on his priceless trophies to prevent their ownership from changing hands.

Right now Gus was listening to a beef from Johnny Conners.

"Yeah," Switch-Key was saying, "I woulda been okay if I hadn't got in that crap game at Dallas. They sure took me for a cleanin', and that put a crimp in my groceries. It'll be three weeks before the stock rush begins, but meanwhile I gotter connect up with a feedbag."

"Well, three weeks ain't much," conceded the owner of the thirst emporium. "I guess you can eat a bite of free lunch on the house now and then if you don't go too heavy. Reckon I owe you somethin' for them switch-keys."

At that moment a portly individual walked in and, looking around, asked the assembled crowd:

"Any engineers or firemen here looking for a job? If there is, go down to Enson. They're yelling their heads off for men on the Hickory."

Switch-Key looked at the speaker. "How come they are short o' help at this time?" he asked. "The stock rush ain't even started yet."

"Well," replied the big guy, "I can't tell you who I am, but I'm telling you straight. You know that the Ol' Hickory has always been a home-guard outfit. They've had regular engines ever since the road was built back in the sixties. Well, now there's a lot of business and they were short o' power, so they had to put the hogs in the pool. Then all the hoggers and tallowpots got sore and reported sick. It's funny how such an epidemic took hold all at once; but anyway, that's what happened and now the road is tied up for lack of men. The ol' man is hiring all the men he can get hold of; and if any o' you guys want a job, it's waiting for you."

Gus turned to Switch-Key, whose railroad repertoire included firing as well as switching and braking.

"There's your chance, fella," he said. "If I was younger now I'd try it meself. That Old Hickory is a good job. Mighty seldom you can land on that pike, for all o' them home guards are kin to each other. But maybe a new order has come into effect these past few years and she's changin' the same as everything else."

"Sounds phony to me," Johnny replied glibly, "the idea of a brass hat callin' for men outter a nose-paint parlor. However, it ain't far over to Enson and I might as well take pot-luck. Slip me four-bits, hogger. I'll return it one o' these days."

"Take a buck," the saloon-keeper offered generously. "Four-bits won't take you nowhere. Some time you'll blow in again with a few more switch-keys."

He glanced around proudly at the growing collection. Then he rang up a "No sale" on the cash register, took out a silver dollar and handed it over, saying:

"Well, good luck, youngster! I'll be seein' yuh. Wish I was young again!"

"Thanks, pal!"

From behind the bar Switch-Key picked up his handbag, in which he always carried a clean suit of overalls, gloves and work shoes. Then he went out the front door and swung jauntily down the street, followed by looks of envy and admiration, and a buzz of voices.

GOING to the nearest yard office, Johnny Conners studied the board. An extra was marked to leave at five o'clock the next morning. "Plenty of time," he yawned. He ambled over to the switch shanty and, making himself comfortable, dozed off for a few hours. Then, feeling that sixth sense that all rails seem to possess when having a hunch, he awoke in time to see a string of rattlers with the engine already coupled on.

Walking down to the smoky end, he came upon the fireman, who was spreading his fire and getting her in shape to hit Saganaw hill which began just after leaving the yard. Switch-Key flashed his card showing paid-up membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and asked for a ride.

The tallowpot shook his head. "The skipper we're pulling won't even take his mother's picture in the crummy. But I can probably square you with the head shack. The hogger is a good guy and you can ride on the engine if you want to. But there's no use your ruining those good clothes, so why not pick an empty? Where are you from, anyhow?"

"Everywhere," Switch-Key answered breezily. "I play the field in everything: railroads, the ponies and the women. I just blowed in from the Big Ignorant a coupla days ago. Got fed up on San Coulee coal and come down here to make the stock rush."

"Same here," said the fireman. "I just been here ten days. It's a nice job and pays good money. You can grab a quick stake here."

The CH&T, affectionately nicknamed the "Old Hickory," was indeed a home-guard pike. One of the pioneer railroads of Texas, it had long since established the custom of hiring its men from its own terminals or from towns along the right-of-way. A standing joke among the boomers was that all the home guards were kinfolk and you could hear the hind brakeman shout through the darkness: "Hey! Cousin Frank, tell Uncle Jim to slack a little. Grandpa has got his finger caught."

So with the coming of boomers for the first time in the road's history, a none-too-pleasant feeling existed among the local men who considered they had a prior right.

"Bull" Dugan, head brakeman of the train that Switch-Key was riding, was a home guard of first-water and a "no-bill' as well. He had no use for boomers nor the Brotherhood, and frequently remarked: "Why in hell should I belong to the Stingers? I git as much pay as any of them do and I ain't shellin' out an assessment for it, either."

So when the fireman hit Bull for a ride for the newcomer, the local man demurred, saying: "The tax on this pike is a dollar a division. I ain't haulin' hoboes for nothin'."

"But this gent is no hobo," the tallowpot persisted. "He's a railroad man and riding on his card."

"I can't eat a card," replied Bull. "It takes cash to buy beans. A buck or he walks."

"Now see here, Bull, the skipper won't haul anybody in the crummy, but he knows you fellows have a lot of boxcar passengers and he never squawks. Suppose you lose this job, you don't figure on paying out railroad fare while you're looking for another, do you?"

Bull grunted. He realized the justice of this argument, so after a moment's hesitation, he grudgingly said: "Well, it will be okay this time, I reckon. Tell your bum to load in that head empty, but to keep outter my sight. I'll haul him this time."

INSIDE the car, Switch-Key arranged a couple of newspapers to protect his clothes, the one thing he was fussy about. Then he bedded down and proceeded to take things easy, listening to the old familiar music of steel wheels clicking merrily over rail-joints.

In due time they pulled into the yard at Enson. Unloading with alacrity, he looked around for the nearest beanery, spotted the *Railroad Man's Cafe,* and ambled over to replenish his bread basket before striking the old man for a job. He slid into a seat at the counter. A blonde with golden ringlets and indigo eyes showed as perfect a set of teeth as you ever saw in one smile.

"What'll it be, Romeo?"

"Anytime you say, sister," Johnny shot back. "Meanwhile, I'll take the thirty-cent special breakfast, ham and eggs with all the trimmin's."

After finishing his breakfast and paying the bill, Switch-Key walked over to the Master Mechanic's office. He entered and glanced around. Seeing no one except the chief clerk, he

inquired with a confidential grin: "Master Maniac in?"

The clerk grinned also. "*Master Maniac* is good," he responded. "The old man is just about nuts since this epidemic of 'sickness' set in among the engine crews. No, he's not in. You'll find him around the shop somewhere. What's on your mind?"

"Lookin' for a job. I heard in Fort Worth that you was short of men."

"Yes, I'll say we're short. What line do you follow, Mister—?"

"The name is Johnny Conners. I'm a tallowpot, mostly. Here's my letters."

He handed out a long yellow envelope.

The clerk barely glanced at it and said: "I don't do the hiring, Mr. Conners. You'll have to see the boss."

"What's his name?" Switch-Key inquired. "And what kind of lookin' guy is he?"

The clerk smiled. "Well, his name is Judson T. Gorman. The first man you see who doesn't look a bit like a railroad official, tie into him, for that'll probably be Mr. Gorman."

The boomer meandered down to the spot where a dozen locomotives were standing around the coal chute and on several tracks leading into the roundhouse. There he found a lanky individual badly in need of a shave and wearing boots; clothes disordered, hat pulled down over his eyes, tobacco juice staining the corners of his mouth, and with a most disagreeable expression on his face as he looked toward a dead engine being towed into the roundhouse by the shop dinky.

Walking up with his usual self-confidence, Switch-Key asked: "Mr. Gorman?"

The scarecrow nodded.

"Hirin' any firemen, Mr. Gorman?"

The boss glared at the newcomer. "Call yourself a fireman?" he asked. "Can you keep an engine hot?"

"That's me," the boomer assured him, extending service letters. "Just off'n the Big Ignorant where I been for six months."

The old man did not look at them. Instead, he extended a grimy finger, pointing to an engine which stood over the cinder pit. "Get on that 113," he ordered. "She's been delayed an hour and a half now waiting for a fireman. Your engineer is Al Sharpton."

Thus Switch-Key Conners entered the service of the Old Hickory without even making out an application.

THROWING his grip up in the gangway, he climbed up into the cab. There he found the engineer, bearded old Al Sharpton, dozing on his seatbox, and said by way of greeting: "All right, Santa Claus, snap out of it! Christmas time is here."

Al eyed the intruder with no sign of Southern hospitality. "Who are you, young whipper-snapper?" he barked.

Switch-Key laughed. "Never mind, pop," he replied. "You just handle the throttle and the Johnson bar—I'll do the rest. I'm your new bakehead."

During this time Johnny changed his clothes, folding his suit, carefully placing it in his seatbox, and donning a pair of clean overalls for the trip.

Al was not at all favorably impressed with this fresh youngster. When the old-timer left the roundhouse to couple onto the train, he gutted the engine, throwing sparks in all directions and pretty well demoralizing the banked fire which the new fireman as yet had not had a chance to build up. He slammed into the train with an awful bump. Then he climbed down off of the engine to walk back to the yard

office and sign for the train orders.

Switch-Key, whistling merrily, got out his clinker-hook and spread the fire. Then he sprinkled the black diamonds where they would do the most good. He had his fire built up, with the pointer right on the 180 mark, with half a glass of water, when old Al came back with the orders.

After a highball from the skipper, old Al whistled off and yanked her open. The engine slipped a couple of times, then gripped the rail as she settled down to work. Al Sharpton was a decent enough chap, once you got to know him, but an awful hog-mauler. It took an experienced fireboy to put the needle on the popping point and hold it there against his hammering. But Al got results making good time over the road. When you were used to the bewhiskered Texas runner, you really liked to fire for him.

The first fifteen miles out of Enson was practically level. It did not take long to get 'em into a swing; and with Al handing it to her as he was, the old gentleman soon had 'em rolling.

Switch-Key, poised as lightly as a gull on the rigging of a ship at sea, swung his lithe body with the rolling of the engine as she swung around the curves, gaining speed with each revolution of her sixty-inch drivers.

The needle hung within two pounds of popping point. Johnny fanned the firedoor as the pops sizzled a preliminary warning, prior to letting go. Softly whistling "In The Good Old Summertime," a popular air of the day, the young boomer accepted life with his usual nonchalance. He swung the firedoor between scoops and watched with satisfaction the needle hovering between 125 and popping point.

At Haxawatchie, where they stopped for water, Al looked at Switch-Key with a merry squint in his weather-beaten eyes.

"Well, son, you're a real fireman," he drawled. "I'm glad we're hirin' some boomers here, for even if they are ornery they sure are railroad men."

"Thanks pop," said Johnny. "I see where we are goin' to get along fine."

The trip was made without further incident—a smooth run over the division. From that time on Switch-Key Conners was an accepted part of the personnel of the Old Hickory, the road which hitherto had shunned the boys with itchy feet.

WHEN the home guards learned that their "illness" was not going to restore their regular engines, one by one they reported back to work, and the board was soon crowded with men. But by that time a number of boomers had been hired for engine service and the Old Hickory was no longer a home-guard pike. Business had picked up, however, the cattle were moving and there was plenty of work for all.

Switch-Key had been on the payroll for several months. He had formed some pleasant friendships among the crews. Because of his wit and quick repartee he was often invited to social gatherings. A dozen of Enson's girls were sweet on him. Johnny could easily have married some lovesick maiden above his social status.

But Johnny was a rover. He wasn't ready to tie himself down. Not yet. Aside from Rosemary Lee, he didn't give a damn for the entire female population of Enson.

Rosemary was the gal with the golden ringlets at the *Railroad Man's Cafe*. Her name sounded like a stage moniker. But the name was real and so was Rosemary herself. In no time at all the young boomer fireman had

developed quite a crush on the little waitress. The feeling, it seemed, was mutual.

This growing attachment didn't set well with Bull Dugan, the brakeman who had reluctantly given Johnny a free ride from Fort Worth to Enson. Bull was more than mildly interested in Rosemary and made no bones about it.

One sunny September morning Switch-Key drifted into the beanery. Rosemary flashed her usual smile in asking for his order.

"Well, bright-eyes," he said, "you can make me most happy by trottin' out a grunt an 'a couple o' cackles. I ain't feelin' so hot this mornin'. Had a hard-steamin' hog last night an' a tough trip with it."

"And how will mamma's darling have his cackles?" she purred.

"Hard-boiled, like the hasher who is servin' them," Johnny replied with a wink.

Ignoring this comparison, Rosemary lowered her voice and said:

"Bull Dugan was in here last night, and when I turned him down for a date he began making nasty cracks about you. Bull is pie-eyed with jealousy. He was popping off about what he was going to do to you. Keep your eyes open, honey."

"Blah!" returned the boomer. "That big false-alarm! Why, I can run rings around that guy at any game that he wants to play."

"I know you can, Johnny," Rosemary breathed with admiration, "but I just thought I'd tell you. Bull has the rep of being a dirty fighter."

SWITCH-KEY tossed off the warning with a broad grin and promptly forgot it. He'd met plenty of four-flushers and bullies in his jobs on the high iron from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and he knew how to handle them.

Two days later he came face to face with Dugan leaving the yard office.

"Hello, Bull!" he greeted.

The brakeman glowered and said: "Hello yourself, Mr. Wise Guy! Say, I'm givin' you a little tip: Stay away from Miss Lee. She was my sweetie long before you bummed your way down here on a phony card."

Switch-Key's retort was cold and hard. "I wouldn't say that again if I was you, Mr. Dugan. I'm liable to forget I once promised my mother never to wipe my nose on a lousy no-bill."

The shack's beefy face flushed. He hunched his big shoulders, doubled his fists. For a moment it looked as if the rivalry would be brought to a showdown then and there; but after a moment's thought the brakeman growled: "Well, I'm tellin' yuh for the last time," and turning on his heel, he stalked away.

The next morning Johnny was called for the southbound local with Al Sharpton. It was a tough job, for the cotton season was on and the average run over the division was from eighteen to twenty hours. This was before there was a "hog law" limiting the hours of continuous service. Their engine was the 113, a fast 4-6-0 type.

Al had already arrived and was filling the rod cups when Switch-Key showed up. The latter drained the lubricator and, while he was waiting for it to cool, got out his clinker-hook and spread the fire, Al threw the rod-cup wrench up in the gangway and said:

"Give me the hand-oiler, will yuh?"

The fireman did as requested and was all in readiness when Al climbed

up into the gangway and handed him the oil can to fill and wipe off before leaving the roundhouse track to couple onto the train. As they were stalling around for the head brakeman to show up, the bearded engineer asked casually:

"Conners, what's this I hear about trouble between you and Dugan?"

"Oh, nothin'," was the answer. "Just a slight misunderstandin'. Bull don't mean nothin' to me."

"Well," Sharpton continued, "you'd better watch your step. They say he's an ugly man to tangle with."

While this conversation was going on, their head brakeman, who proved to be Bull Dugan himself, showed up for the engine. Stepping on the pilot-blade on the right side, he gave a vicious come-ahead signal. They left the coal-chute track to back down in the yard. After coupling onto the train, a car inspector coupled the hose, while Al Sharpton got off of the engine and walked over to the yard office. Bull did not come near the engine; he sat on a pile of cross-ties near the track picking his teeth as they waited for leaving time.

Al returned shortly with the orders. He climbed up into the cab, handing Johnny the tissues to read while he made the air test. Then, receiving an okay from the inspector, he whistled off, and after he got a highball from the conductor he opened the throttle. They headed out of town.

Being in the fall of the year, the weather was still mild. Bull did not ride the cab but on the deck of a reefer a few car-lengths back. Set-outs and pickups were light for the first thirty miles. They got over the road in good shape until they reached Maxie. Business there was heavy. The large number of industries required from three to four hours of switching and spotting cars.

THE town of Maxie sat on top of a hill from which the grade descended in both directions. When the local freight arrived it headed into the passing track and ground to a stop. The conductor made his customary visit to the telegraph office, where the agent handed him the switch list. After glancing at it a moment, he passed it on to the swing brakeman, who gave it more thorough attention. The swing man then shoved it into his hip pocket, gave a signal, and the work at Maxie began.

After they had been switching for about an hour, the swing man said to Dugan:

"Bull, come to the north end of the house track with the hog and head onto that flat-car loaded with telephone poles. Tie into it, then stand there. Number Six is due out of Cana in about ten minutes. After she arrives, come out with that car and spot it on the team track near the telephone office."

They backed up, heading in on the house track and pulling up to where the flat-car stood. Standing on the pilot-blade on the engineer's side, Bull gave a signal to couple into the car.

In coming to a stop just when coupling into the car, the engine struck a greasy spot where some oil car had been leaking. The drivers locked and the old girl skidded, hitting the car faster than was intended. This knocked the chocks from under the wheels; and since the coupling failed to make, the car rolled ahead. There was no derailing switch at the south end of the house track, so the car wheeled toward the main line.

Dugan gave another signal, and

again Al bumped into it; but for a second time the coupling failed to make. The car now began rolling faster down the grade. The head brakeman jumped off, intending to set the hand-brake and bring it to a stop. He saw, however, that the runaway was now dangerously near the main-line switch; so to prevent it from being run through, he ran ahead and "bent the iron" to the main stem.

After that Bull climbed up on the car where the hand-brake was located. Upon attempting to set the brake, however, he learned that the poles had shifted ahead and had fouled the brake-wheel, which refused to turn. He tugged and strained, but the wheel was stuck fast. He could not budge it.

Gathering momentum, the car was now making about ten miles an hour down the grade. Bull climbed on top of the poles and ran to the back end of runaway. There he gave the engineer, who was following with the hog, a signal to bump it again. Al hit the car another pretty good crack, but for the third time the couplings would not connect.

By now they were a half-mile out on the main line and with the passing of each moment the speed increased. Dugan became panicky. He looked at the fast-moving ground below as though he contemplated jumping off and leaving the car to its fate, but instead of doing so he gave another nervous jerky signal. Again the couplings failed. The car leaped ahead like a living thing.

Dugan stood with his legs wide apart and mouth open, gazing stupidly at the engine as though incapable of thought. The car, top-heavy from its highly loaded contents, was now wildly rocking as it plunged down the grade. Bull, unable to stand on it, crouched down and gripped one of the poles and the rear of the car desperately with both hamlike hands. He was still staring in the direction of the locomotive with white face and horror-filled eyes.

MEANWHILE, even before the runaway began, Number 6, a high-stepping passenger train, had passed the last telegraph pole. Thus it was impossible for the dispatcher, even if he were warned, to hold them up before they could reach Maxie. And now, pulled by a powerful 4-4-0, the fast express was whipping along at schedule speed and—unknown to either crew or passengers—was running directly in the path of the runaway flat loaded with ponderous telegraph poles! Unless the unseen hand of Fate stretched out in time, death and destruction lay on the rails ahead.

Al Sharpton, his veteran eyes strained, the cords standing out in his neck, continued to follow the car with open throttle, vainly trying again and again to make the coupling.

Cana, the first blind siding, lay at the foot of the six-mile hill south of Maxie. The grade ran only about one-half of one percent, with few curves to obstruct vision. There being no block system on that stretch of track in those days, no method existed for warning Number 6 of the danger she was rushing into.

Switch-Key Conners was fully aware of the impending catastrophe, but showed no trace of hysteria. Up till now he had been sitting calmly on the seatbox in the cab of Al Sharpton's engine, viewing the proceedings with dramatic interest. The young boomer estimated they were making a mile a minute and decided the time had come for him to act.

He got up from the seatbox and

climbed out through the front window. Then, grasping the hand-rail tightly with his strong muscular fingers, he edged his way along the running board. Wind shrieked around his ears. It was with utmost difficulty that he kept his footing as the speedy ten-wheeled engine raced after the madly fleeing car. As they roared down the hill, rocking from side to side, the bell clapper swinging against its sides seemed to toll a funeral dirge.

Carefully working his way along the running board and holding with a death-grip, Johnny gradually obtained his objective. In rounding a curve slightly turning to the right, they struck a low joint. Lurching wildly, the boomer's knees buckled under him as he was thrown entirely free from the running board.

For an awful moment he swung dizzily over thin air. A sickening feeling filled the pit of his stomach. After what seemed an eternity he slowly and by main strength of his young arms pulled himself back to the running board and safety.

Whew! he thought, *that was close!*

Again he pushed his perilous way toward the pilot. He worked around the air-pump and, still clinging desperately, managed to get down on the steam chest. Then, hooking his right arm around the front-end boiler-brace, he boldly stepped down on the pilot-beam and seated himself there.

Next he felt with his feet for the pilot-blade. After locating this he eased himself down, turning his back toward the direction in which they were running. One hand reached for the pin-lifter. Holding it, he pulled the draw bar back into position and opened the knuckle. Then his left hand gave Al the signal to hit 'em hard.

With the old 113 plunging wildly and the pilot swinging with the action of her driving-rods, it took every particle of strength and endurance that Johnny Conners possessed to hang on. But with grim lines of determination on his face, he clung to the pin-lifter rod as he waited for the engine to overtake the now almost-flying car.

The instant he saw Switch-Key's signal, Al gutted her. The engine leaping forward, soon overtook the car, striking it with but slight impact. With supreme delight Johnny watched the knuckle close and the lock-pin drop into place. A grin of relief overspread his face as he gave a stop signal.

The old engineer, with almost superhuman strength, grabbed the Johnson bar and threw her into reverse. It was almost a miracle the engine didn't strip herself as this severe strain was imposed on her machinery. But nothing let go. The engine responded nobly, slowing down to a stop.

The instant her wheels stopped revolving, she began backing up as fast as steam would move her. Switch-Key, still grinning, came back through his front window and dropped to the deck. Then he went building up his fire, which had almost burned out.

NUMBER 6 swung around the long curve just north of Cana at sixty miles an hour. All at once the engineer's eyes popped open.

"What th' hell!" he ejaculated.

He jammed the throttle shut and brought his brake-valve around to emergency. The runner had plenty of cause for surprise, for not a half a mile ahead he saw a freight engine backing up as fast as she would take steam, towing a flat-car loaded with heavy poles. He released his brakes and followed the strange procession until he arrived at Maxie five minutes late.

At Maxie he found in the sidetrack a freight engine with the flat-car. Members of the local crew were talking excitedly. They were making quite a fuss over an undersized fireman.

Bull Dugan kept aloof while the others were complimenting Switch-Key, but at length he came up, his big hand extended.

"Put her there, boomer," he rumbled, "and accept my thanks. Let bygones be bygones. Yuh sure got guts."

"Skip it!" came the reply. "I didn't wanta see Number Six punctured with them telephone poles."

"Jus' the same," the brakeman went on, "I'd be a heel if I didn't take back what I blabbed the other day I butted into your affairs. Hell, a girl's got a right—"

"Forget it, I said!" Johnny flung back. "Want to do me a real favor?"

"Name it," Bull offered eagerly. "Jus' name it an' it's done."

The boomer's blue eyes lit up with a twinkle that marked the end of a feud, and he replied:

"Then get me a switch-key, brakie. A souvenir of Old Hickory. Wrap it up good in a dollar bill and mail it to Gus Johnson at Fort Worth. Tell him it's from Johnny Conners."

Engine Still in Quicksand After 65 Years

On the Morning of March 15th, 1885, Texas & Pacific No. 642, Pulling Eastbound Passenger Train 304, Plunged Down Arlington Hill at Village Creek, Texas, 9 Miles East of Fort Worth, Through a Trestle Weakened by Heavy Rains, Killing Fireman J. G. Habeck and Injuring 5 Other Members of the Crew, Including Engr. Lyman S. Roach. Three Cars also Fell Through the Bridge. The Engine Was Buried Under Water and Quicksand; She Has Not Been Seen Since. Her Smokestack Was Found 4 Years Ago. The Bridge, 130 Feet Long, Stood 16 Feet Above the 12-Foot-Deep Creek. Photo Shows (Left to Right) on the Ground: Engr. Roach, His Wife; and John Rains, Regular Fireman, Who Was Off Duty the Day of the Wreck; John Nichols, Relief Engineer, on the Gangway; and Leila Roach, on the Pilot-Beam, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roach and Now the Wife of W. A. Smith, Retired T&P Engineer, 608 Main St., Texarkana, Texas, Who Loaned Us the Original of This Rare Old Photo

Light of the Lantern

EACH month we present, in this department, a short technical article dealing with a subject we have frequently been queried about. Other reader questions pertaining to railroading are answered in The Information Booth, provided they are of sufficient general interest. *Do NOT enclose a stamped envelope with your query,* as we cannot undertake to send replies by mail.

Feedwater Heaters

IF YOU'VE ever poured cold water into a kettle to replenish a supply that was boiling away, you don't have to be told that the steam immediately thinned out or completely disappeared.

Magnify that condition several hundredfold and you have a familiar motive power problem of the 1830's; namely, a serious loss of efficiency resulting from the feeding of cold water into locomotive boilers on upgrades, or along the level with heavy loads.

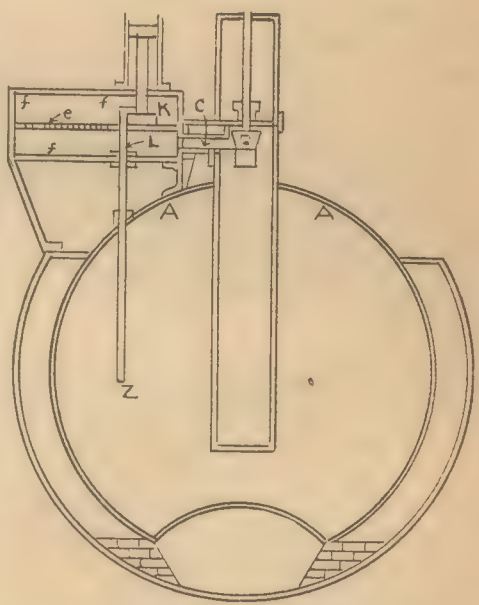
Some months ago, while discussing force-pumps and injectors, we pointed out an inherent advantage of the latter mechanism in this regard. For jets of live steam, rushing through the combining tube of an injector, automatically heat the water drawn up from the tender reservoir. We also noted that the injector was not invented until 1855, and made no further reference to feed-pumps.

All of which might lead to the impression that early designers contended with the cold water nuisance until the middle of the 19th Century, and then discarded mechanically-actuated supply systems altogether.

Such however, was not the case. Many years before the advent of the locomotive (in 1769, to be exact) James Watt had patented a condenser, used in conjunction with a stationary engine, which incorporated the secondary function of a heater. Widely employed in that field thereafter, this valuable adjunct was almost completely overlooked by early motive-power builders.

A noteworthy exception was Richard Trevithick, whose fantastic "steam wagon" of 1802 was equipped with a water and steam blending arrangement—unquestionably the first instance of a feedwater heater being applied to a locomotive.

As the problem of cold feedwater attracted more and more attention, patents without number were recorded. On this side of the Atlantic, the list of early heater designers reads like an honor roll of master engine builders. Winans, Forney, Perkins, Millholland, Baldwin, and Hudson—these were the leaders in the field.



Trevithick's Feedwater Heater. Cylinder Exhaust Steam Was Admitted via Passage (c) to Water-Filled Cistern (f), Heating Supply as It Filtered through Perforations (e). Pump (k) then Jetted Water into Pipe (l) to Boiler (A) at z

The mechanisms, themselves, were as varied as the notions of their creators. Stack heaters, smokebox heaters, ashpan pipes, and tender coils were among the more common species, with the first-mentioned type predominating. Unfortunately, devices like the Wilder installation (shown in our second illustration) had two serious drawbacks. First, they interrupted the draft and created eddies in the smokebox and stack; and secondly, they soon became so coated by the action of moisture and soot as to be practically non-conductors.

It would be pointless to go into a complete discussion of the merits and disadvantages of all of the other varieties. Rather, we will consider those which have a direct bearing on the two arrangements now in general use. These are the so-called open or "injecting" type, and the closed or "surface" heater, both of which use the exhaust steam from cylinders and feed-pump, but with this notable difference: that the former design (like an injector) mixes steam with the water, while the latter permits of no direct contact between the two.

AS WE'VE already pointed out, Trevithick was the first to employ the open heater. Subsequent efforts like those of D. K. Clark were not favorably received, railroad men contending that tallow from the cylinder-exhaust caused foaming when it was injected into the boiler with fresh water.

Then in 1827, another Englishman, named Goldsworthy Gurney, evolved and patented a surface type heater that is generally conceded to be the initial experiment in that direction. Impractical in itself, for it had insufficient heating area, it nevertheless paved the way for a second and more efficient mechanism patented one year later by Nathan Gough.

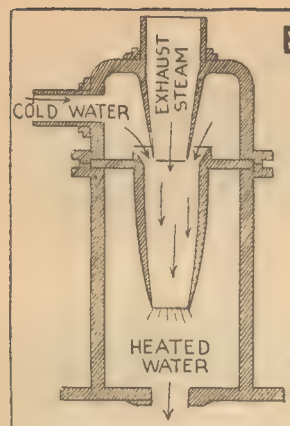
Canny Ross Winans pounced upon Gough's design, in turn, and developed the multiple tubular heater. This consisted of a cylinder measuring two feet in length and fifteen inches in diameter, having an inner and outer head, linked by 3/8ths-inch diameter water tubes. Winans installed these heaters on the Baltimore & Ohio's early "Grasshopper" and "Crab" engines, diverting steam from the exhaust blowers into the area surrounding the pipes.

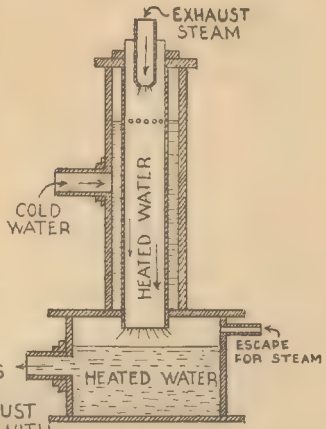
Another surface type heater rather widely used in early days was devised by Thatcher Perkins while he was a partner in the management of the Virginia Locomotive Works. Basically, this consisted of an exhaust-steam line extending from the cylinders through the water jacket, and having a two-way valve beyond that point, controlled by the engineer. One outlet led to ordinary blast pipes; the other continued to a steam casing ringing the smokebox and encircling a second water container. From the latter unit the pipe continued beneath the boiler to a steam belt girdling the firebox end, then vented into the ashpan. With this arrangement, feedwater could be admitted directly to the boiler or pumped into the container surrounding the steam pipe, thence to the water casing in the smokebox, where it was exposed to the heat of the waste system on the outside and the temperature of the exhaust gasses from within. This not only effected a considerable economy in fuel consumption, by delivering boiling water to the barrel, but created a variable exhaust, since it allowed any portion of the waste steam to be turned off from the blast pipes. Finally the water casing surrounding the smokebox protected the latter to a considerable extent from the heat expelled through the fire tubes.

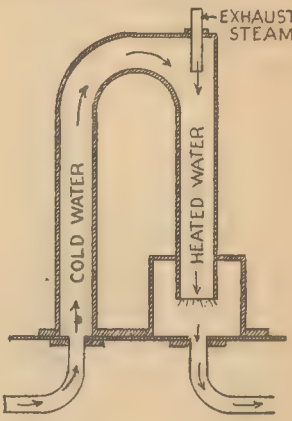
It is interesting to note that Perkins' heater was applied to a number of Pennsylvania Railroad engines during the period 1852-54. Among these were Number 63 (the *Philadelphia)*, Number 74 (the *Pittsburgh)*, Number 76 (the *Greensburgh)*, Number 77 (the *Johnstown)*, Number 78 (the *Blairsville)*, Number 82 (the *Bolivar)*, Number 89 (the *Ninevah)*, Number 93 (the *Wilkensburgh)*, and Number 99 (the *St. Clair)*.

As already cited, the injector made its appearance in 1855. Theoretically not as

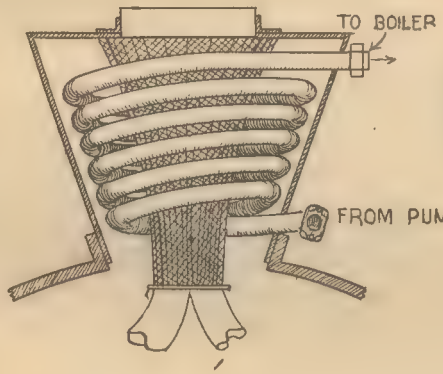
EARLY FEEDWATER HEATER DESIGNS



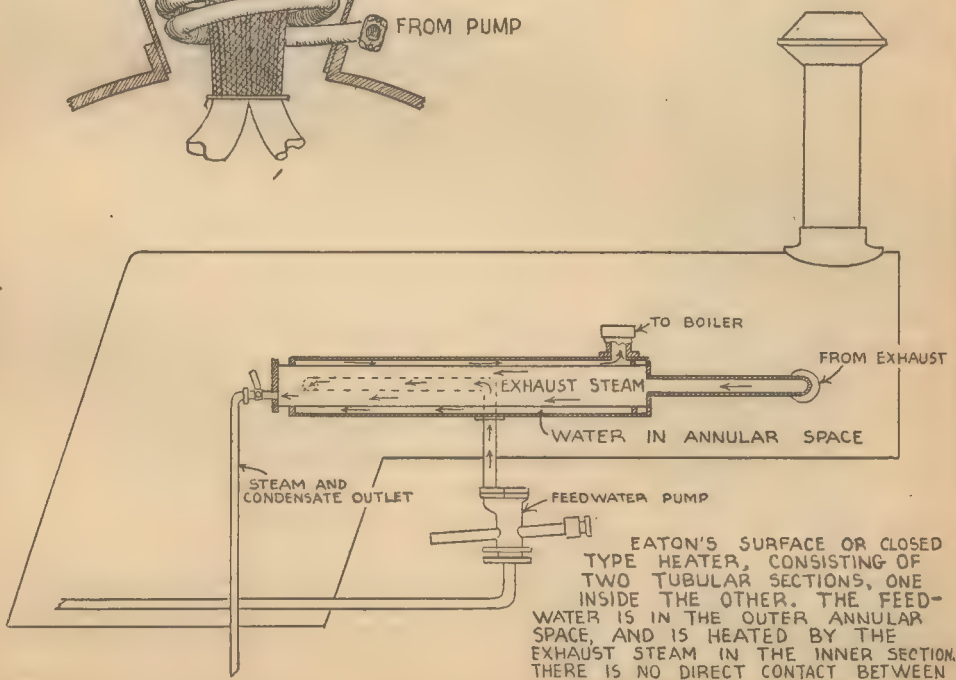




D.K. CLARK'S THREE PLANS FOR INJECTION OR OPEN TYPE HEATER. THE EXHAUST STEAM MIXES DIRECTLY WITH THE COLD FEEDWATER

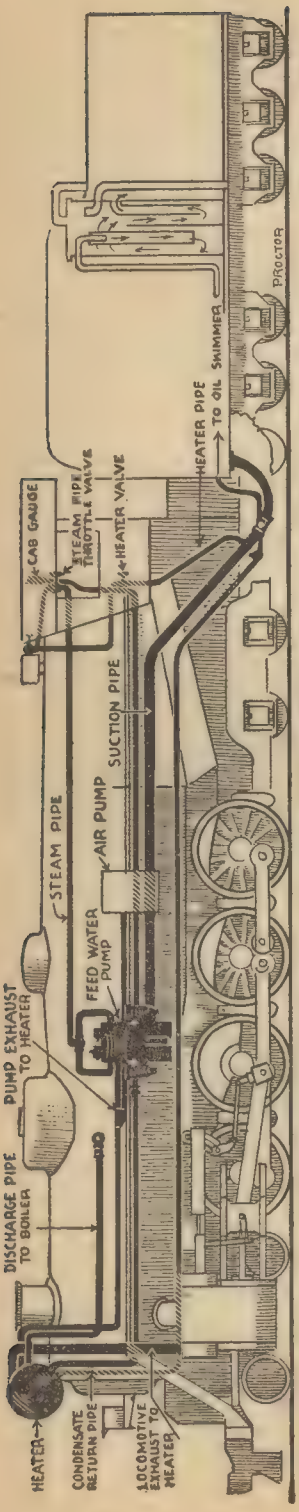


WILDER'S STACK TYPE HEATER. THIS HEATER MAKES USE OF THE HOT GASES FROM THE FIREBOX, AS WELL AS THE EXHAUST STEAM



EATON'S SURFACE OR CLOSED TYPE HEATER, CONSISTING OF TWO TUBULAR SECTIONS, ONE INSIDE THE OTHER. THE FEEDWATER IS IN THE OUTER ANNULAR SPACE, AND IS HEATED BY THE EXHAUST STEAM IN THE INNER SECTION. THERE IS NO DIRECT CONTACT BETWEEN THE FEEDWATER AND THE EXHAUST STEAM

PROCTOR



Diagrammatic Sketch of the Elesco "Closed" Type Feedwater Heater Assembly

efficient as the pump, it nevertheless proved more dependable and its steam blending action did much to impede the further development of the feedwater heater. Only the presence of the old force-pump on existing locomotives and the subsequent indifferent success of donkey pumps and the Worthington reciprocating feed-pump kept the mechanism alive until the early 1920's.

Then began a period of revival. Tests had shown that an injector, working at full capacity, raised the temperature of feedwater to about 160 degrees fahrenheit. On the other hand, engineers were convinced that a properly designed feedwater heater could increase this figure to a marked extent—an important factor inasmuch as there is a saving of approximately one percent in fuel burned, for every eleven-degree increase in feedwater temperature. Too, the injector used live steam (the exhaust steam injector had not yet been invented.) Conversely, the heater applied waste gasses and steam and returned the condensate of the latter to the tank or boiler, depending upon its design.

MODERN feedwater heaters are of a number of types. A familiar sight on many of our locomotives is a round tank located above and in advance of the smokebox front, or recessed directly before the stack. This is the heater assembly of the Elesco closed-type feedwater assembly, manufactured by the Superheater Company, and comprising, in addition to the above-named unit, a feed-pump and an oil skimmer.

The heater cylinder, itself, is approximately 5 feet long and 2 feet in diameter. It consists of an assembly of parallel 1-inch diameter copper pipes, called a "bundle," and an outer shell or body with flange connections for exhaust-steam lines and other pipes. Water passes through the steam-surrounded bundle twice, en route to the boiler.

The Elesco pump, in turn, has two double-acting steam motivated units, working independently, or interdependently, as may be specified. Centrifugal pumps have been substituted in the instances of a number of very large locomotives where clearances are limited.

Lastly, the skimmer, located directly behind the coal pit in the tender reservoir, removes all oil from the condensate by the process of floatation, before the water is returned to the tank proper.

Representative of the open type heater are the Worthington BL-2 and SA models, and the Wilson "Locomotive Water Conditioner." Starting with the BL-2 design, we have the first truly successful example of an injector heater, and one wherein the parts are all combined in a single large housing which is generally mounted directly under

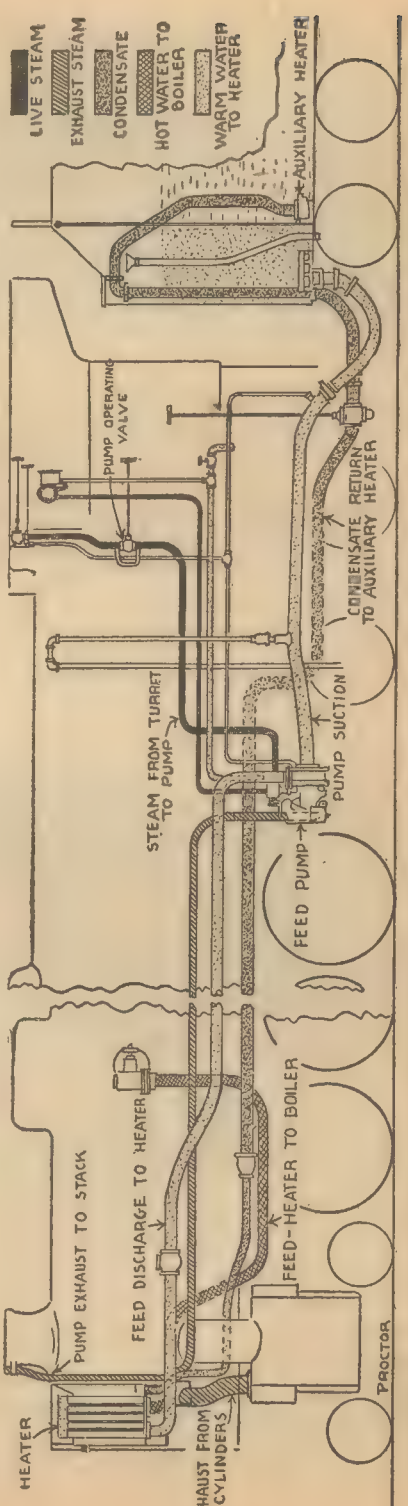
a locomotive running board. Water from the tender first passes into the upper or cold-water pump, thence by way of a spray valve into the heater, where it mixes with exhaust steam from the locomotive cylinders. This, incidentally, is a reversal of early open types, which injected steam into the water. From the header, the hot water supply continues into the lower pump and on via check valve to the boiler interior.

The Newer SA arrangement, identified by a small box-shaped heater set in the smokebox top, insures a more rapid and complete transfer of heat (water enters the boiler at a temperature of from 230 to 240 degrees F.), and has its cold and hot-water pumps beneath the cab and running board, respectively.

Quite different in operation is the Wilson mechanism. Here the forward section of the water-leg is blocked off to serve as a heater and hot-water storage-tank as well. A pipe carries the exhaust steam to the top of the unit, thence into a manifold, where part of the supply is directed to a float-valve-controlled ejector under the tank. Water flowing by gravity from the cistern to this ejector inlet blends there with the exhaust steam, and rises to the top of the chamber. There, another supply of steam from the manifold feeds a heater-compartment, bringing the boiler-feed to a controlled degree of temperature. The whole system is operated by a two-stage, centrifugal turbine driven pump.

Finally, to confuse various contentions concerning the relative merits of the two types of heater, we have a combination of the open and closed designs, manufactured by the Coffin Co. Here, the main heater is a curved tube-bundle in the form of an arch, originally carried in advance of the smoke box. More recently, however, it has been housed within that member.

Water, when passing through the bundle, must retrace its course five times before being passed on to the boiler. The condensate of the exhaust steam, in its turn, after leaving the same housing, is injected directly into the secondary heater, where it blends with water from the tank, preheating it for the primary coil.



In Addition to Its Closed Heater, the Coffin System Employs an Injector Heater in the Locomotive Tank. Here the Oil Is Removed from the Condensate and the Water Itself De-aerated

Twenty-two Cents a Pound. That's What the Union Pacific Paid Alco for the 4000, One of Twenty 4-8-8-4s Which Rank as the World's Heaviest and Potentially Most Powerful Freight Haulers. Weighing 762,000 Pounds (without Tender), They Have 23x32 Inch Cylinders, 68-Inch Driving Wheels, 300 Pounds Boiler Pressure and a Tractive Effort of 135,375 Pounds

Information Booth

1

HOW many tons of coal would a New York Central Hudson type locomotive use on a run from Harmon to Chicago?

Depends upon the weight of the train being hauled, whether the run was being made in the summer or winter, and a lot of other factors you fail to mention. Recently, however, in conjunction with the designing of the road's new 43-ton "Mohawk" tenders, it was ascertained that to maintain the existing schedule of the *20th Century Limited* between the two points mentioned—with a heavy consist and under the most severe weather conditions—would require a minimum coal supply of 75 tons.

2

WHY were Enola Yard statistics omitted from the list on Page 10 of your November issue? (2) Aren't the Indiana Harbor Belt Line's Blue Island Yards larger than a number of those included in the same tabulation?

(1). Because we were unsuccessful in our attempt to obtain this information from the railroad. (2). No. Officials of the IHB inform us that the east—and westbound Blue Island Yards have a joint capacity of 4757 cars. However, it should be noted that during their busiest week (to date) in 1941, this plant cleared 24,409 cars, or nearly 2000 more than the somewhat larger Boston Yard of the B&M.

3

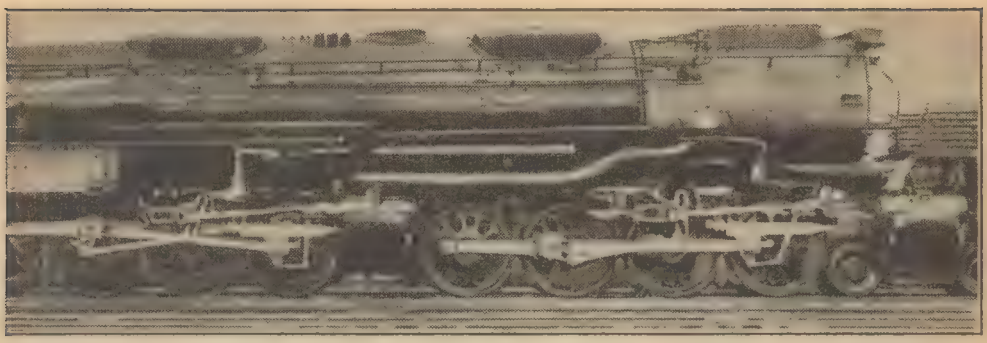
RECENTLY I saw a car on a Lehigh Valley float that carried a picture of a jar on its door and was lettered Muncie & Western. Furnish the usual data concerning this road.

Known as the "Ball Line," the 4-mile-long M&W was incorporated in Indiana, in 1902, to serve as a Muncie terminal line. It is owned and operated by the Ball-Mason Fruit Jar Co., whose plant is located in this Hoosier canning center, and furnishes direct connection with all of the railroads entering the city, namely: the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Nickel Plate, the Big Four, the Pennsylvania, and the Indiana Railroad. Equipment consists of two locomotives (1 gas and 1 gas-electric) and 100 freight cars.

4

WHEN did the Seaboard Air Line's Number 568 make her record run of 76 miles in 67 minutes, between Weldon, N. C., and Portsmouth, Va.?

She didn't. That performance, frequently miscredited to *The Atlanta Special* (first palace car train south of the Mason-Dixon Line) was actually turned in on November

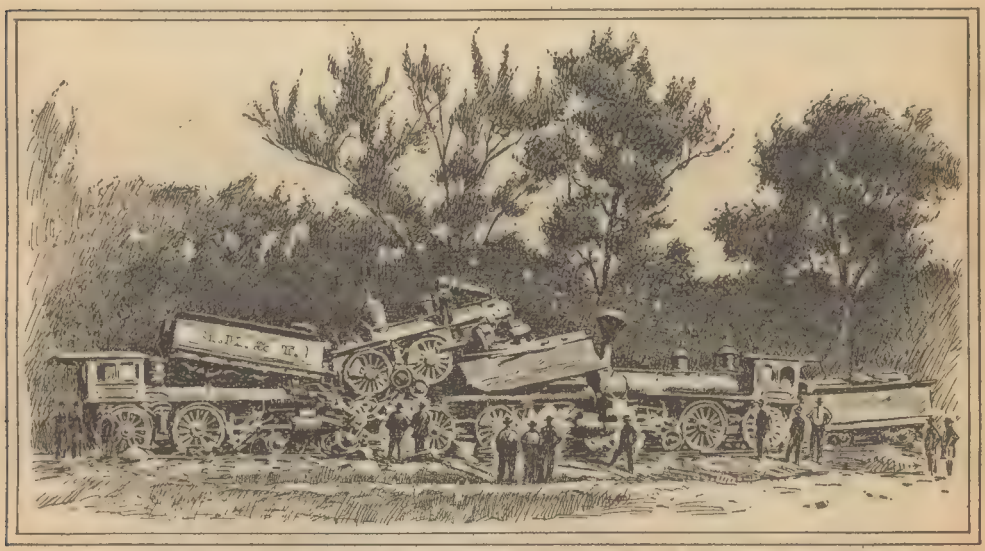


21st, 1896, by Number 540, a little Seaboard "American" girl, while she was handling a three-car special conveying the line's board of directors from Raleigh, N. C., to Portsmouth. H. J. Heileg was the engineer, with Nelson Gunter (colored) baling in the diamonds. Official records show that the highest average speed was attained between Branchville and Boykins —2.9 miles in 2 minutes—or 87 m.p.h.

The "540" was one of seven engines designed by W. T. Reeds and built for the Seaboard by the Richmond Locomotive Works. She had 19 by 24-inch cylinders, and weighed 112,500 pounds.

5

RECENTLY I read that the War Department contemplated the purchase of 200 steam locomotives. What will be their wheel arrangement, and where are they to be used?



Drawn from photo in collection of S. R. Wood, 115 W. Maple St., Stillwater, Okla.

Trackage Rights Tangle. Back on June 14th, 1873, the Katy (for Reasons Unknown) Secured Permission to Route Three of Its Engines as a Triple-Header Between Kansas City and Moberly, Mo., on the Line of the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern (Now Wabash). Overlooking a Rule of the Latter Road that a Train More than 35 Minutes Late Lost Its Rights and Was Required to Head in at the Nearest Siding and Wire for Orders, The Crews of the Triple Header Fell Behind that Limit, but Continued on Their Way. The Result Was a Head-On Meet with an StLKC&N Freight. No One Was Seriously Hurt, though the Locomotives Fared Badly. The Little Rogers Eight-Wheeler at the Extreme Right Was Originally Built for the North Missouri in 1870, but There Is Some Doubt as to the Identities of the Katy Mills

That report is not official as we go to press, but rumors concerning it are giving the private carriers a mild case of jitters. For it is understood that an A-1-a priority rating would be accorded these War Department engines, thus back-logging existing A-3 orders involving nearly 600 badly needed motive-power units.

What is more, the inquiry concerned locomotives of the Mikado type, a wheel arrangement which has gone pretty much out of favor on this continent, as far as new orders are concerned. It is hinted that the new engines are intended for export, but whether to Russia or North Africa—the two most likely surmises—nobody is ready to say. Not since the Pennsylvania Railroad gave the go-ahead for a like number of M-1s, back in 1926, has any motive-power purchasing spree involved so many machines of a single design.

6

COMPARE the principal specifications of the eight new Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range 2-8-8-4s with those of the Northern Pacific's Z-5 "Yellowstone" type.

	N. P.	DM&IR
Cyl.	26x32(4)	26x32(4)
Drivers	63	63
Press.	250	250
Wt. Loco and Tank	1,116,000	1,131,675
Tract. Force	139,900	140,000
Booster	13,400	———
Length, Loco.	80-5½	80-5¾
Tank Cap.	21,000	25,000
	and 27	and 26

7

WHAT proportion of railroad passenger business is constituted by commuters?

Last year, commuters represented 51.2 percent of all passengers carried on Class 1 railroads. They travelled 17.7 percent of the total passenger miles and paid 9.8 percent of all passenger revenues.

8

GIVE the history of the Bellefonte Central Railroad.

Incorporated, in Pennsylvania, as the Buffalo Run, Bellefonte & Bald Eagle Railroad, this line was opened from Bellefonte to State College (23.2 miles) in 1886. Its gage of 4 feet 9 inches was laid with 56-pound iron, and rolling stock, as of June 30th, 1891, consisted of two locomotives, two passenger coaches and 23 freight cars. In addition, the company leased 25 gondolas for the shipment of coal.

On January 12th, 1892, the present Bellefonte Central had its beginning as a reorganization of the earlier line. Extension of routeage occured in 1928, when the organization was authorized by the ICC to project a line from a point near State College to Fairbrook (5.3 miles), where a connection was to be made with a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and to purchase existing roadway from Fairbrook to Stover (18 miles). The BC also has trackage rights from Stover to Tyrone (about 2 miles). At present, however, operation between the last named point and State College has been suspended. Existing equipment (owned) consists of 4 locomotives and one passenger-baggage car.

9

COMPARE the Canadian National, as regards mileage, with the ten next most extensive systems on the North American Continent.

Here are the figures, as of the first quarter of the present year: Canadian National, 23,298 miles; Canadian Pacific, 17,153 miles; Santa Fe, 13,414 miles; Southern Pacific, 13,039 miles*; New York Central, 11,599 miles†; Milwaukee, 10,557 miles; Missouri Pacific, 10,268 miles; Chicago & North Western, 9,951 miles‡; Pennsylvania, 9,903 miles; Union Pacific, 9,898 miles; and Burlington, 8,958 miles.

**With SP of Mexico; 14,409 miles.*
†Includes Big Four, Michigan Central, Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, and Boston & Albany.
‡Includes CStPM&O (1629 miles).

Photo by Herb. Weisberger, 8798-21st Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Westbound Lackawanna Limited Drifts into Pennsylvania via Slateford Junction Bridge. Beneath Her Is the Delaware River, with the Green Hills of New Jersey in the Background

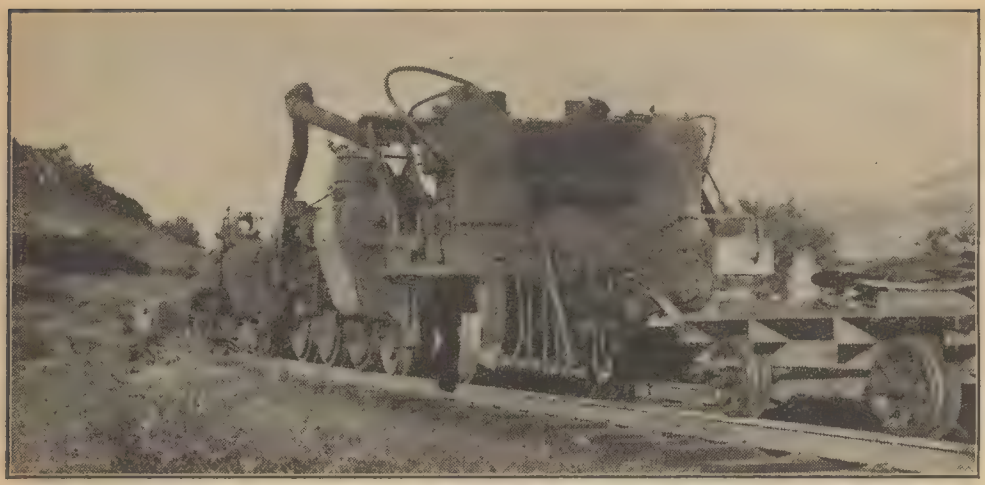


Photo by Theo. A. Gay, 624-78th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Early One Morning Last July, Number 1510 of the Delaware & Hudson Was Easing Her Articulated Weight onto a Succession of Reverse Curves 45 Miles West of Albany. In the Cab of the 13-Months' Old Locomotive Were Charles Smith and Elbert Pierce, Enginemen; and James Cleary, Trainman. Suddenly a Terrifying Roar Rocked the Catskill Countryside. When the Steam Cleared Away, the Boiler of the Huge Machine Lay in a Twisted Mass Ahead of the Undergear. All Three Railroaders Had Died at Their Posts, Leaving No Clue to the Cause of the Explosion

10

HAS the recent explosion of the Delaware & Hudson's Number 1510 altered that road's decision to build 15 more articulated engines of the same design?

No; Alco had already received this order, and while the builder would naturally want to make any alterations which would preclude a repetition of the accident, there is nothing to indicate that faulty structure had anything to do with the explosion at Cobleskill.

11

GIVE specifications of the Missouri Pacific's Number 2101; a Northern type.

This engine was rebuilt at the Company's Sadalia Shops. Originally one of a batch of Berkshire engines constructed by the Lima Locomotive Works in 1930, she was first numbered 1904*. Here's how

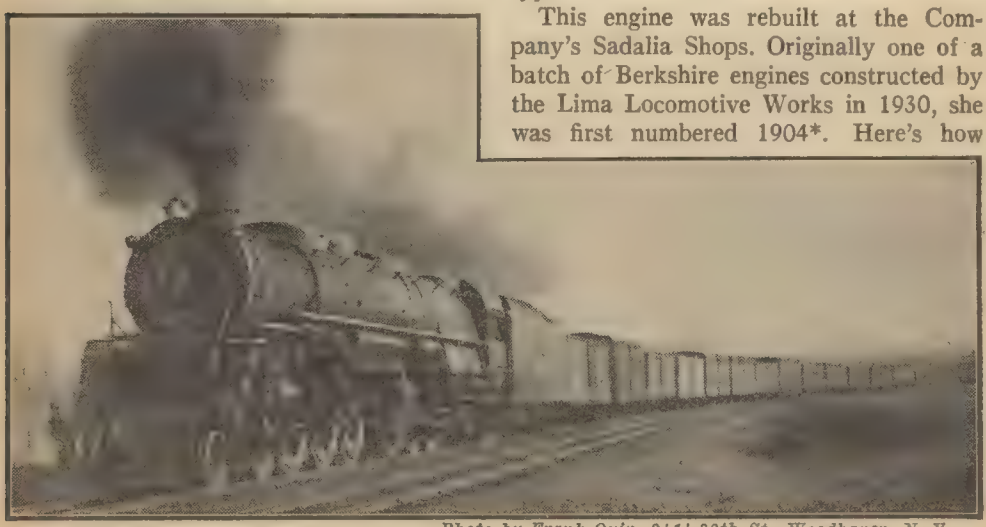


Photo by Frank Quin, 8414-88th St., Woodhaven, N. Y.

D&H 1519, Sister of the Ill-Fated 1510, Wheels Fast Freight East of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

she differs from her previous specifications:

	2101	1904
Cyl.	28x30	28x30
Drivers	75	63
Press.	250	230
Wt. Loco.	445,950	412,200
Trac. Force	66,640	66,500

**A second Berkshire type, the 1910, was similarly converted and now bears the number 2102.*

12

HOW many Y-6 type Mallet locomotives are owned by the Norfork & Western and what is their maximum operating speed?

The N&W has 35 of these engines, all of which were constructed in the road's Roanoke Shops. They normally handle tonnage trains at from 45 to 50 mile-per-hour speeds.

13

IN A recent press release, the Louisville & Nashville gives the mileage of its non-stop steam run between Birmingham and Nashville as 205 miles. Your article, however, states that it is 201.9 miles. Who's right?

We think we are. The 205-mile routeage shown in public timetables is actually the distance via Columbia, whereas operating timetables give the mileage via Lewisburg as 201.9.

14

WHY has the Katy adopted the practice of painting its new cabooses yellow?

The MK&T informs us that in addition to making the cars more attractive, and thereby giving them a certain publicity value, the lighter body tone serves the purpose of making them more conspicuous to trainmen, both at night and in the daytime. Ten rebuilt crummies (the first of thirty to be so treated), have already left the Company's Denison Shops, as a part of a rehabilitation program involving the reconstruction of approximately 2000 freight cars at a cost of $1,500,000.

Courtesy C&O Magazine

To Speed Up Freight Traffic, the Nickel Plate Is Modernizing Its 15 Miles of Bridge Structures. This Trestle Is at Conneaut, O.

On the Callboard

INFORMATION WANTED: We've assigned Bob White, Grand Trunk Western section foreman, and secretary-treasurer of Harmony Lodge Number 108, Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees, to do for the section-car what Bill Knapke has done for the caboose—namely, write up its origin and history,

Tanks for Britain Are Shown in This NYC "Headlight" Photo, Leaving the Pullman-Standard Plant at Hammond, Ind.

with a flock of anecdotes and reminiscences, for this magazine. Bob is collecting material, both facts and pictures, and welcomes the cooperation of readers. His address is P. O. Box 235, Saranac, Mich.

A READER mentions an old engine used as a signboard. There is another on 29th St., here in Baltimore, which carries the name of the Potts & Callahan Construction Co., across the street. Who can furnish further information concerning her.—CARVEY DAVIS, 1607 N. Smallwood St., Baltimore, Md.

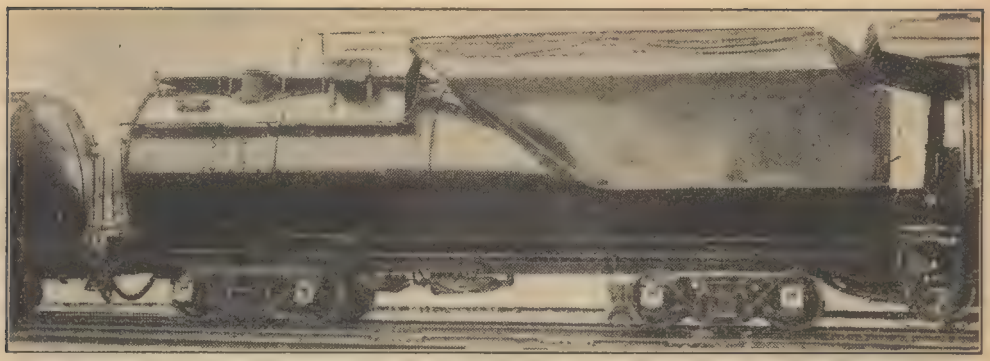
GEORGE BEATER wants to know of trains charging extra fare in day coaches. Don't overlook the *Columbia River Express* of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle, which carries an air-conditioned car between the latter two points, with a surcharge of 50c. When I caught this job out of Portland one hot July morn I was surprised to find it no better than most Class 1 roads offer as standard equipment; but a good bargain, nevertheless, by contrast with the 110-degree temperature of the regular coach.—ALLEN H. DUNTON, Muscatine, Ia.

CONCERNING the longest stretch of railroad track without a tangent, we doubt that any U. S. claimant can top the Pontchartrain Curve on the Illinois Central between Ruddock and Tunity, La. With slight variations in degree (between 8 and 12 minutes) this bend, skirting the western shore of Lake Pontchartrain, extends for 49,884 feet, or 9.45 miles. Another notable arc, also skirting the same body of water, is along the Southern Ry. (New Orleans & Northeastern) approaching the City of New Orleans. Varying from 4 to 6 minutes, it is almost exactly nine miles in length.

The longest perfectly uniform single curve (10 minutes throughout) occurs on the Texas & Pacific Railroad between Alexandria and Cheneyville, La. It measures 30,100 feet, or 5.7 miles.

YOU asked, in your October issue, for the number of the second engine in the double-headed Pennsylvania excursion train. While I was not present on that trip, I have photos of both K-2s Pacifics which clearly show their keystone plates. The first, as you stated, is Number 3378; the second, Number 9997.—JOHN M. PROPHET, 3rd., 827 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

I WOULD like to hear from readers who have information concerning the history of the St. Joseph Valley Line, which was dismantled in 1918; and to purchase, if possible, an equipment register of 1915 and 1916, which listed its rolling stock. This road had the distinction of running a conglomeration of equipment seldom if ever equalled by a pike of comparable length (70



Compressed Air Was Employed in the B&O's First Auxiliary Tenders, to Force Water Forward into Main Reservoirs. Newer Units, Like the One Here Pictured, Simply Equalize the Supply through Gravity Hose Connections

miles). Gas, steam and electric cars and trains were all operated in a manner so slipshod that an I.C.C. wreck report of 1916 condemned the management for not even maintaining a standard clock.—Jos. GALLOWAY, 3627 Torrance Drive, Toledo, O.

The StJV was chartered in Indiana; in 1905. Poor's Manual of 1917 listed the road as having 4 locomotives, 4 coaches, 28 freight cars, and stock outstanding to the extent of $74,450.—Editor's Note.

HERE in Needham, Mass., a town of 12,000 people, we have five New Haven Line stations, all within a distance of two miles. Isn't this something of a record?—LAWRENCE P. ALLAN, 57 South St., Needham, Mass.

ALTHOUGH I have been a radioman on land and sea since 1922 (mostly for the U. S. Army), I do not know Morse telegraphy. In order to learn, I must send to myself, and I need a list of abbreviations and special signals used, such as the 88s. Who can help me in this regard?—SGT. GARNET E. ARCHER, Company D., Third Battalion, Replacement Center, Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

I RECENTLY found a most interesting paper weight model of an American Palace Car Co. demonstration job, called the *Columbia*, and would like to hear from anyone who can furnish particulars concerning either it or the prototype. —CHARLES W. M. LEBEAU, 5827 North Twelfth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OREGON ELEC. freights, between Portland and Eugene (126 miles), leave yards at 12th and Johnson Streets, in the former city, and proceed south on 12th to Flanders, thence east to Front Ave., and south to Jefferson St.; a total of 35 city blocks. During that time they must "stop and go" like autos, in compliance to traffic lights. Can this be beaten, as an instance of regular freight trains running around on city streets?—ALFRED GUNDERSON, 1018 N. Larrabee Ave., Portland, Ore.

IN PREPARING a biography-type story of the New Haven's locomotive Number 1375, I wish to acquire as much information concerning it as possible. Related facts, whether tragic, pathetic, dramatic or humorous, will be of great help to me, and I'd particularly like to hear from crews who have handled her at any time; also from Jack Lawson Rogers, who, I feel sure, can aid me in this matter. I'll answer all letters received.—MISS EDNA E. MILLER, R.F.D.1, Coles Rd., Cromwell, Conn.

DOES some reader have the words and music of the Viennese Waltz by Johann Strauss, entitled *The Girl on the Train*?—KENNETH VAN KLEAVE, 4431 Texas St., San Diego, Calif.

SEVERAL months ago, in a story on locomotive tanks, you cited several instances of auxiliary tenders being used to extend engine runs. If I remember correctly, the Pennsylvania Railroad had supplementary tanks before the Katy, having applied them to I1s and I1sa Decapod engines on Columbus-Sandusky division coal drags. However, I have never seen any others in the service of that system.—ALLYN L. SANFORD, 5752 Second Ave., Columbus, O.

ENGINE photo in Nov. issue, page 136, which Joe Lavelle wants identified shows a "swallow-tail" Reading 8-wheeler built between 1870 and 1875. I have a picture of a similar type, rebuilt, used at Sea Isle City as late as about 1905.—GRANVILLE THOMAS, P. O. Dept., Millville, N. J.

SANTA FE material wanted: books, letters, pictures, pamphlets, personal reminiscences. I am writing a social history of the AT&SF, which stresses personalities and the part the railroad played in developing the Southwest, and would appreciate cooperation. Please write me before sending any material.—MARTIN MALONEY, care of Dept. of English and Speech, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

Locomotive Rosters

HERE is a complete list of motive-power rosters published in this magazine. Old issues of *Railroad* are scarce. The publisher still has on hand some of Dec. '36; Sept., Oct. '37; Feb., Mar., Apr. '38; Mar., May, Aug., Sept., Nov., Dec. '39, and only a very few of scattered other dates. Available back numbers more than a year old sell at 25c each; first come, first served. Issues that the publisher does not have on hand can probably be acquired through *The Switch List* (page 136).

Alaska Railroad	August	1939
Atlanta, Birmingham & Coast	September	1940
Atlantic Coast Line	December	1938
Baltimore & Ohio	June, July	1934
Bangor & Aroostook	February	1935
Bath & Hammondsport	January	1941
Bessemer & Lake Erie	May	1938
Boston & Albany	June	1936
Boston & Maine	April	1933
California Western	March	1940
Canadian National	September through December	1937
Canadian Pacific	February	1933
Central of New Jersey	June	1935
Central of Georgia	December	1932
Central Vermont	December	1935
Charleston & Western Carolina	June	1941
Chesapeake & Ohio	August	1934
Chicago & Eastern Illinois	June	1933
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	September	1936
Chicago Great Western	July	1939
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific	October	1932
C M St P & P (Renumbering)	November	1939
Chicago & North Western	December	1934
Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha	March	1937
Clinchfield	January	1934
Colorado Midland	August	1936
Columbus & Greenville	December	1940
Cotton Belt	September	1932
Dansville & Mt. Morris	January	1941
Delaware & Hudson	November	1936
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	August	1933
Denver & Rio Grande Western	February	1937
Denver & Salt Lake	March	1941
Duluth, Missabe & Iron Range	August	1938
Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic	August	1932
Erie	October	1935
Florida East Coast	March	1934
Frisco	November	1934
Genesee & Wyoming	January	1941
Georgia & Florida	June	1941
Great Northern	August	1935
Gulf, Mobile & Northern	May	1934
Illinois Central	December 1936, January	1937
Kansas City, Mexico & Orient	April	1940
Kansas City Southern	April	1939
Lehigh & New England	March	1933
Lehigh Valley	April	1935
Long Island	May	1936
Louisiana & Arkansas	May	1941
Louisville & Nashville	January	1936
Maine Central	May	1932
Minneapolis & St. Louis	March	1935
Mississippi Central	September	1933
Missouri & Arkansas	July	1936
Missouri-Kansas-Texas	October	1934
Missouri Pacific	March, April	1938
Mobile & Ohio	September	1934
Monon	January	1933
Monongahela	December	1933
Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis	October	1939
New Haven	January, February	1939
New York Central	May through August	1940
New York Ontario & Western	April	1932
New York, Susquehanna & Western	April	1941
Nickel Plate	April	1934
Norfolk Southern	November	1940
Norfolk & Western	March	1936
Northern Pacific	May, June	1939
Northwestern Pacific	April	1936
Pennsylvania	July through November	1941
Pennsylvania (electric power)	January	1942
Penn.-Rdg. Seashore Lines	December	1941
Pere Marquette	November	1935
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie	February	1936
Pittsburgh & West Virginia	January	1935
Prattsburgh	January	1941
Quebec Central	January	1940
Reading	January, February	1938
Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac	November	1932
Rock Island	September	1935
Rutland	November	1933
San Diego & Arizona Eastern	July	1935
Santa Fe	May through August	1937
Seaboard Air Line	May	1935
Soo Line	February	1934
Southern	June, July	1938
Southern Pacific	September through November	1938
Southern Pacific of Mexico	February	1941
Spokane, Portland & Seattle	March	1939
Texas & Pacific	July	1933
Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo	July	1932
Union Pacific	May	1933
Virginian	April	1937
Wabash	February	1940
West Point Route & Georgia	December	1939
Western Maryland	October	1933
Western Pacific	June	1932
Wheeling & Lake Erie	September	1939
White Pass & Yukon Route	October	1940

New Publications

WHEN Gerald M. Best, widely known rail-photographer and authority on railroad history, set out to compile an accurate and comprehensive history of *Locomotives of the Southern Pacific Company*, he faced a huge task, the magnitude of which is apparent only when you consider that "nearly 75 railroads were grouped together between 1870 and 1941 to form the 14,500 miles of the present system" and that "the motive power of the SP and its predecessor lines comprises about 4000 locomotives, over the period from 1854 to 1941, and of this group approximately half are still in service."

To trace the history of all this equipment through the different renumberings and transfer to other lines required not only years of patient research on the part of Best but cooperation with officials of the SP and of the American, Baldwin and Lima locomotive works, as well as Charles E. Fisher, president and editor, Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc.; David L. Joslyn, resident Western director of the Society; S. R. Wood, Stillwater, Okla., and H. J. Heaney, Houston, Texas.

Mr. Best, who is vice chairman of the Pacific Coast Chapter, R&LHS, and well known to *Railroad Magazine* readers, followed this task through and has created a book of which any railroad historian may well be proud: *Locomotives of the Southern Pacific Company.* Beautifully printed with a neat semi-stiff cover and 116 pages of text matter, it also has 33 glossy-paper pages of engine and train photos, and bears the imprimatur of the R&LHS, Baker Library, Harvard Business School, Boston, Mass, from which copies may be obtained at $1.00 each for Society members or educational institutions and $2.00 for non-members.

The foregoing is one of many bulletins that the R&LHS has been issuing for the past twenty years, all selling at the same price. Some contain a wide assortment of articles; others are specialized, such as the history of the Colorado Midland, the Champlain & St. Lawrence, the Lehigh Valley, the Virginia & Truckee, the Great Western of Canada and the Wisconsin Central, while still others were prepared to meet the interests of the highly specialized collector, comprising complete engine rosters plus brief histories of the Burlington, the Chicago & North Western, the Santa Fe, and now the SP.

Aside from Best's *Locomotives of the Southern Pacific Company*, the Society has just issued a 15x26½-inch poster, on good quality paper, picturing a dozen SP locomotives. A copy of this poster may be obtained from Mr. Fisher, 20 Wilde Road, Waban, Mass., upon receipt of a 3c stamp. Mr. Fisher also will answer inquiries about R&LHS publications. Information about the Society itself or any of its four chapters will be given, upon request, by Harold S. Walker, assistant secretary, 10 Winthrop Ave., Marblehead, Mass.

* * *

TYPICAL of short lines the country over, the S&NY, founded 85 years ago and still wheeling diminished trains through the hills, "lives now amid the scenes of its past glory and carries on the hopeless struggle against unregulated and unfair competition." So writes Edward L. Kaseman of Wheelersville, Pa., in an interesting and timely 34-page brochure he has just published to sell at 50c a copy: *Story of the Susquehanna & New York.* The booklet is done in a readable style; it catches the "feel" of a gallant little road which, the author tells us, has already applied to the I.C.C. for permission to abandon service, and it has 29 photos.

AN INSIDE word-picture of President Lincoln and his cabinet, quite unlike the one you find in school textbooks, is given by Samuel Richey Kamm in a 208-page book, *The Civil War Career of Thomas A. Scott*, obtainable at $2.50 a copy from the author at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.

Scott was vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad (then called the Pennsylvania Central) and served his Government as wartime General Manager of Federal railroads, besides being Assistant Secretary of War in Lincoln's cabinet. Whether he was working to extend the Pennsylvania Central system, influencing the State Legislature with methods "not above reproach," or organizing the transport of Union troops so effectively that he saved Washington from General Lee's advancing army, thereby protecting his PC Railroad from confiscation or destruction, Scott acted with directness and energy that characterized him as one of the nation's foremost railroad men.

Kamm's book is scholarly, accurate and carefully documented. It goes into considerable detail, shedding light not only on the rise of the Pennsylvania but also on the Baltimore & Ohio and other Eastern roads. It reveals an intimate association between the railroads, politics and military operations. As Kamm says in his preface: "Students of this period in American history have frequently overlooked the importance of civilian leaders (such as Scott) in organizing the economic resources of the contending governments . . . The real strength of the Union cause lay with those civilians."

* * *

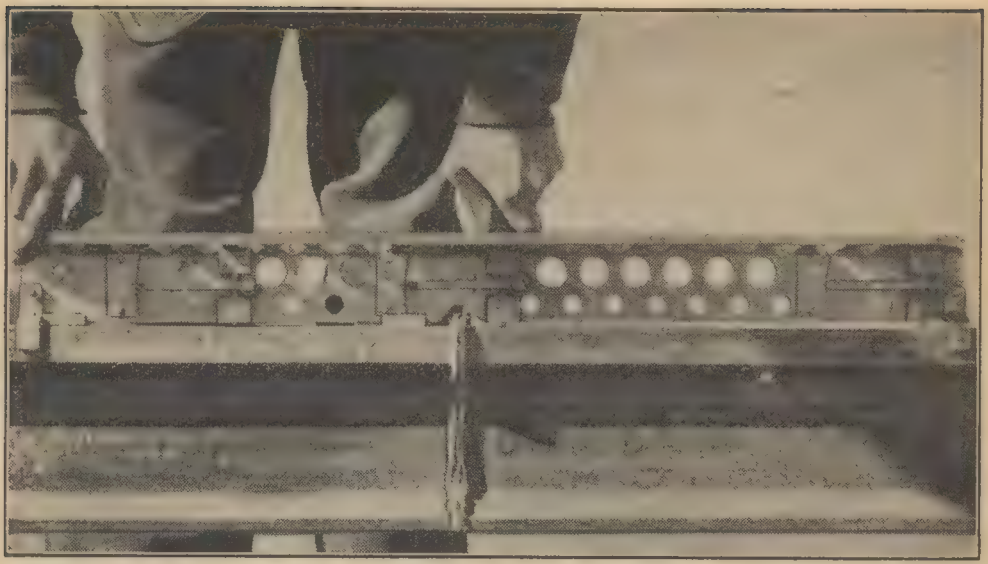
EXCESSIVE taxation is a factor which has contributed to the abandonment of many railroads, besides crippling numerous other roads which are still able to carry on. The subject is one, therefore, that calls for the serious attention of all persons interested in the welfare of our carriers. Harley L. Lutz analyzes *The Taxation of Railroads in New Jersey* in a 208-page book of that title, published recently by Princeton University Press and selling at $2.50 a copy. This book covers the subject as it has been handled for more than fifty years in the state which imposes the most burdensome taxes that are levied on railroads anywhere in the country. Lutz suggests the basis for a reasonable public policy which would give the carriers the relief to which they are justly entitled.

Next Month: **"Annual Speed Survey," Compiled by D. M. Steffee and "Lessons That American Railroads Could Learn from the Present War," by Paul Wohl**

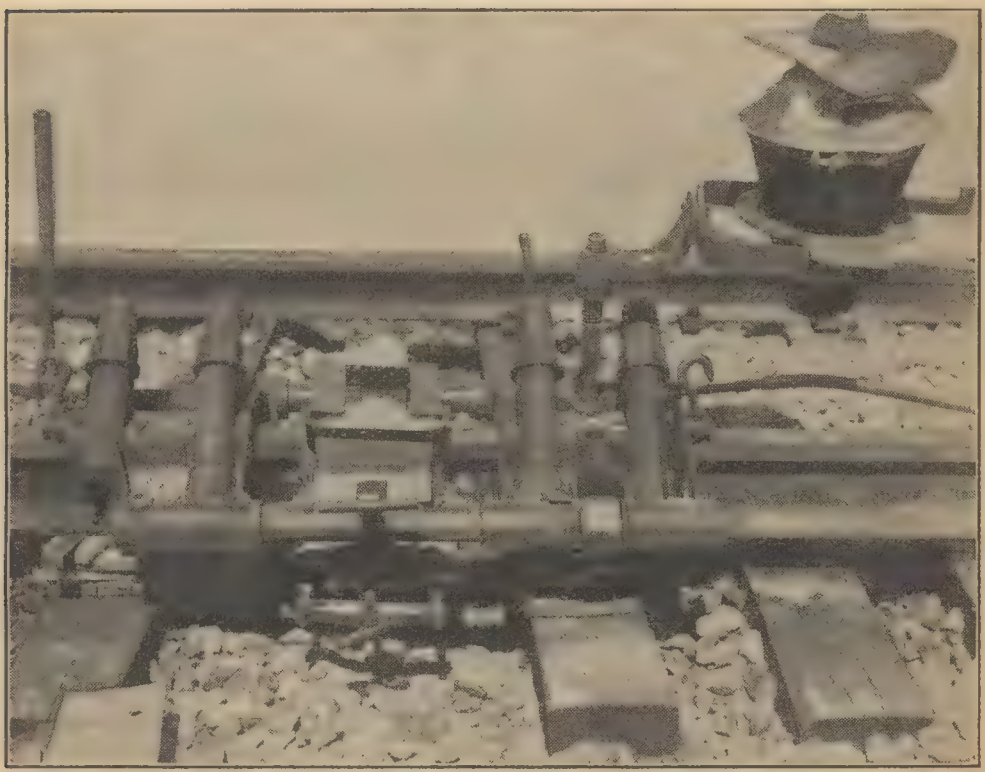
Seven Years of Continuous Rails

Back in 1933, the Delaware & Hudson Laid 12,075 Feet of Continuous Rail at Albany, N. Y. Since Then More Than Ninety-five Millions Tons of Equipment Have Rumbled Over This Test Section, Convincing the Road That It Was Well Worth the Extra Cost of Installation. Eleven Other Stretches Are Now in Service. The Longest Single Butt-Welded Rail Has a Length of 7,018 Feet

Standard Rail Lengths Are Joined on This Special Train. Looking Back from the Welding Car, We See an Alignment-Checking Gage in Operation. Beyond It Are the Stress-Relieving Oven and Various Grinding Stations. A Winch on the Last Flatcar Pulls the Rail Along, One Length at a Time



A Close-Up of the Alignment Gage. Original Thermite Welds Had a Tendency to Soften the Webs, Depressing the Rail Heads at the Joints



Later Thermite Moulds Were Shaped Around the Joints in Such a Way That Molten Metal Buttressed the Rail Heads from Below. More Recently, Flash-Welding Has Been Employed Successfully

TRUE TALES *of the* RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

Horse Race

By JOHN H. REILLY

John H. Reilly

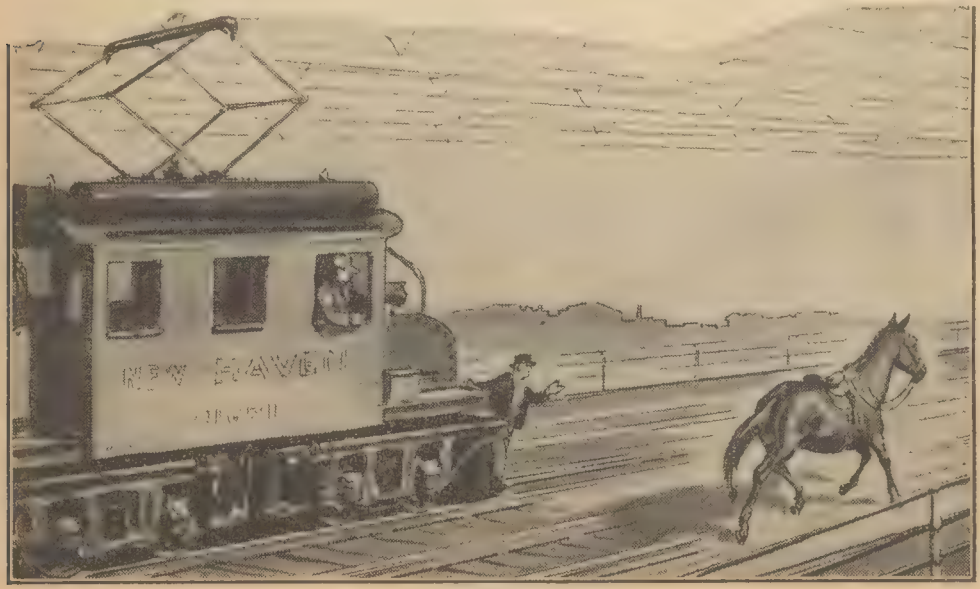
LAST Christmas is one date I will never forget. It was the most exciting day of my life. I've been working for the New Haven since 1911; and on this day, December 25, 1940, I was a yard conductor at Oak Point in the Bronx section of New York City. My home is at 919 Eagle Avenue, in the Bronx.

I reported for duty as usual on the second trick—national holidays don't mean very much to railroad men. Those of you who were in the East at the time will recall the mild, sunny, clear weather we had. It was like a pleasant spring day. Just the kind of day a horse-lover would have picked for one last canter along the bridal paths before wintry blasts set in.

I was talking with some of the yardmen about the way Santa Claus had treated us, when Yardmaster Dunford came out of his shack, smiling broadly.

"Here's a good one for you," said he. "The police have just phoned that a runaway horse is heading in this direction, on the tracks, and we should be on the lookout for him."

The story, as I learned later, was this: Fred Hyde, living in the Bronx at 3004 Perry Avenue, was returning from a horseback ride with a couple



of friends in Pelham Bay Park.

The three riders decided to stop and rest. As Hyde was dismounting, his steed jerked the reins from his hands and bolted toward the NYNH&H right-of-way. Mounting one of the other animals, Hyde gave chase but was quickly outdistanced by the riderless runaway. The horse swerved into Sackett Avenue, which parallels the railroad tracks; vaulted the high wire fence, and began galloping southward along the rails. Hyde notified the police, who called Yardmaster Dunford.

Hearing the news, I felt a surge of sympathy for the frightened animal. I thought of my father, the late John J. Reilly, who used to drive a handsome cab, with a stand at the old Grand Central Station, and the advice he had given me on the care of horses. Many times, while waiting for fares, I had fed and watered my father's horse; often I had ridden him bareback from the stable to the blacksmith shop. It is no wonder that I am fond of horses.

Although I have railroaded forty years and more, having worked on the New York Central and the West Shore before coming to the New Haven, my first thought was *not* that the runaway might interfere with traffic, even wreck a train. Those possibilities influenced me, of course; but my chief concern was that Dobbin, or whatever his name was, might be crippled or killed, unless he was rescued immediately.

I decided to head off the horse by riding our switch engine out to meet him. Quickly assembling the crew in Yard 1 opposite Tower 4, I had them climb aboard the goat and the string of cars we were switching, without stopping to cut off the cars. Then we headed out onto the main stem.

As we neared the old Westchester Avenue station, which formerly had been used jointly by the New Haven

and the now abandoned New York, Westchester & Boston Railroad, we caught sight of the runaway, a small brown horse, loping down the tracks near West Farms Junction.

He approached the six-track drawbridge spanning the Bronx River and sniffed hesitantly. A trackman ran out toward him. But instead of retracing his steps up the line, as we had expected, the animal shied and made a bee-line for the bridge.

"He's done for now," I groaned. "He'll fall through the ties, and before we can get there a train'll hit him!"

But the horse was clever. Observing the narrow catwalk across the bridge, the animal, much to our astonishment, jumped onto it and came galloping across the bridge. The yard crew unloaded and spread out across the tracks to stop him. But the horse refused to give up his newly found freedom that easily. He outwitted us by negotiating a tricky end run.

He had already covered more than five miles along the rough tracks, in addition to the workout Fred Hyde had given him; but as I observed the steed shooting by me, he was still fresh and in high spirits. His endurance amazed me. He seemed to be giving us the horse-laugh as he sped down the main and disappeared around a bend under the Bryant Avenue bridge.

When we spied him again, he was highballing on Track 9. Returning to Tower 4, I got permission for us to cut loose the cars and pursue the horse with our engine. We piled into the yard goat and again headed after the horse, which was trotting along Track 9 toward the Harlem River. To me it looked like the end of the hunt.

But no! The runaway, wily like a fox, had ideas of his own. Roaming around the New Haven right-of-way at will was a lot more fun than being locked up in a stable. To our consternation he swung over to Track 5, the southbound passenger route of the New York Connecting Railroad over the Hell Gate Bridge.

We rolled up the incline toward the bridge, passing the horse easily. He was still running but showed signs of being winded. I could see it in the slackening of his gate. The proud head was no longer tossed high in defiance. Our plan was to stop in the middle of the bridge, which is several hundred feet high at that point, and I was to walk down to the horse and catch him as he came up.

It was now dusk. We could see the lights gleaming in Manhattan Island, to the north, which in the distance looked like a fairyland. The runaway had had his fling—ninety minutes of freedom he would never forget. Now he was tired and hungry. My heart went out to the beautiful animal as I crossed over to the track on which he was walking, and I spoke soothingly to him.

The horse seemed to sense he had found a friend, for he let me grab the reins and he quietly followed me down the incline toward the Bronx. He was startled, though, by a crescendo of sirens on the Triboro Bridge as police automobiles closed in. Altogether nearly fifty policemen—mounted, afoot and in radio cars—had gathered to round up one solitary horse.

But the bluecoats arrived too late. I was already leading him back to safety, as peacefully as I had led my father's horse when I was a little boy, some fifty years ago. I was proud and happy, not so much because I had caught the runaway but because I knew now that no juice hog would mangle his beautiful body and no train would be wrecked

or even be delayed because of it.

I continued to pat the subdued animal and speak to him. At length I got him off the bridge, down to 143rd Street and Whitlock Avenue at the foot of the embankment. A large crowd of police and civilians was milling around. One cop said: "I'll ride him over to the A.S.P.C.A." — meaning, of course, Bronx headquarters of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"If you know anything about horses," I replied, "you won't ride him now."

"Why not?" asked the officer.

"Because," I said, "after that long run he is very much excited. He's likely to buck and throw you, if you try to get on his back."

At that moment a nearby tower sent us warning that the southbound *Senator,* Boston-Washington express, was due in about three minutes on the rails where we were standing. So I quickly led the horse down the embankment and turned him over to Alfred Thomas, an A.S.P.C.A. agent who had come for him. Just as I did so, the *Senator* shot by at about a mile a minute and vanished in the distance. I am glad to say that the horse came out of his long flight with nothing more serious than a slight laceration of the right foreleg.

It was dark when I finally returned to the yard with the switch engine; and I told Yardmaster Dunford: "This is the most exciting Christmas Day I've ever had." Then I went back to the job of shunting freight cars.

That was Wednesday. The following Monday morning I had another surprise. A Bronx newspaper sent me a check for five dollars as a gift for having performed a "meritorious act."

My good luck continued. A few days later I was promoted to Assistant Yardmaster at Oak Point, where I'd been working for many years. I might add that four members of my family were then employed in the same "garden," the other three being my son John J., a switchman, and two sons-in-law, James Ryan, a mudhop, and Alfred Bruno, a switchman.

I wonder how many other familes can boast this distinction? And I wonder if any other railroad man has ever chased a horse with a yard goat?

Last Days of Narrow-Gage

By A. D. F. Reynolds

THE OTHER night I woke in a cold sweat. I had dreamed that I was leaping and running some fifty yards toward a stub switch that I thought was open. You've heard of the stub, an old-fashioned type which would throw an engine straight on the ground when it was set wrong? As I vaulted over bowlders and bushes I seemed to hear the rapid exhaust of a long, black train heading toward the open switch at seventy miles an hour. I tried to see the track, but the ground was too rough. *Maybe the thing is closed and I'll be opening it,* came a jabbing thought. . . Then I woke up.

This nightmare comes back every now and then, for I actually made a run like this in 1890 when I was working for the Rio Grande Western in the Utah and Colorado Rockies. Let me tell you about it.

All sorts of things happened that

year. Our burned-out engines were falling to pieces and traffic was far too heavy for a single-track line already congested with work trains. All of us, from super to callboy, were tired out and nervous as tomcats. For 1890 was the year when the RGW shortened its route by 92 miles and grew up from narrow to standard gage.

In those days the Rio Grande Western hired no inexperienced men. "How long have you known telegraphy?" they asked me.

"Since I was fourteen," I told them, but it had been longer than that. Aunt May Reynolds, who was operator at Belmont, Mich., had taught me to use the key while I was learning the three Rs. Uncle George, the "Pusher," was agent for the Grand Rapids & Indiana there, as well as postmaster and keeper of the general store.

When I was old enough to pass for eighteen, the GR&I had installed me as night operator at Mancelona, Mich., up north in the logging country. That fine old lumber pike, now a twig of the Pennsylvania, was noted for the competence of its men, so I must have done all right amid such quaint scenery as wood-burning engines, Lincoln pin couplers, fourteen-ton boxcars, stub switches, oil headlamps, and quite a stretch of 28-pound iron rail which was liable to crack on zero nights with a sharp report.

"Buy a piece of real estate in every place that looks good," advised Uncle George when I told him I wanted to go west.

Another man, William Fitzgerald, GR&I master of transportation, had this to offer:

"Reynolds, stay just long enough on each railroad to learn how it is handled, and then go to another. Listen to everybody but do lots of thinking for yourself. Work in train service and in dispatchers' offices."

I carried Mr. Fitzgerald's ideas with me, as they gave a new meaning to my desire for change and adventure.

Working as operator or conductor I had fared well enough on the Northern Pacific, the Colorado & Southern, the Espee, the D&RG, and the Texas & Pacific, sometimes filling in as dispatcher, as trainmaster, or as assistant superintendent's clerk. So when the Rio Grande Western—no relation to the D&RG in those days—wanted to hear my story on September 9th, 1889, I could show that I was a seasoned hand nineteen years old, unmarried, heavy-set and tough enough to get along with older men even though I didn't drink.

"You'll have to be tough," grunted the trainmaster, T. J. Guinn.

THEY made me a lightning slinger in the dispatcher's office at Salt Lake City, pounding out train orders and taking down the hard-luck stories of stranded conductors. As I sat behind the key day after day, I began to get a faint idea of what it meant to change from slim to standard gage. Our division was mountainous and very long, 420 miles between Ogden, Utah, and Grand Junction, Colo., plus several branches. As a serious competitor of the Union Pacific, we had plenty of traffic; yet, being a narrow-gage, we had to run three trains to equal one standard-gage UP freight. As our line was all single-track, this meant innumerable meets.

The RGW was shortening the distance between Ogden and Grand Junction by 92 miles, as I said, rerouting much of the track through new canyons and tunnels. This kept the line full of work trains. And then we had

engine trouble daily, for our kettles were so worn out that they blew steam rings at every gasket.

One dispatcher handled the whole cock-eyed division and kept a pack of train orders in his mind. A dispatcher lasted about a week—ten days, if he was a strong man who had led a clean life. I learned never to be surprised when I came to the office and saw a new man knitting his eyebrows behind the dispatcher's desk.

Did I say busy? One morning at eight the third-trick man was about ready to keel over with fatigue, as usual, when the first-trick man arrived. Eager though he was to get home, the man on the graveyard shift had to ask his colleague to stand by for a while.

"I haven't made up my transfer yet," he explained.

The transfer was a list of train orders still in effect, omitting those which had expired—a job which the outgoing man usually started an hour before his time was up. The day man sat down. Eight hours later, at four p. m., the first-trick man was still sitting there and waiting for the transfer when the second-shift dispatcher arrived. About that time, having worked feverishly in every spare moment, the night man got his transfer made. He had been on duty for sixteen hours!

Before long I realized that derailments happened every day, men were being maimed and killed. Our dingey coal-burners with high stacks were shaking to pieces on the road; the creaky black passenger cars which once had glittered with brass were showering the track with nuts and bolts. Our little four-door boxcars—they had narrow end doors and platforms ten inches wide—banged along on flat wheels and our track was like toothpaste out of a tube. Yet neither engines nor cars could be repaired, because they'd soon have to be scrapped. This situation applied to all sections of the track which were to be abandoned.

The men didn't like it. Almost every day somebody would turn up missing when the callboy went after him; so there was a chronic shortage of experienced conductors, brakemen and enginemen. One day the trainmaster, Guinn, grumbled to me:

"If we knew where to get a dozen more conductors, real rustlers, we would do it; but this is no kindergarten."

Not long afterward I was pleased to look up from my desk as a man came into the office and see that it was "One-Eyed" Wells, a skipper with whom I had worked on the Northern Pacific.

"Hello!" I said cheerily. "Did you get tired of the NP? We need good trainmen here, all right."

Wells put on a sour expression. "No narrow-gage job for me, Reynolds. Too many things go bust. I thought you might know of something in standard gage."

I chuckled. "Standard? We'll be a standard in just a few months;" and I told him about our plans. Besides, I pointed out that the hazards of narrow-gage were greatly exaggerated. When my friend began to weaken I led him gently to Guinn, happy to be of service.

Early next morning Wells went out as a brakeman. I was thinking about him at eight o'clock when I sat down to the telegraph just as a message was pecking at the sounder. Another accident. . . They were taking some poor fellow to the hospital, crushed between two cars while coupling up. The injured man was Wells. My blood ran chilly. Never since that day have I urged a man to take a dangerous job he didn't want. Poor Wells did not live to reach the hospital.

CONGESTION got so bad in the spring of 1890 that our dispatchers gave up trying to arrange meets for all trains, but put out orders to "flag through" from one end of the division to the other, meaning, "A flagman will walk ahead of your train for exactly 420 miles." In practice the engineer would run slow, keep an eye open for smoke, hang on to the whistle at every curve, and send out a flagman when visibility was entirely hopeless.

The graph of wrecks went up. In desperation the RGW wired a junction box at every passing track and put some portable telegraph sets in the cabooses. Their plan was to have a telegrapher-trainman on every drag. This would have been a laudable idea if there had been enough telegrapher-trainmen, but we never had more than four at any time. I was one. They took me away from the desk in the dispatcher's cell and made me a conductor, giving me fifteen dollars a month, besides the milage pay, which came to something like $250, working twenty hours a day on the "first in, first out" plan. Passenger conductors hardly made more than $125. The arrangement suited me fine, because my folks back home in Michigan were in need of money. We had no seniority; my brakemen were often extra conductors with fairly long service on the Rio Grande.

As we waited on passing tracks, the *clackety-clack* of my instrument brought orders which proved quite helpful, especially the "19" orders which brought more favorable meets than the dispatcher had originally been able to plan. Perhaps the little telegraph set enabled some of us to keep our health when so many others were being maimed in wrecks.

Sometimes the General Superintendent, W. H. Bancroft, used me as his conductor. Did I say that changing the gage made work? Mr. Bancroft was a slave like the rest of us; he would act as conductor while I slept, and when we stopped at blind sidings to let other trains pass he'd get off a barrage of telegrams. This done, he would act as brakeman—for we never took a shack with us—sometimes asking with a smile, "Can't we pick up these cars?"

"It would hold us up one station in meeting the passenger train," I might have to reply; or I'd ask him to rustle links and pins while I brought the engine around.

Coupling pins and links wore out constantly, and there was always a shortage, but you could find them on the ground unless there was snow. Often they snapped while a train was chopping along; one link or pin would snap and the jostling of the cars would shear off two or three others. Trains would break into three parts going down grade. This was a delicate situation even when there happened to be a brakeman on each part. When no man was riding the wild cars, catching them was like snaring an egg thrown out of a window.

No accident was too freakish to happen on the RGW that unforgetable year of 1890. In April I was using a boxcar caboose which consisted of a four-door boxcar with the side doors nailed up tight. As it was cold when we pulled over the Continental Divide some thirty miles west of Grand Junction, we were glad to keep a coal fire in the stove which adorned the crummy just to the right of the door. As we had a clear track all the way downhill, it was a heaven-sent chance for a forty-minute sleep. I waked up the rear brakeman, Andrews, who was a competent man in spite of a tendency to absent-mindedness; and then, yanking off my shoes,

I flopped on a bunk and fell asleep.

A few minutes afterward I was aroused with a jolt, halfway on the floor, which was bouncing like a kangaroo. Our wheels must have jumped the rails on hitting a switch; but the engineer didn't know it and was plugging along at about twenty-five miles an hour. When I found my feet I looked out the front door and saw that only the four corner bolts and the king bolt still secured the drawbar to the ten-inch platform!

Andrews had made haste to the rear door and jumped; but before I could collect my shoes and follow, the stove slammed over in the doorway, throwing a mass of red-hot coals on the floor and starting a brisk blaze which closed the exit. Through the smoke I groped to the front door. There I saw, to my horror, that only the kingbolt was holding us. All wheels were off the iron and the caboose was swinging like a dead cat far around until the left-hand corner would strike the car ahead, then over to the right.

To escape at all I would have to skin between the cars at the proper moment or be crushed between those jawlike corners. As the rear end started one of its swings to the left or north, I slipped to the right between the gaping walls and leaped. Thumping to the ground beyond the slight embankment, I turned a row of somersaults, like a tumbleweed, to clear the way-car as it swung back.

About that time the brakeshoes clamped down as the engineer applied his straight air, for the front shack had seen the crummy whipping loose. Using our blankets and the water in the cooler, the brakemen and I then extinguished the fire, cursing all narrow-gage pikes and especially those which couldn't keep themselves in repair.

THE MERRY month of May, 1890, was the worst I ever spent in my life. Due to the impending change of gage there were forty work trains cluttering up our division, all of which had to be cleared by the varnish jobs and freights. We were so busy that I fell sadly behind in my book work—the train reports and blind-siding forms we were supposed to fill in while standing with bent knees as the train rattled along. The train report listed each freight car handled, its number, load, destination and the numbers of the seals on all four doors; as the average train was thirty-five cars it was a tedious job. The blind-siding report was also required on certain trains, a catalogue of freight cars berthed on sidings and what they contained. About three weeks before the widening of the gage I had got thirty-six hours of three trips behind on my train reports.

"If you can't finish up the reports on those trips," wrote the car accountant in an ominous letter, "you won't make any more trips."

"Finish them up as soon as you can," said my trainmaster, Guinn. "Take a rest if you like; don't worry about any car accountant."

A rest? It was out of the question, because the folks back in Michigan were counting on me. One day I caught an eastbound freight with a double-header and mostly empty boxcars. When we got to the moon-shaped passing track at Crescent, Utah—a place without a station, section house or solitary building of any kind—we were "using" three hours and a half on Number 1, a westbound passenger train, while the varnish was three and a half hours late. We pulled past the sidetrack, which held five standing freight cars: a boxcar, a flat and three coal cars. As I knew the capacity of

this track, I said to the rear brakeman, who again was Andrews:

"The siding will hold us. Rustle some links and pins," for the standing cars were separated and would have to be shoved back. Without coupling up, of course, we might push back the cars, but how would we stop them?

As there was a hill toward the center of the curved passing track, you couldn't see from one end of the train to the other. To signal the engineer I had to climb on top, go forward six or eight cars and signal to the head brakeman who had come back ten or twelve cars from the engine. We pulled past the east switch and backed into the siding, a maneuver which I accomplished by leaping down to throw the switch and back up the ladder again between signals.

Andrews, behind us, coupled up one standing car after another and we pushed them back until the engine was in the clear, off the mainline. The head shack lined up the east switch for the passenger train and both brakemen began looking over the train as was customary at stops. If the siding had been too short we would have let the cars trail out on the main line at the rear, stop the varnish train on the passing track, pull forward past her, and close the switch behind us. I was just as glad we didn't have to "saw by."

As Number 1 was not due for half an hour, it was a good time to catch up on my reports, so I sat down in the doghouse and sharpened my pencil. Working with vim, I had finished the train reports and almost caught up the blindsiding forms when I heard the pleasant rythmic roar of the passenger train making its way down the hill from Thompson Springs.

That was a big old narrow-gage train of twelve to fourteen cars, including some antique Pullmans. It was not very picturesque, for any colored striping or brasswork she may have had were all repainted a sooty black. Those engineers made time; they pounded down the grade at seventy without braking much for the curve.

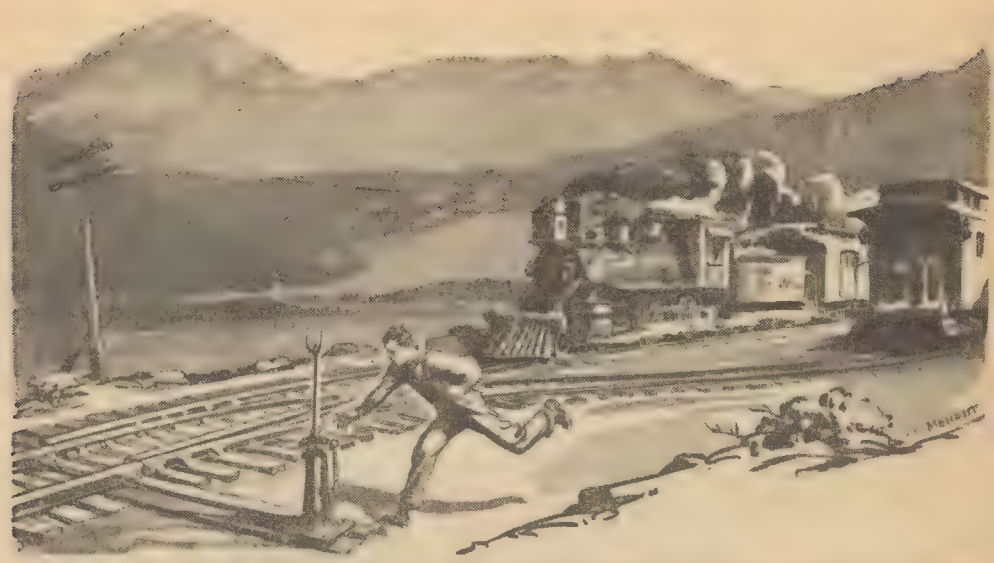
SUDDENLY I got a notion to climb the hill at the center of the passing track, "just to look in those coal cars again and make sure they're empty."

Dusk was closing in when I mounted the twenty-foot embankment at the center of the sidetrack. To my right rose the majestic Rockies, peak on peak, still held a touch of pink from the declining sun. As I looked down at the grimy coal cars, the end of the passing track and the west switch, about 150 feet away, train Number 1 was pounding over the east switch.

When I glanced again at the west switch, my nerves grew taut; the switch didn't look right. It seemed to be open. I scrambled down the embankment, stumbled, picked up my feet and ran. Andrews must have opened the switch, returned to couple up, and forgotten it. Hitting that deadly hunk of iron, the train would dig her hoofs into the ground and pile up in a splintered heap while passengers shouted, blood ran out in the sand, and flames consumed the paneling of the wooden coaches. This train always carried about 200 passengers.

So I hurried like the devil, hoping my wild run would catch the engineer's eye and he would slacken. Back of me, to the left, I could hear the engine . . . she wasn't braking.

I reached the switch just ahead of the engine's black pilot with exactly no time to spare; not even a split second to glance at the rails. The padlock was open. I yanked down the lever, threw



I Reached the Switch Just Ahead of the Pilot, with Exactly No Time to Spare; Not Even a Split Second to Glance at the Rails

myself on the ground and locked both legs around the iron standard as the crash of wheels filled my ears. Since I was on the inside of the curve, if I had opened the switch the train would now begin to pile up on top of me. I shut my eyes.

Suction gripped my shirt hard enough to loosen my hold on the iron standard, for the train was sailing by faster than I expected. I clamped my legs as tightly as I could as the cars flew by, blank after blank, knowing that if I slipped the vacuum would pull me under the wheels.

A final pull of suction, a needle shower of sand, and the train was gone into the dusk. Lamps swayed as it sped down the track, winking out one after the other as the last car rounded a curve. No, there had been no brakes; the engineer must have been talking to the fireman or watching some minor annoyance. As I got to my feet I felt as if a crushing load had been taken off my shoulders.

"Yes, I opened the switch thinking we would have to saw by," Andrews admitted later. "Then I went to couple up and forgot it."

Many a fine railroader has known such lapses. Nothing more was said about the incident. It was just one of a hundred things that happened the year we changed the gage.

When we ran the final narrow-gage trains in June, confusion reached a new high. I was skipper of one of the last slim trains to pull into Grand Junction. Then all freight crews hurried back to Ogden with as many freight cars of Western roads as we could handle.

Starting June 17th we got forty-eight hours of peaceful sleep while no trains moved except the construction outfits. That day the trackmen, blinded with sweat as they worked against time, began prying up one rail for several hundred miles and relaying it at a distance of 56½ inches from the other. They threw switches and opened up the short-cuts through new canyons and tunnels. Within forty-eight hours

they had cut ninety-two miles from the Ogden-Grand Junction route, and we were ready to start east with standard-gage trains.

We thought our troubles were over, since we would be running fewer freights, most of the work engines would be gone, the division was shorter, and we were groggy with sleep; but we were soon disillusioned.

I happened to bring in the first standard-gage freight to Grand Junction. All went smoothly until we were making up at Green River, Utah. Standing on top of a moving car that seemed remarkably wide and high, I was rudely smacked in the front of the neck by a sharp, whining object—a low telegraph wire. For two or three seconds I tottered on the brink, folding this way and that as I tried to keep my balance; and then I fell. A lucky last-minute twist helped me to land outside the rails.

Many accidents were caused by insufficient clearance of wires, poles and bridges. If a brakeman was on a side ladder when the train came to a bridge he was knocked off; if the engineer put his head out of a window he might smash his skull against a pole. Men were killed both ways.

Swarms of hoboes climbed aboard the first trains and flashed .44 revolvers when we ordered them off. Hot sun put kinks in the new rails; ties were not yet settled in the ballast; and the heavy blasting in new canyons was the cause of countless rock slides. It was several months before we could relax and say casually to new men:

"You've never worked for the narrow-gage? Brother, you've never gone railroading!"

King of Throttle-Pullers

By PETER JOSSERAND

THE door of the dispatchers' office opened about a foot. Chief Dispatcher H. S. Nethery poked in his head and inquired: "How late is Number 101 for the ticket office?"

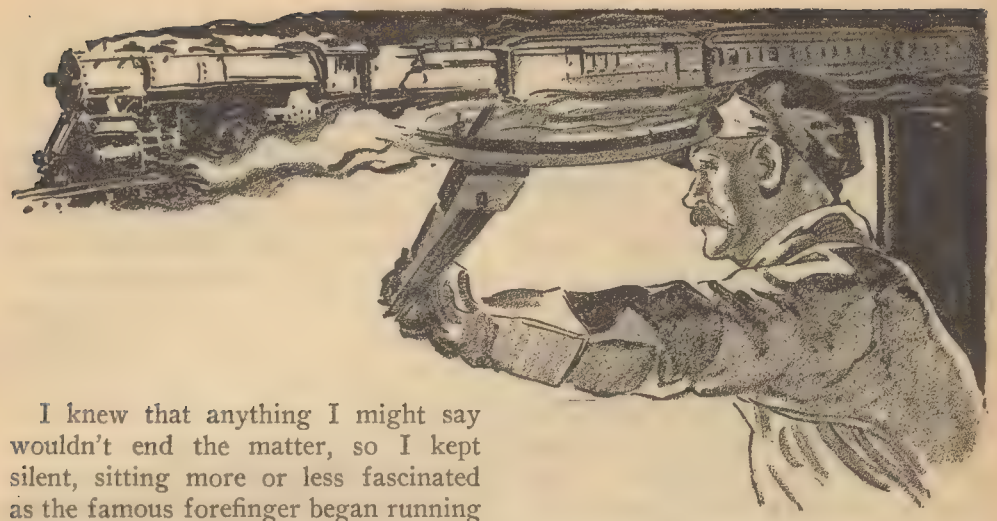
"On time," I replied, with an attempt at nonchalance which I did not feel. I knew that this bit of conversation, trivial as it might sound to an outsider, could lead to something disagreeable, such as getting fired, along with a passenger engineer.

The door swung further open, admitting the body of the man responsible for the "pointing finger" having been adopted by operating men on the Beaumont Division of the Southern Pacific as a danger signal. The chief was a good railroad man but a stickler for the rules, regardless of consequences. He stood about five feet ten, was slender, and wore spectacles which seemed to add sternness to his square-jawed features. When he wrote with a pen or pencil he held his forefinger perfectly straight.

"I thought Number 101 was twenty-nine minutes late out of Echo," Mr. Nethery said as he approached the desk.

"That's right," I agreed.

"H-m-m-m," he murmured, looking over my shoulder at the train sheet. "Engineer Tom Ellis. Hasn't been speeding again, has he?"



I knew that anything I might say wouldn't end the matter, so I kept silent, sitting more or less fascinated as the famous forefinger began running down the figures in the schedule column as the chief checked the speed of Number 101. Only one figure in the column was correct—the "OS" out of the terminal at Echo, Texas. If that fact was discovered, Tom Ellis would be carrying green flags off the pike, with me running a second section. I waited anxiously for the chief to complete his scrutiny.

"Looks all right," he said at length, and I heaved a sigh of relief.

But it wasn't all right with Superintendent H. J. Micksch (pronounced *Mix.*) To him Tom Ellis was the essence of everything a hogger shouldn't be—but I'm getting ahead of my story, which doesn't make sense unless you understand the circumstances.

Back in 1927 when this happened, the Southern Pacific had a very definite anti-speed complex. As far back as I can remember, there have been differences of opinion regarding the speed with which a train could be handled safely; but for a railroad with 110-pound steel, a solid roadbed and the best of ballast, to lose most of its mail contracts because of slow schedules always seemed a trifle illogical to me.

Even the newly acquired Missouri Pacific line between Houston and New Orleans, which was inferior in some respects and 60 miles longer than the Espee, grabbed several big contracts with faster schedules. Having dispatched trains on both roads, I can assure you there was a very real difference in the attitudes of the respective managements—the Espee rigidly enforcing speed limits, the "Mop" winking at speed and even encouraging it.

"If I had as good track on my main line as you have on your Alexandria branch," L. W. Baldwin, President of the Missouri Pacific, is reported to have told G. S. Waid, former General Manager of the Espee's Texas and Louisiana lines, "I'd put you fellows out of business."

Various interpretations were placed on this statement by those quoting Mr. Baldwin. I do know, however, that the "Mop" engineers really made a racetrack out of the Espee between Houston and Beaumont one time when they were being detoured because of a burned-out bridge.

Leon Powell, better known as "Pinky," was dispatching that night. Having had previous experience with the piggies from the Missouri Pacific,

he gave orders allowing them to make just one mile a minute, in conformity with speed regulations.

As Pinky told me later: "Those hoggers never saw such good track before. They'd tear out as fast as their engines would run from one station to the next, then stop and wait until their orders allowed them to proceed. They would have averaged ninety miles an hour if their orders had permitted."

WHETHER or not the reduced-speed policy emanated from the general office, Superintendent Micksch of the Beaumont Division was just plain rabid on the subject. He would have disciplined his grandmother for speeding. It is said he opposed raising the speed limit to sixty miles an hour for passenger trains and thirty-five for freights.

"Henry Micksch," as one agent put it after having driven the Super in an automobile to see the sights in a nearby oil fields, "is just plain scared of speed. Every time I got over thirty-five miles an hour he cautioned me about fast driving."

That the official didn't always win his arguments over speed was inevitable. Take the case of Engineer Delhomme. Delhomme was a Louisiana Frenchman, commonly called a Cajun. He was no speed demon in any sense of the word, just a good, steady runner.

It was in 1927 when a great part of Louisiana was under the muddy waters of the Mississippi river. The Espee was the only road that managed to keep its lines open across Louisiana—a feat which was accomplished by cribbing up the track as the water raised. Before the flood was over, the track in some places was twelve to fourteen feet above the ballast. With passenger trains delayed regularly in crossing such track and congested traffic from freight diverted from other lines and company material being rushed to the flood area, there was plenty of excitement. But even this did not deter Superintendent Micksch from dealing with speed violators.

One day Engineer Delhomme was late in coming out of Lafayette on Number 11. Although his was a tight schedule, he made a nice run, wheeling 'em into the Grand Central Station at Houston on time. Superintendent Micksch, who had boarded the train down the line, called Delhomme into his office and accused the hogger of having exceeded the speed limit. Delhomme tried to explain that he couldn't have made up the time with Number 11 in any other way. But the Super wouldn't listen. He banished the throttle-puller's arguments with a wave of the hand and hung thirty brownies on him for violating speed restrictions.

Delhomme kept his council. At first no one knew exactly what his reaction was to this discipline, but they weren't left in suspense very long. On the Cajun's next trip out of Lafayette on Number 11 he started late and pulled into Houston late.

When the morning reports to the general office showed no time made up with Number 11, the big brass hats were not long in requesting an explanation. This put the Super in the peculiar position of having to call Delhomme on the carpet again—this time for his failure to run faster. The Cajun turned the tables on him.

"You gimme bad marks," he drawled, after shrugging aside the Super's charge with no attempt at explanation. "Can't bring Number 11 in on time when you gimme bad marks."

Micksch sought to force an admission that Delhomme had deliberately

laid down in retaliation for the discipline administered. The runner gave him a fishy stare.

"You gimme bad marks," he repeated. "Can't bring Number 11 in on time when you gimme bad marks."

The Super tried threatening. It was evident, he said, that the engineer had deliberately made a bad run; and terrible things would happen to him unless he promised to do better in the future. But there was no arguing with Delhomme. All the official got was a shrug and the glassy eye.

At length Micksch agreed to remove the brownies—much to the amusement of all concerned—while Delhomme promised better performance.

THE super won a great many more arguments than he lost, however; and when he got the goods on a speeding hogger he never failed to act. As a result, if a dispatcher wanted the engineer to do a good job of getting over the road, he had to take care of them—just in case they passed two "OS" stations where their excess speed would be reflected on the train sheet. The runners always knew who was working the sheet, and if he wasn't "Okay" they would drag-drag-drag all night long—a just reward for the said dispatcher, in my opinion.

But the Super's main headache was Tom Ellis. All others were side issues for which Ellis got part of the blame because he "set a bad example."

Ellis didn't look like an engineer, much less a speed fiend. Perhaps it was his poker face. He was a gambler by nature. About average height, he tended toward corpulency and wore a handle-bar mustache. And what he couldn't do with an engine.

He'd get a train to rolling in half the time that most engineers required and would take a heavy train over the road with greater speed. It seemed he actually was able to get more drawbar-pull from a locomotive—a fact which the Road Foreman of Engines admitted he could not explain, as did the young runners who had fired for Ellis. Yet nearly all of them admitted Tom was a wonder.

When I was telegraphing at the Beaumont yard office, I used to catch passenger trains at the station and ride to the office. I didn't make the mistake of catching Ellis but once. Before the train was half way there, I unloaded—which gives you some idea of how fast he got them rolling, as compared with other men.

The schedule of Number 104, which usually had fourteen or more steel cars, was tight between Houston and Crosby, twenty-five miles out. The average engineer lost from four to ten minutes on that stretch, but not Ellis. Tom was always "OT" at Crosby. I've seen him make up as much as five minutes in that short distance.

Tom Ellis was one of those strange individuals who could attune himself to engine vibrations to the extent that he knew instinctively when to work the Johnson bar back another notch so as to give the cylinders all the steam they could handle without creating back-pressure from the exhaust. This would account for the fact that he never did the job in exactly the same way twice, which puzzled those who sought to learn his secret. I doubt that Ellis himself could explain to another how he did it.

One thing is sure; he never missed an opportunity to run. It was deplorable, from the Super's standpoint, when the best engineer on the division set such an example. There was a time when Micksch believed Ellis "beat" his

engine to get speed, as claimed by a few envious runners. However, Tom definitely killed this argument by taking Number 102, the *Sunset Limited*, from Houston to Lafayette, about 220 miles, on one tank of water, which was only about half what the other men used. You can't "beat" motive power without using plenty of water.

Ellis called the Super's cards at every turn and won out consistently. He realized the boss was after him. I never knew just why he took a chance on me, a young dispatcher, in making the run with which I opened this story —any more than I know why I covered up for him instead of hooping him up a message to "Slow down." Ellis was aware—and so was I—that if those "OS" figures were recorded on the train sheet as they came in, we'd both be fired. Perhaps the news had gotten around that I was "okay." More likely it was nothing more than Tom's gambling instinct.

ANYWAY, I couldn't believe my ears when the "OS" figures began coming to me on Number 101; I didn't know a steam locomotive could run that fast.

"You're sure you didn't dream Number 101 passed there?" I asked one operator.

"I'm damned sure something went by here," he retorted, "but it was going so fast I couldn't make out whether it was 101 or a cyclone."

Fortunately the non-stop *Sunset Limited* had a message to pick up passengers at Beaumont for west of El Paso, and stayed there five minutes. I showed them there only one minute, using the other four to cover up excess speed. Ellis had a message that the engine on Number 101 would go through Houston, which meant he would have to take a tank of water before arriving in Houston so that the train could make the next water tank west. He took the water at Liberty, but in my time-stretching I had to show him "by."

No one ever tumbled to this fact, or my goose would have been cooked. If Ellis hadn't caught his time at Crosby, I would have had to show him going from Crosby to Houston in almost nothing flat. As it was, I showed him by there ten minutes after he was actually by; and that just let me report him into the terminal without exceeding the speed limit.

As I said before, this run was definitely not all right with the Super. Micksch knew that nobody could make up twenty-nine minutes on that schedule in 110 miles without exceeding sixty miles per hour. Still, he had no proof. He could do nothing but squawk—which he did to the extent of three single-spaced typewritten sheets of scathing rebuke addressed to the dispatchers in general and me in particular which wound up:

"Under no condition is Number 101 to be allowed to make up more than ten minutes on their schedule between Echo and Houston."

Had he known the time was made up in eighty miles instead of one hundred and ten, the letter would have been worded quite differently.

And so the king of the throttle-pullers, as I liked to call him, slipped over another fast one. I say "king" because never, before nor since, have I known a man who could duplicate his performances. If Tom Ellis is pulling a throttle today on the Beaumont division, I'll wager he's still a favorite with the dispatchers.

Railfan Activities

Photo by Freeman H. Hubbard, Editor of Railroad Magazine

Partly Because of "Wartime" Restrictions on Steam-Railroad Photography and Partly Because the Street-Car Is Gradually Becoming Extinct, Juice Fantrips Are Gaining Popularity. This Shot Was Made Sept. 14th, When 65 Persons Enjoyed a Nat'l Ry. Historical Society Outing over Nine-Mile Trolley Line in Fairmount, World's Largest City Park, Philadelphia, Pa.

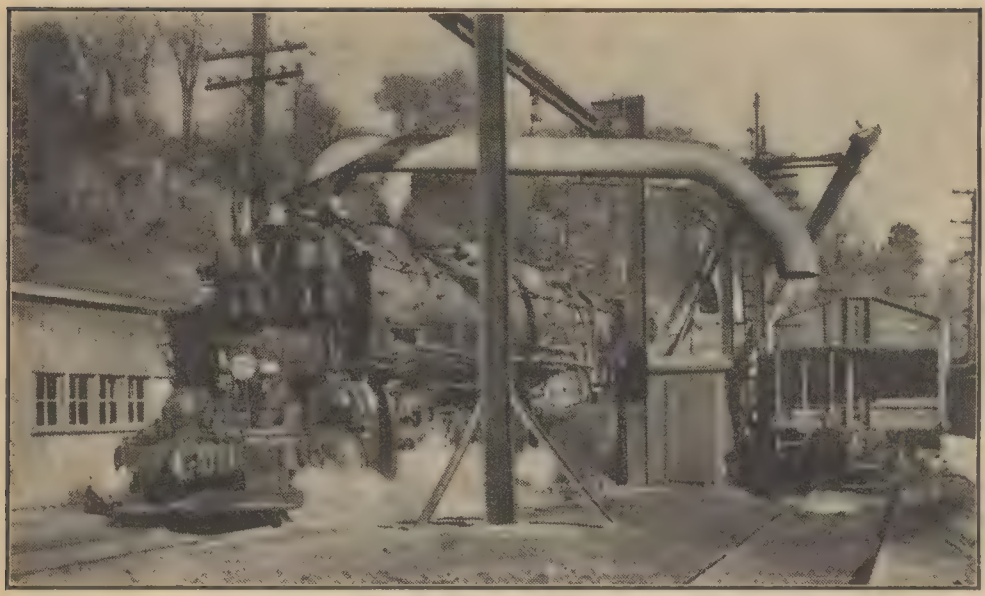


Photo by Kenneth H. Cooke, 3407 Clifton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

To Keep Dust from the Nearby "Spotless" Town of Mariemont, O., Suburb of Cincinnati, the Norfolk & Western Puts Pipes Over Locomotive Stacks in the Clare Yards. Running Water Wets Down the Ashes, Diverts Them into a Car

RAILCAMERISTS are not yet reconciled to emergency restrictions on the hobby which have been imposed by many local railroad and police authorities as well as the A. A. R. blanket ruling on the subject, according to Lucius Beebe, c/o New York *Herald-Tribune*, 230 W. 41st St., New York City. Mr. Beebe, distinguished columnist, author and rail-photographer, has this to say on the subject:

"I note with interest the difficulties under which amateur and professional railroad photographers alike must labor to get good pictures, due to the stupid suspicions of executives as to their motives. In a recent tour of the country to secure action shots for a book I have in preparation, I was detained or harassed by special officers, state police and local constables at least nine times in half a dozen states.

"Even so, I am far more fortunate than the average railfan in that I am an accredited reporter from a New York newspaper, and in some states I am an honorary police official and known personally to a number of railroad and state officials; so I have never suffered from anything worse than delay and bother.

"Many railroads will not take the kind of pictures of their own trains or motive power that any railfan or collector would have in his house. Their stuff is corny and trite. It is dreamed up by advertising departments who think that a train posed motionless against a background of palms and with two or three chorus girls in cheesecake attitudes on the pilot-beam is a dandy shot. They refuse to take speed pictures. They are terrified at the operating department's edict against smoke exhaust —the thing the public most wants to see and which is at once an index of action, romance and excitement. Publicity departments delight in passenger-car interiors filled with girl models and, of all things, children.

"In short, the large majority of roads won't supply the type of pictures that collectors want; and they won't, if they can help it, let the railfans take their own. There are some notable exceptions—I am thinking of the Santa Fe, for instance, which will provide any kind of photograph if you will let Lee Lyles know what you want—but mostly they're against you.

"The result of this attitude of officials and the positively paranoiac suspicions of their police is that railroad photography is practically a bootleg art. Good pictures, like good liquor a few years ago, can only be secured at trouble and inconvenience and, sometimes, risk.

"The best way to get action shots is, of course, to snatch them somewhere in the countryside and make a getaway in an automobile before the Doggberrys arrive to jail you as an agent of the German seeret police. Usually, the worst they will do is worry you with identifications and talk loudly about trespassing on company property; but there are, as you know, cases on record of physical abuse, jailing and camera-smashing. A few courageous lawsuits and subsequent settlements should convince local

police and railroad agents that this is folly. I hope some good photographers may have the occasion and the legal grounds to do it."

Another prominent rail-camerist, Thomas Norrell of Silver Springs, Md., advises caution on the part of photographers who lack the prestige of a man like Lucius Beebe.

"Prior to taking pictures," he suggests, "call upon the local police department, sheriff or other town authority and, upon presenting proper identification, request protection from interference while shooting pictures from public highways. As a rule, the police officials will say they have no objection to the use of cameras. If the photographer has notified them that he intends to work at certain approximate locations, little question is raised in case he should be arrested later, and the charges will be speedily dropped."

But, according to Norrell, it is advisable also, on going into a town, to find out by calling on the telephone if two or three attorneys are available, so that prompt release may be obtained and charges pressed against the police in the event of any flagrant persecution. On this point he agrees with Beebe.

* * *

TACT will get any railfan more than the continual demanding of free services that many of them expect, says Roland D. Kimmel, 2121 Harding Rd., Des Moines.

"I am employed by the DM and the DM&CI," he writes, "and all fan mail coming to these two companies is forwarded to my office. We get some of the most unreasonable requests for timetables, conductors caps and badges, unsold tickets, bells, whistles, numbers, etc., and everything must be sent by return mail '. . . because I am a railfan.' Most of these fellows don't even enclose return postage. I can assure you that all such letters go into the waste basket."

* * *

RAILFANETTE, Miss Henrietta Carter, member of the R&LHS and the Railroad Enthusiasts, reports having received a huge volume of mail as a result of her write-up in the April '41 *Railroad Magazine*. In addition to interesting letters from railroad men and fans, Henrietta was delighted to get snapshots, train orders, timetables and other souvenirs. All of this material, she confides, is being kept in a big personal scrapbook in her railroad library at her home, 176 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIANS are invited to save oil and gasoline by participating in the all-day PTC fantrip Nov. 9th, sponsored by the Philadelphia Division of the Railroad Enthusiasts, Inc. A *paintliner*, one of the PTC's newly modernized and rebuilt cars, will make the trip through beautiful autumn scenery in the outskirts of Philadelphia to the Willow Grove amusement resort, in addition to taking in various other points of interest and covering many different trolley lines, even some track that is no longer used. A stopover will be made for luncheon. The fare will be $1, payable in advance to Harry Myers, 5005 N. Sydenham St., Philadelphia, Pa. The car leaves Woodland Ave. depot 11 a. m.

* * *

WESTERN and railroad regalia featured the garb of numerous members and friends of the Calif.-Nevada Railroad Historical Society on their Sept. 20th-21st jaunt over the Virginia & Truckee through the famous Comstock Lode section of Nevada. For information about the CNRHS and its trips consult Grahame H. Hardy, 4657 Park Blvd., Oakland, Calif.

* * *

FAREWELL TRIP of the Jersey Central's famous *Blue Comet* Sept. 27th was attended by many members and friends of the New York Division of the Railroad Enthusiasts. Inaugurated in the prosperity days of 1929, the cream-and-ultramarine *Comet* was one of the forerunners of today's modern streamliners. Since the depression, so many New Yorkers have been concentrating on the *North* Jersey beaches for their excursions that the CNJ had no alternative but to discontinue the *Blue Comet's* jaunts to Atlantic City in *South* Jersey.

* * *

RAILROADIANS meet in a church. Yes, sir, the Railroadians of America, San Francisco branch, convene in a church basement at 19th Ave. and Judah St. the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. Secretary Douglas Richter, 1412 6th Ave., San Francisco, says visitors are always welcome.

Lively programs are followed by light "eats." An added attraction is a door prize of a fine packet of engine photos donated by the members. Each visitor and member is given a number and a chance at the prize drawing. Publications issued by the parent organization in New York City also are given as prizes.

Photo by Francis Monahan, 10 Gerry Ave., South Portland, Maine

Recent Silhouette of Boston & Maine 1026 Hauling Train on Danvers Branch

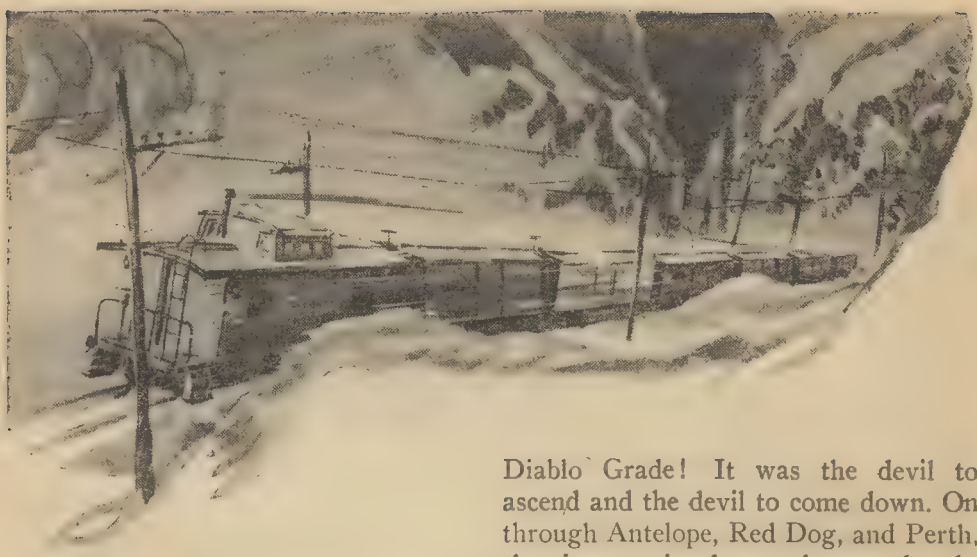
One of the Gang

The Denver Kid Was a Good Enough Brakeman, but the Mountain Division Didn't Like Him

By CHARLES X. WILLIAMS

THE trouble with Jerry Donovan was he "didn't belong." The kid tried pretty hard, everybody admitted that, and he picked up railroading fast enough; but there was something about his personality the men didn't like. He just wasn't "one of the gang." The only pal he had on the whole Mountain Division was a red-headed shack named Mike Foley. Two things held this pair together. One was their mutual Irish ancestry. The other was the strange circumstances of their meeting.

Engine 5420, a heavy juicer, slowed to a crawl while Mike ran ahead to throw the switch that would let train 71 head into the Antelope siding. A sharp wind whipped the crisp night air down Diablo grade. It tugged insistently at Mike's jumper, but the brakeman



took long strides into the gale, his powerful frame unbent. The switchlight changed color. Two long whistle blasts came from the engine.

Mike was big and rawboned. His hair was closely cropped. His freckled skin had been roughened by seven years of working in train service—ever since he was twenty, in fact. Autumn had arrived in the mountains, and Diablo was already giving vague warnings of trouble. Diablo, stiffest grade on the Kansas & California Railway, began at the mining settlement of Donner, eleven miles west of Elton terminal.

Thirty-six miles out, at Topaz, the rails left Coal Creek Canyon and threaded their way laboriously up the brick-colored mountains of the San Juan Range. At Big Creek, a turbulent little stream, they cut back, shaping a great loop known as Muleshoe Bend. From Topaz on up to Canyon Rock the long U was formed by twenty-one miles of glistening steel. Yet Canyon Rock, by deer trail up the even slope of Diablo Slide, was only three miles from Topaz.

And still the rails continued to climb. Diablo Grade! It was the devil to ascend and the devil to come down. On through Antelope, Red Dog, and Perth, the iron twisted up the sagebrush-covered hill. At Sonora, the division point, it leveled off for a few miles as if taking a final breather for the next grade and the pass over the divide.

From Elton over the Mountain Division and on to the West Coast the K&C had been electrified; but sometimes when the icy blasts swept over Diablo grade, power lines were thrown down and juicers became lifeless hulks of cold steel. On these occasions the steamers—Mallets, Compounds, Pacifics—fought Old Man Winter to a standstill, only to have Diablo, the "devil grade," rise to battle again and again, an ever present menace to clear iron.

When the 5420 lumbered past the switch Mike Foley swung on the ladder. Then he unloaded at a point where a writhing mountain road crossed the tracks. As each car clanked by, the brakeman looked it over for signs of a smoking box or sticking brake, for anything that might delay them on the long corkscrewing grade ahead.

Fifteen automobile cars rumbled past. Next came two flats loaded with heavy machinery. When the wind

whipped away a canvas covering a big compressor on the second flat, Mike idly watched it flap. Then abruptly he brought his lantern higher, his eyes riveted on what he saw lying beneath the heavy piece of machinery: a young man, silent and motionless, just in front of the compressor's heavy rear wheels.

The big brakeman was on the flat in one swinging leap. His first terrifying thought was that he was looking at a corpse—no live bum or hobo would ever ride, much less sleep, in front of a heavy wheel that might jolt free and start rolling.

Holding the canvas up with one hand, Mike set his lantern down beside the still form. The stranger was alive, but the battered face showed he had recently taken a beating. Blood was caked over his unshaven features, matting his black dishevelled hair. His clothing, which seemed to be of good quality, was wrinkled and dirty. A light camel's-hair coat was streaked with blood and soot.

As Mike peered into his face, the victim moaned, opened his eyes for an instant. Then he lapsed back into unconsciousness. Mike pulled him to the edge of the car and waited until the freight was in the siding and had ground to a stop. Although the stranger must have weighed at least a hundred and sixty pounds, the husky brakeman easily draped him over a shoulder and headed into the wind toward the engine.

CHARLEY CROSS, the engineer of Number 71, was on the ground peering beneath the engine when Mike laid the man on the narrow path at the edge of the ballast.

"Bring me some clean waste and the first-aid kit," Mike called to Johnny Hooker, the oiler, who was standing in the juicer's doorway.

"Where'd you get him?" the engineer asked, coming over to stare down at the limp form. "Good gosh, he ain't much more than a kid!"

"I picked him off a flat back there," Mike answered briefly.

He took a damp piece of waste and began cleaning the man's face. Just then the *Imperial Express* thundered by. The lad on the ground blinked and struggled to a sitting position. He stared blankly around as if trying to figure out where he was. A lantern atop the caboose swung a highball, and Charley Cross took a step toward the locomotive's ladder, pausing to inquire:

"What are you gonna do with him, Mike? We've got to be moving."

While Cross was blowing a highball, Johnny Hooker settled the question. "Boost him on up here, Foley. I'll find a place for him. Might as well take the poor guy on into Sonora, where he can get fixed up."

As the juicer whined her way up the grade, the battered transient's brain slowly cleared.

"Where am I?" he gulped.

"You," said Mike promptly, "are on a freight train now about forty miles west of Sonora."

"Where is that?"

"Way up in the San Juan Mountains. We're about four hundred miles west of Frisco if that will help you any. What's your name, bud?"

"Jerry Donovan." The voice was dry and cracked. "What did ya say was the name of the next town?"

"Sonora," the brakeman replied. "It's a division town almost on top of the divide. Where you from, Jerry?"

But Jerry lapsed into silence again, looking away as if he hadn't heard the question. Mike also held his tongue.

Neither spoke another word until the lights of Sonora were visible a few miles up the mountain. Then, just before they came into the yard, Mike got to his feet.

"Listen, bud," he said, "I don't know where you came from or where you're going or what happened to you—it's none of my business. But you're a green hand on the road. Anyone can see that. You don't know your way around. Got any money?"

"Money?" Jerry ran a hand deftly into his right hip pocket. "Sure, I have." But the hand came out empty. Rapidly he explored his other pockets. All of them were vacant. "Damn it!" he exclaimed. "I *had* dough. Three hundred dollars. But those bastards—I ain't got a cent, mister. I'll hafta owe ya for the ride."

"You don't owe me anything," the brakeman snapped. "Nor the railroad, either. This is no passenger train. But since you've had a run of bad luck, you're in no shape to get by in a small town like Sonora. Now, I've got a room there that you're welcome to use until you get straightened out—that is, if you want to."

"Why—ah, thanks," Jerry faltered. "I guess I do need a lift. I'll make it upta ya when I get back on me feet."

AT SONORA the two men headed into a fly-specked beanery. *Grand Hotel,* it was called. Both were hungry. Savory odors from the kitchen sharpened their appetites. After wisecracking a moment with the hasher, who was carrot-topped like himself, Mike gave the orders:

"Two thick juicy steaks smothered with onions, French fries and string beans on the side, Java, and plum pie—and make it snappy!"

The men ate heartily. By the time they had reached the desert, the battered Jerry Donovan was feeling much better, and more communicative. Before he knew it, he was telling his story between gulps of coffee and forkfuls of pie. Mike listened sympathetically, his blue eyes fixed on the youth.

The story was that of a city fellow who, because he was handy with his dukes, sought a career in the ring. Jerry had lived in Denver. At first he did rather well. He won a couple of fights, and he made some good money, but most of it was taken by his trainer. Then, because he wouldn't "lay down" in a match when the trainer had bet on the other side, Jerry was given a taxi ride to a railroad yard. The last he remembered was seeing, from the corner of one eye, a blackjack swish toward his head.

"How in hell I ever landed out here," he groaned, "is Greek ta me. I told ya all I know."

"Tough break, kid," said Mike, "but everybody gets a few knocks before he learns what the world is like. What do you figure on doing now?"

"I don't know yet," was the reply. "Gimme time ta think. Reckon I can get a job workin' in one of these here mines?"

Mike covered a grin with a hairy paw. "Go on to bed and get some rest. You can go back to Elton with me in the morning. Winter is almost here and the boomers are moving on. If you want to try railroading I might be able to get you on the Kay and Cee."

"Would ya?" Jerry responded eagerly.

"I'll see," said Mike. "You've got a good Irish name and I think you'd be a good railroad man."

A few days later Jerry Donovan was making a student trip on a drag freight up the eastern slope of the divide, his

second time over Diablo grade. Later he took his examination, got his card, and was marked on the board.

His first call came when the juice lines were temporarily out. Frantic dispatchers were trying to get traffic unsnarled and trains over the hump with what steam they could find. Extra 211 was a solid string of empty reefers for the coast. It pulled out of Elton at four in the afternoon with Jerry braking on the head end.

The runner on 211's big Mallet was "Spike" Nolan, a barrel-chested, pug-nosed rawhider. Spike was inclined to be quarrelsome and loud, but you could not say he didn't know his business. When Spike took his place on the right side of the cab he was all railroader and he had an uncanny knack with steam that few men could equal. He seemed able to get more tonnage over the road than most of them.

In short, Spike had hung up a record he was proud of. Even a slight delay irked him. Under his breath he cursed the dispatchers who ran him into sidings for long waits. And woe to the trainman who, by careless or slow work, caused him to lose time. On such occasions Spike would give you a bawling-out you wouldn't soon forget. Sometimes, when provoked to extreme anger, he would back up his tongue with a pair of horny fists.

Naturally, Spike was not exactly popular on the Mountain Division. But neither was Jerry, for that matter. Not that the kid was abusive, but because he was sullen and silent. Evidently he was obsessed by the fact that life had given him a raw deal. He was only staying with K&C a few months, he said, and showed no desire to fraternize with his fellow workers. Aside from Mike Foley, he was pretty much of an outcast.

NUMBER 211, being drag freight, was ordered to take to the siding at Emerson, only twenty miles out. Nolan was grumbling about the order before he highballed out. At Donner, eleven miles from Elton, where Diablo grade really began to climb, a heavy wet snow began falling and this did not improve the engineer's temper.

Rumbling into Emerson, he eased off, telling Jerry to run ahead and open the gate so he could pull in without coming to a dead stop. The new brakeman darted through a front window and out on the pilot. Then, as the Mallet neared the switch, he swung off, intending to hit the ground on a run.

But Jerry lacked experience in swinging on and off trains in motion. So he stumbled on the rock ballast, fell to his knees, and skidded over the fresh snow into the bank. Spike Nolan had to slam on his air to keep from running past the still closed switch.

Almost every brakeman, at one time or another, has failed to throw a switch in time, especially on stiff grades in bad weather; and because of this failure has been kidded by the rest of the crew. But when Jerry fell down on anything, the men jeered at him. Their laughter was hard to bear.

Spike Nolan was the worst of the lot. Blunt and outspoken, the old walrus made existence hard for the youngsters who did not measure up to his standards. In this instance it made no difference to him that train 211 wasn't going anywhere except into a siding and that he, Spike Nolan, wasn't on short time for a meet. Jerry's slip-up, in his opinion, was extremely bad railroading, and Nolan said so in language that would have done credit to a mule-skinner. His fireman, listening, burst into a gale of laughter that made Jerry's ears burn.

The luckless brakeman picked himself up and hastily limped ahead. He made no reply to the engineer's nasty digs nor the fireman's insulting mirth. He threw the switch and silently watched Nolan take out the slack, lunge into his load, and slowly crawl into the hole. More than half the drag passed him before the brakeman cooled off and strode toward the engine.

Snow was falling in large wet flakes. Night had already smothered the hills, making it almost impossible for you to see signals any distance away. The *Imperial Express* swished past with a rumble and a roar. Back on the caboose, "Skipper" Dale Hanlon swung a highball. Twenty cars up, Brakeman Jim Reed caught it and passed it on. Jerry Donovan relayed it to the engine from just a few cars away. Spike Nolan blasted the whistle twice and began inching toward the main; but long before he had them rolling, Jerry was back on the engine.

No word passed between Spike and Jerry until they found the board against them at Big Creek, where Diablo grade follows the canyon wall up the stream. The agent there handed up orders for 211 not only to take siding for Number 18, the *Eastern Mail,* but to wait twenty minutes longer for Extra 220, an ore drag, to come down the hill.

"That's a dirty trick!" Nolan fumed as he clanked into a passing track. "They could have held that drag at Canyon Rock till I got through. But no, the lousy delayer holds *me* while that drag tails Eighteen down the hill. How the hell can I make time this way?"

He continued to grumble, but Jerry didn't answer. As soon as they were in the clear, the brakeman buttoned his coat and left the warmth of the locomotive. He wanted to get away from the nagging. Besides it would do no harm to look the train over.

The snow was deeper now. Almost four inches covered the right-of-way and it was still coming down. Jerry met Jim Reed halfway back over the train. Then he retraced his steps and loafed in the Big Creek station. When 220 finally whistled through the canyon, he went out to relay signals, caught the highball from around the curve behind him, and passed it on.

Nothing happened. There was no answering whistle. He swung another highball and kept on swinging it while he walked ahead. Not until he was less than ten car-lengths from the engine did Spike Nolan acknowledge it with two sharp whistles.

Number 211 began moving. Although Spike was busy with throttle and sander, he found time to light into Jerry as soon as the young brakeman climbed into the cab.

"What in hell kind of highball was you givin'?" he roared. "That was a cross between a washout and a backup. Looks like they'd at least teach you children how to give a signal before they send you out on a train. Some day when I ain't busy I'll learn you how to swing lanterns."

Jerry flared up at that.

"Anyone who's not blind," he retorted, "could have seen I was givin' ya a highball. I'm doin' the best I can an' I don't need any lessons from you."

Spike was dumbfounded at having a green hand answer him back. "Oh, yes, you do!" he stormed. "Just as soon as I check into Sonora, we'll settle this matter."

"Settle it any way you please," the youth answered coldly, "but count me out."

"What are you fraid of?" sneered the barrel-chested engineer. "Nobody said I was gonna fight."

"Listen, hogger, I don't give a damn if ya do," the brakeman challenged. "You'll find me at the roundhouse any time you're ready."

THEY met on a snow-covered ring in the dim light coming through a grimy window just a few feet from the turntable and pit. Neither man spoke a word; they got down to business at once. A wiper came out, saw the fight get under way, and whistled for his pals. Soon the entire night shift, including the foreman who acted as a sort of referee, was in attendance.

It was give and take for a few minutes. Both men knew how to hit and both were able to take it. Spike was heavier by many pounds, but Jerry was quicker. The Denver boy's footwork on the hard-packed cinders was something worth watching. Suddenly Nolan slipped one past the younger man's guard. A left hook caught Jerry on the ear. He staggered. The engineer moved in to finish it.

But Jerry wasn't hurt. He regained balance in an instant. As Spike came in, the youth uncorked a vicious right uppercut that set the rawhiding engineer back on his heels. Then he followed through with lefts and rights to the middle. When Nolan straightened up, a haymaker took him squarely on the chin. Out on his feet, the older man staggered back toward the open pit.

Moving like a flash, Jerry was after him. But the brakeman threw no more punches. Instead, just as Spike was about to stumble into the pit, Jerry had him by a shoulder and pulled him back. The engineer was then taken into the roundhouse.

Jerry slowly made his way across the yard. Now that it was over, he was sorry he had called Nolan's hand. He'd won the fight, no doubt of that, but he couldn't see where he had gained anything. Fighting was a bum game any way you looked at it, Jerry decided. From now on there'd be no more of it.

On one point the youth was right, he had gained nothing by fighting. The other "rails", when they heard about it—news travels fast in a division town—were inclined to put Jerry in the wrong. Even though Nolan was known to be a rawhider, he was still an engineer and entitled to the respect of greenhorns who didn't yet know how to turn up a retainer. Jerry was branded as a hothead by all but Mike Foley. Mike was inclined to agree with the lad from Denver.

This incident only served to make Jerry pull a little farther into the shell he was building around himself. Except while on duty, he made no attempt to associate with his fellow workers and, as a result, was almost completely ostracized. It seemed that Mike was his only friend.

The fight at the roundhouse had served one purpose, however. It gave the men on the Mountain Division a healthy respect for Jerry's fistic skill. No one else cared to challenged him, or even to call him down. And Jerry gave them no reason for complaint. He learned readily, always did his best, and was willing to take no more than his share of the work. Both train and engine crews were soon aware of this, and Jerry Donovan gradually developed the reputation for being a good car-hand.

But even that didn't make him "one of the gang." The men still regarded him as aloof and self-sufficient.

WEEKS and months slipped by. Real winter settled on the Mountain Division. At Red Dog, just below Sonora, where Diablo wound around a high-walled canyon, snow piled up to a depth of fourteen feet. Snowplows were operated up and down the grade night and day. Two extra gangs were busy keeping the iron clear of slides that ripped up the rails when they plunged headlong down Diablo.

Late in March a heavy storm of snow and sleet devastated the mountains. Power lines hung low with casings of ice until they snapped from excess weight. Up on the grade, a hard surface crusted the snow, only to be covered with fresh drifts. For three days the tempest raged, tieing traffic into knots. Freight was stalled all over three divisions. Electric power failed. Steam had to come to the rescue. All available steam engines were pressed into service in a desperate effort to cheat Diablo and keep the wheels moving.

After the storm had abated, Jerry took a call for the first section of westbound Number 237, a hotshot that had just come into Elton. A boomer engineer named Sam Hayes was at the throttle of a Mallet when they were coupled up. Hayes was a fast runner, but he'd had no experience on Diablo.

The Mountain Division used juicers almost entirely except when power was out. Hayes had been pulling freight on the other side of Elton where steam was still the boss. But train 237 was hotshot freight, rush material for National Defense, and it had rights over everything except "varnish." The train roared into Elton in one piece, but to make speed over Diablo it was cut in two before being sent up the grade.

Just before the first section was ready to pull out, Jerry saw his friend, Mike Foley, inspecting couplings on a train made up on a nearby track. It was then beginning to get dark and the temperature was dropping fast. Going over to Mike, he asked:

"I thought ya just got in this mornin'. You're not goin' out again so soon, are ya?"

"Yep," the other man grinned. "This rattler has got to get to the Coast in a hurry. You're taking the first section out I see. Well, they caught me for the second. They're short of trainmen, you know."

"Who's your hogger?" Jerry asked.

"Nolan," said Mike. "They gave us the heavy end and put Spike on so we'd be sure to get through. We'll run about thirty minutes behind you. I'll see you in Sonora."

Hayes blew a highball then and Jerry hurried back to his train. Up over Diablo the sky loomed black and forboding. Wind lashed down from the mountain with a cold fury that sent trainmen hunting cover. But Number 237 left Elton that night on the dot of six.

Snow was falling when they creaked through Donner. It was fine hard snow, the kind that wind could drive in sheets, and still the kind that clung to icy rails like flies to molasses. When they were well on the Diablo grade, Hayes had to blow a continual stream of sand over the iron. The going got tougher as they climbed on up the hill. Even so, Hayes seemed to know exactly where to set the throttle, and the Mallet kept a steady pace.

Several hours before, the plow had whined its way up the hill, but now the right-of-way was covered with another two inches of snow. It was ten o'clock when they crept through Topaz, thirty-six miles up. So far Hayes had kept

them rolling at a crawl—and even a slow pace ate up the miles.

AT BIG CREEK where the grade leveled out for more than a mile they went into the hole for the westbound Mail. The plow had already taken to a siding, its crew deserting for a well-earned rest. The station agent there, who had been on duty almost continuously for three days, also had gone to bed. The depot was black and lifeless.

Up near the top of the hill another plow was churning its way down. It would tie up at Canyon Rock after clearing the upper end of Diablo. Hayes pulled out with nothing against him. Only the plow was between 238 and Sonora—and a blanket of snow on Diablo.

Wheels creaked loudly as they edged into the main again. Above the whistling of the wind through the rocky canyon they sounded like squeaky fiddles playing in different keys. Fine sandlike snow continued to pepper the train. They crawled into a deep canyon.

Ahead the walls closed in. The wind ripped at them in one continual icy blast. Cars rocked and swayed. Odd-shaped drifts twisted back and forth across the rails ahead of them. They nosed into a heavy drift, slowed, came to a stop.

Hayes blew out a flag and backed away. Jerry uncoupled the engine. The engineer hit the drift once, twice. The third time he broke through.

Coupled again, they inched on. Farther on the sides of the canyon began fading. In the powerful ray of the Mallet's headlight, gradual slopes appeared. They were at the rim of the dome-shaped Diablo Slide, a rounded rock formation that sloped down to the rails of the K&C far below, near the Topaz station. Hayes jerked triumphantly on the whistle cord. He was through the worst of it.

But his blast came too soon. He reckoned without Diablo. The Mallet nosed around a curve and Hayes, his eyes glued to the snow-covered rails ahead. A huge sea of snow had tumbled down the mountain, spreading fanwise across the track. He slacked off and skidded to a stop.

The conductor, a gaunt veteran of the Moutain Division, said they'd better pull back in the lee of a canyon wall, perhaps back down to Big Creek so they could send the other plow up. He sent a flagman back, and Hayes eased into the freight. But even though he was trying to back down Diablo's stiff grade, it fought him—Diablo was contrary. Car wheels began freezing onto the rails, and brakes were stuck. Part of the train-line also was frozen.

The engineer knew just what had happened to wheels and brakes, but he didn't know that part of his air line was cut off. He banged into the train, broke the first few cars loose, and ground to a stop. He stretched them out, reversed, and hit them again. More cars jolted free.

Back and forth the Mallet jockeyed. Between the sander, the air and the throttle, Sam Hayes had his hands full.

At last he got rolling again. They coasted back around the curve and into the mouth of the canyon. At that point the conductor suddenly decided he'd wait there for the plow to come down from above. He swung a stop sign from the deck a few cars back.

Hayes didn't know the skipper was only changing his mind, and was uncertain as to the reason for the signal. He clamped on his air in emergency application. Fire flew. Brakes howled.

Wheels screeched, but Hayes jolted to a stop with a ruthless hand—all but the caboose and the last six cars!

ON THE front of the sixth car ahead of the caboose the drawbar pulled out. A sharp bolt that had sheared off knifed through the dangling air hose as it snapped free. Just ahead of this coupling the train-line was already frozen, and what little air that was left hissed through the gashed hose. Brakes snapped free. Six cars and the crummy kept right on rolling with increased speed.

The conductor had come up near the engine. Both the swing man and the parlor brakeman were out ahead of the break, trying to release a frozen valve. That left only Bill Robinson, the flagman.

Bill was almost a quarter-mile back. He looked up just in time to see two red lights hurtling straight at him. Then he dove into a snowbank on the outside of the rails and slid down grade a few feet. After the runaways had rumbled by, the flagman recovered his balance, stumbled back to the right-of-way, and sprinted toward the broken train.

Meanwhile, both the conductor and Jerry Donovan had seen the caboose lights disappear far down Diablo. They saw also three different lanters bobbing in the rear and knew there was no one on the runaways.

"Some of them got away!" the conductor yelled. "They'll never stop until they meet the second section on the way up. And there ain't a damn thing we can do about it. If they're still on the iron at Big Creek they'll spread the second section all over the mountain!"

Jerry's mind began clicking with the precision of the trained fighter. He knew there would be no use in Sam Hayes trying to catch the runaways. Sam couldn't possibly overtake them. He realized also that thirty minutes or more behind them was the second section of 237. That would make them meet somewhere between Topaz and Big Creek, depending on the speed of the runaways.

The operator at Big Creek had undoubtedly gone to bed, but even if he was on duty those cars would be past him before he knew they were coming. Unless Jerry could get word to that second section to head into the clear, there would certainly be a meet on Diablo. His face blanched at the thought. Mike Foley, his one friend, was on the head end of the oncoming freight!

Jerry looked down the mountain, vainly wishing for a pair of skis that would take him flying over the snow-covered slope to the other side of Mule-shoe Bend, far down the mountain. As he stared down into the blackness, a thought struck him like a flash: he *could* get down the hill to stop the engine that was carrying Foley up Diablo.

In front of him, almost at the Mallet's pilot, Devil's Slide began. Jerry meant to go down that slide. Dropping his lantern, he raced for the engine.

UP THE gangway he flew and yanked the big iron coal scoop from the hands of a dumbfounded fireman. Before the latter could protest, Jerry was gone. Out in the rays of the headlight he ran to the edge of the right-of-way, the rim of the slide. He put the shovel down, the edge of the scoop toward him. Then he stepped into it, squatting on its iron face and clasping the handle in front of him with both hands.

Moving his feet forward, he shifted his weight ahead. The scoop skated over the rim of the slide and began moving down the slope. He steered by pulling on the handle and shifting his weight, but it was all guess work—he couldn't see where he was going.

Down, down he went, flying into the blackness below. Faster and still faster the scoop flew over the snow. It grated on a rock that jutted above the frozen crust, and turned, spilling Jerry. He went one way, the scoop another. Then he floundered back, recovered the scoop, and took off again. Down, down he went!

At length he thudded to a stop and looked around. He was in the ditch beside the right-of-way. Down the grade, the second section of the hot-shot was rounding the turn into Mule-shoe Bend.

Jerry, white with snow and looking like a ghost, ran toward it, stumbling over icy ties but swinging an arm as he ran. He was almost into the engine before Spike Nolan saw him and yanked on the whistle cord. Jerry stepped aside. He swung himself into the gangway as the plodding engine crept past. In the cab he darted to Nolan's side.

"Reverse!" he shouted with what breath he could gather. "Runaway comin' down the grade! It'll hit ya if ya don't move."

Spike shifted automatically. While words were still pouring from Jerry's mouth, the engineer had them stopped. He then pulled his whistle cord down, tied it there, and reversed. In seconds they were rolling smoothly back down Diablo. Mike Foley was at Jerry's side now. His eyes were hard, his chin set.

"Wheel on into Topaz," Mike said to Nolan, who was scorching the ballast right through the ice then. "I'll drop off at the switch. You go on back down the main. I'll throw every gate on this end. The runaways can't jump them all."

A green light winked at them and Spike began using his air. As they rolled past the first switch light Mike swung off. The engineer pinched them down when he was near the depot.

"Hell!" he said to Jerry. "I don't see no use in sittin' here watchin' that stuff pile up. The Army might need it real bad. What do you say we go out and try to bring it in?"

"You got somethin' there, hogger," Jerry grinned instantly. "We can go out a ways, coast back, and gather them in on the fly—that is if we don't meet them first."

"We can't do it while you stand there gassin'," Nolan complained.

While Jerry went back to uncouple, Spike turned to his fireman. "Unload, boy!" he commanded. "I know you got a wife and two kids. Get off!"

"But—" the fireman tried to protest.

He got no farther. Spike had him by the shoulder. "Off! You heard me." Nolan boosted him toward the gangway.

The fireman "joined the birds."

NOLAN got away to a flying start. He took off as soon as the pin was out. Jerry was forced to climb over the tender to get back in the cab. They tore past Mike Foley, who was then trudging down a siding to throw a derail. Mike waved a greeting.

Spike's hand was firm on the throttle as he sent his engine roaring up the grade, but his eyes were straining to catch the first sign of the runaways. Should the cars appear while he was headed up the hill, he knew they'd have to jump and he wanted plenty of time for the leap. It took a man with iron

nerve to head his engine straight into a wild string of cars coming hell-bent in his direction, but Nolan did not flinch.

Neither did Jerry. He kept out of the runner's way and stayed on the fireman's side, watching the engineer with a look of open admiration. All hatred between the two men had died out long before.

Nolan let her roll until they were out well over a mile. Then he reversed and permitted the engine to drift. He hadn't long to wait. A minute later the headlight picked up two red dots in the distance. The swaying caboose was rushing wildly down Diablo, threatening to leave the rails with every turn of the wheels. Nolan opened up. Jerry braced himself for the crash he thought inevitable.

But there was no crash. Spike was an expert judge of speed. He caught the rocking caboose with only a slight bump, held it, and began using sand and air. When they reached the switch points at Topaz, Nolan had them rolling easily. He braked to a stop where Mike was standing near the siding.

Nolan looked at Jerry and winked. The latter solemnly winked back. The two men were shaking hands when Mike and the crew scrambled up the gangway. For a minute everyone tried to talk at once. Then Nolan held up his gloved hand and barked for silence.

"I know just what you men are gonna say," he growled. "We made it and we're heroes. If we'd have missed, we'd soon be bums without jobs. Well, let me tell you, I'm damned if I feel anything like a hero. But for

cold nerve—comin' from a kid who's green at this kind o' thing—and fast thinkin'—gentlemen, I give you Brakeman Donovan—even if the seat of his pants is out!"

It was true. A large hole had been worn in Jerry's overalls by that wild ride downhill on the shovel. Spike's remark focussed all eyes on the brakeman's rear.

The broad Irish grin that spread over soot and grime on Jerry's face turned into a hearty laugh. Tension was broken. Mike guffawed, too. Nolan and the others joined in. They weren't laughing *at* Jerry any more; they were laughing *with* him. The kid from Denver knew the rails had accepted him at last. He was "one of the gang". All he needed now was a new pair of overalls.

On *the* Spot

"Turkey" Moore

ALL THREE of this month's leading authors have put in many years on the roaring road and are now retired from the game: William F. Knapke, Charles X. Williams, and R. H. Moore, better known as "Turkey" Moore.

Turkey lives at 5004 S. Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. He has been contributing to *Railroad Magazine* off and on since Oct. '35. His first manuscript, "The Boomer Trail," related his actual experiences as a roving rail for 35 years on two continents. It scored such a hit that the public clamored for more; and Turkey followed up with half a dozen other true tales in *Railroad Magazine*. "Switch-Key" is the first fiction story he has ever written.

Moore, who held more jobs than he could count in switching, train service and engine service, says his moniker originated when he was working for the Santa Fe.

"It was Christmas Eve," he explains. "A gang of us rails were celebrating in a gin-mill at Temple, Texas. I was delegated to get a turkey—which I did, in some manner I do not care to reveal. Thus I acquired the nickname."

Charlie Williams also is well known to our readers. His first run was "The Callboy," a true tale (Sept. '39). Then came "The Desert Division" (Sept. '40) and "Worn-Out Material" (last month). Charlie was born in Ohio on July 26th, 1900. He began railroading as waterboy on the Wabash. Later he went braking on the Omaha Line in South Dakota, served in the U. S. Army during World War No. 1, and worked in the Pennsy shops at Columbus, O. Then he drifted West, bucking the board on a long list of roads, the Omaha, the NWP, the WP, the SP, the CN and the SP&S, and plenty of others.

Chas. X. Williams, as He Looked in 1918

Bill Knapke

Readers who want to get in touch with Charlie can do so through his mother, Mrs. G. W. Hoffman, 1936 Dunbar Drive, Columbus, O.

Bill Knapke, a recently retired trainman, has been supplying us with occasional fact material since Feb. '34. He was born July 17th, 1872, in East St. Louis, Ill. The author of "Little Red Caboose" tells his life story rather reluctantly as follows:

"My feet were pointed toward the railroad at the time I was born, for one of my grandfathers was roundhouse foreman for the old Indianapolis & St. Louis Ry., three of my uncles were hoggers, a fourth was a tallow on the same road, and my father was a hogger on the Ohio & Mississippi (now B&O). The fact that I was the only male in the family to enter train service showed my contrariness."

Bill reveals that, except for a chance occurrence, he too might have gone into engine service.

"One fine spring day in 1888," he says, "a month before I was 16, I was passing the LE&StL (now Southern) yards when the Yardmaster hailed me and asked me to go out on a turnaround coal run. A brakeman had just mashed a finger, the YM had no substitue available, and would I go out in his place? That's the way I came to start on what my eagle-eye relatives called 'the wrong end of the train.'

"Since then I've wandered over several pikes for varying periods. I am not quite sure, but I think 32 roads have been honored with my name on their payrolls. A short time ago when I was trying to straighten out my railroad annuity, the examiners found four months' service on one line that I hadn't claimed because I had forgotten I ever worked there."

Bill's longest service was 17 years with the Espee. His shortest was about an hour and 10 minutes with the St. Louis Bridge Co. Ry. (now Terminal RR. Ass'n).

"The Bridge yard at that time," he confides, "was probably the country's worst slaughter-house for switchmen. My dad, passing through the place about an hour after I'd been hired, spied me on a boxcar and ordered me to leave the yard and go home, saying I shouldn't work there. Being a 'big boy' in those days, I refused. Dad walked off, but not very far. In a coupla minutes he was back with the Ringmaster. 'Come down offa there!' the official roared. 'Your dad says you're only 18 and he won't give his consent for you to work here.'

"Boy! Have I shook hands with myself a lotta times since then that my father ran me out of that job. I don't think there were five days in one year that some switchman was not killed or crippled there.

"A few more roads, and then the American Railway Union strike of 1894. I was with the Louisville & Nashville when that blow-up came. Afterward, not knowing whether or not I was on the blacklist, I worked under a flag a few months for the CH&D at Hamilton, O. Then I came back to East St. Louis and found that my 'crane' had its neck unbroken; so I resumed my carefree wandering until 1898, when the Spanish-American War came."

Thereupon Bill joined the colors and went to the Philippine Islands. He saw a little railroading on one of the islands of Cebu with a private road which the Quartermaster Dept. had taken over. Then he returned to the States, to Tennessee, and married a lovely girl named Maud. They've been man and wife for 41 years now.

"I made a boomer outta her too," Bill tells us, "but she didn't seem to mind it a bit. We have one daughter and a grandson. My hope is that when I eventually head into life's last terminal and the switch is lined behind me, those with whom I have worked and associated will say, 'Well, he wasn't such a bad old cuss after all.'"

Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea for readers to tell Bill Knapke right now what they think of him and his "Little Red Caboose." The address is 118 S. Main St., East St. Louis, Ill.

* * *

NEXT month we'll publish two important illustrated features: "Annual Speed Survey," compiled by Donald M. Steffee, and the very timely "Lessons That American Railroads Could Learn from the Present War," by Paul Wohl, internationally known journalist.

The Reader's Viewpoint

SURPRISING as it seems, if we were to publish *all* the readers' comments we get, *On the Spot* would more than fill the entire book, crowding out everything else! In the past year we have greatly enlarged this department, besides switching over to type easier to read. But now we've reached the space limit, so we pass this tip on to our good friends: *Keep your letters short.*

However, we use all the Reader's Choice coupons we get, whether clipped from page 143 or homemade, in checking up on the kind of material you fellows like best.

An analysis of October's trainsheet shows the following results, with titles listed according to popularity:

1. True Tales of the Rails
2. Boomer's Bag of Tricks, *C. Funkhouser*
3. Trackage Rights, *Thompson and Holden*
4. On the Spot
5. Imperial Valley, *E. S. Dellinger*
6. Light of the Lantern
7. Language of the Key, *Don Livingston*
8. Model Railroading
9. Railroad Camera Club
10. Pennsylvania Locomotives *(Part 4)*
11. Railfan Activities
12. Along the Iron Pike, *Joe Easley*

* * *

ONE job of a station agent like myself is tying train orders to strings on a delivery fork and passing them up to firemen or brakemen of moving trains. The usual way is to fasten the rolled-up order between two slip knots, sometimes a mean job if the knots tighten too much.

Some of us on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois use a double slip knot which does not tighten so as to retard threading the order into the loop. I sent this knot to LeRoy Palmer, the Union Pacific agent who wrote "Hooping 'Em Up" *(Sept. '41)* and Palmer replied he'd never seen it before. He added: "It is a big improvement over the single loop slip and I intend to call it to our trainmaster's attention."

Tying the double slip knot, you push the end of the string through the loop in the usual way and then push it through a second time before you tighten the knot. Properly made, the knot seems to describe a figure eight.—R. L. McCoy, Indianola, Ind.

* * *

MOST interesting item in October issue of "our" magazine, so far as I am concerned, is John E. Marshall's photo of the bucket signal that controls the crossing of the Boston & Maine and Rutland trains at Bellows Falls, Vt. When I was working for the New Haven some years ago I operated a somewhat similar signal at Nantasket Jct., Old Colony House, Mass. Instead of a bucket, the iron barrels on the one I handled were lowered into a roofless shed when in neutral position. The signal protected crossover of trains from the main line to the branch, or what was then the Old Colony Railroad. You pulled the chain hand over hand until the barrels were in full view, then you lined up the switches.

I recall one instance when I thought the barrel signals had failed to do their stuff. Back in 1906 there used to be a beach turnaround consisting of express and baggage cars that ran ahead of the Byrnes special, about three minute leeway. Old Man Byrnes, Vice President of the New Haven, commuted between his home and the office in Boston, his train consisting of his business car and a couple of baggage cars for buffers. On this occasion I had left my office to throw the switches and hoist the barrels for the turnaround, unaware that the Byrnes special was running ahead of the baggage train. The engineer began whistling for straight iron. I misinterpreted this to mean he wanted the switch, so I gave him the high sign to keep coming.

This he did—until he saw the crossover

Railfans Are Already Looking Ahead to Winter Sport Excursions—by Train, of Course. The Animated Scene Pictured Here Is a Common Occurrence in the Remodeled Baggage Cars of Southern Pacific "Snowball Specials"

was lined up. Then he "big-holed," and everything that wasn't bolted down, including the Vice President of the New Haven Railroad, went sliding toward Cohasset until they hit the end of the car. They did not leave the rails, but it was mighty close. As soon as the Old Man recovered his equilibrium, he canned just about everybody within a radius of 5 miles, including the baggagemaster at Hingham, who happened to be home at the time eating beans and brown bread. However, the discharge order was rescinded even before he got out of town.

I would like to know more about the Old Colony Railroad and that signal.

While I was district freight agent for the Old Colony, I lost a submarine that the Holland Company had been experimenting with in Atlantic waters. That in itself is quite a story.—HOWARD R. WYBERG, *(author of "Hand-Car Races the Mail," June '41)*, 221 Carmel Ave., Piedmont, Calif.

* * *

A FEW WEEKS ago I was amazed to see a steam locomotive moving along on a paved highway near Chicago under her own power. The old girl appeared to be the ancient 4-2-0 of the Chicago & North Western that had been exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair. She was pulling an old yellow wooden coach, had a motorcycle escort, and was raising a fog

that looked like wood smoke. I could not see anything in the wheel treads to prevent her flanges rolling directly on the concrete, but I cannot imagine how she was steered. Will some reader enlighten me?—J. M. Grigg *(ex-brass-pounder)*, 5951 S. Tripp Ave., Chicago.

* * *

YOUNG men, you don't know what it meant to be a night operator on a mountain division when rails were streaks of rust and ballast mostly air, when 10 or 12 loads made a train, and 6 cars with airbrakes were a record. My years on the high iron began at age 14 in a Chesapeake & Ohio auditor's office. Working up to night op, I began a diary. The very first message I wrote down in full was a train order which caused a rear-end collision, one which nobody thought could happen, but which killed the conductor in the crummy. On my second night I was waked by a near head-on, caused by a lapse of a conductor's memory.

In my diary I find entries about overlapping orders caught and collisions averted by stopping the superior train. One tells how a delay due to not filling the tank held up a freight and averted a smash-up. On that occasion I sprinted a mile down a track to catch an engineer who was coaling up, cut loose from his train. I remember when a dispatcher gave a "lap" order and caused a "cornfield meet" on a road which had only two trains. Another note in my diary tells of a fireman, rising from a scoop of coal, who saw a full moon between the sides of a cut, mistook it for another headlight and yelled "Jump!" to his hogger, which both did. It all seems funny and unreal now, but it was deadly earnest then.—M. Williams, Richmond, Va.

* * *

DID any readers learn telegraphy at Dodge's Ham Shop (Valparaiso, Ind.) around 1904 and 1905? If so, I'd like to hear from them. Some of you must have gone high in telegraphy, others must have seniority among the angels. I gave up Morse and served as a throttle-jerker until the slump of 1931.—Edward J. O'Neil, 89 LeRoy St., River Rouge, Mich.

* * *

CIRCUS trains make very short and very long hauls. Perhaps the shortest was clocked up in 1936 by the Cole Bros. Circus—Covington, Ky., to Cincinnati, O., via the Louisville & Nashville, all of two miles. Many route cards and books in my collection show 5- to 10-mile jumps.

Longest circus run? Route cards of the Ringling-Barnum Show list the junket from Sarasota, Fla., to N. Y. City, about 1297 miles, but the entire outfit does not make this leap. Perhaps the longest for a fullsized circus was made by Cole in 1937, New York to Chicago, 998 miles via the Erie.—Don Rockwood, 173 Main St., Waterville, Mass.

(Editor's Note: Some railfans specialize in circus data, pictures, souvenirs. If all persons interested in the subject of "railroading the circus" will send their names and addresses, we'll print them in the magazine, so that such hobbyists can contact one another. Read R. E. Sams's entry in this month's "Switch List.")

* * *

IF THE oldest engine still popping her gaskets is No. 1 of the Stockton Terminal & Eastern (Calif.), as Joe Easley contends in his October *Along the Iron Pike*, having been built in 1867, what about the Reading's 1251? Baldwin built this 0-6-0 tanker in 1863 as No. 10 of the Catawissa Railroad; the Reading renumbered her 363 when they absorbed this pike, and again in 1900. They lifted her face so completely in 1918 that her best friends would hardly know the lady, but she's the same old car-puller.—B. F., Coatesville, Pa.

* * *

"TRAFFIC MANAGER" in July issue was right up my siding, as I am traffic manager for a group of department stores. Two railroads serve a city in which one of our stores is located, and their methods are quite a contrast. One freight agent brings out maps and solicits our

business by showing what good service his road can give. The other agent will come around if you beg him, and then he just about says we must ship all our stuff over his line because "the railroad shops are located in that city."

The latter boasts of "wonderful service," but I remember the time we consigned a carload of refrigerators over his pike. The load was to be split among 3 stores, one getting 16,000 pounds of reefers. We wanted these loaded in a car by themselves so as to save one transfer, but the agent couldn't see the point. After arguing for an hour, I took the matter up with the division freight office.

Have any of you traffic managers hit against the same stone wall?—FRED BURKE, Box 405, Greensburg, Pa.

* * *

ONE month after I finished high school the NYC marked me up on the extra list of the Hudson Division as a road brakeman. Have worked on switchers at Marble Hill and extras out of N. Y. City. Hotboxes are nothing now and coupling the air is commonplace, but seeing the *20th Century Limited* and the *Pacemaker* arrow past at 80 miles an hour five minutes apart is still breath-taking.

The exhaust is just a sustained roar and the wind heels over the crummy like a blow.—ALBERT J. HASSETT JR., 46 South St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

* * *

WHY don't the railroads advertise, "Travel and ship by rail—save gasoline for defense"?—A. J. FRANCK, Box 171, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

(Editor's Note: They do.)

* * *

THREE things a man does around railroad tracks and yards identify him as a capable railroader, no matter how he's dressed: Looking both ways before crossing a track, stepping *over* and not *on* rails, and keeping at least 10 feet from the end of standing cars.—C. L. EARLE, Safety Expert, Central Vermont Ry., St. Albans, Vt.

ONE night in June, 1910, an express messenger named Jack Haley on a Pennsy run re-iced his car at Denison, Ohio. As the train picked up speed, Jack found he had a 200-pound chunk of ice left over. As he didn't want this obstacle sliding around in his car, he dragged open a door and gave it a good shove with one foot. The big chunk bounded down an embankment, making a bee-line for a frame section-house, smashing right into it and upsetting the stove. Next morning the officials couldn't figure out what had wrought the havoc, as the ice had long since melted. Jack kept his secret for years.—C. C. CAMBELL, 207 S. Edison Ave., Tampa, Fla.

(Editor's Note: This reminds us of a racket that used to be pulled with old-time gas-meters—the kind where you put a quarter in the slot. An unscrupulous consumer fed his meter with ice disks the exact size and shape of 25-cent coins. The ice melted, leaving no slug as a clue to the robbery. It was a long, long time before the gas company caught onto that one.)

* * *

AS A "REFUGEE" from England, age 15, much interested in railways, I want to know the price of a year's subscription to *Railroad Magazine* for a friend in England.—P. R. PRATT, Boston, Mass.

(Editor's Note: Answered on contents page)

* * *

A RAILROAD boomer blacksmith for 35 years, I know all the tunes an anvil will play. But an anvil chorus is not enough to express my dislike of your Model Railroading department. In my humble opinion, only morons and children could find any interest in these toys. I counted 11 pages in one issue devoted to this waste of time. Why not replace it with that series you used to run, "Old-Time Railroad Disasters," giving us a picture of railroading when it was really hazardous?—RICHARD A. BARKER, Plaza Trade Shop, Ashland, Ore.

* * *

AN OLD-TIME boomer boilermaker, I'm glad that another old-timer is going strong, the Madison branch of the

PRR (Columbus to Madison, Ind.), the very first railroad west of the Alleghenies. That pike was begun in 1836 as the Madison & Indianapolis, but in three years only 17 hilly miles were built and the money was gone. First engine was the *Elkhorn*, which they bought at Louisville, Ky., towed to Madison on a flatboat and dragged up the hill behind five yoke of oxen. Indiana's first train scared the cows in November, 1838. After 100 years of prosperity the traffic dried up, but now they're hauling new tonnage to the Jefferson Proving Ground of the U. S. Army.—FRANK CONLEY, 6170 Cornell Ave., Indianapolis.

Sunset on the Narrow-Gage

SADDEST of moments for those who love the old narrow-gage pikes was the farewell of the "Chili Line's" humble mixed train (Nos. 425 and 426) at Santa Fe, N. M. The last train was the eastbound on September 1st. For half a century this 125-mile branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Western, crooked as a bird's nest, united the capital of New Mexico and the local farmers with Antonito, a whitewashed old Colorado village.

The Chili Line cost more than $2,500,000 to build, for trains had to snake their way up a canyon and skirt cliffs 1,000 feet above the river and wind over a dusty plateau and screech down many a turn into the San Luis Valley. Legend said that the skipper lent his plug cut to the engineer on curves and that the train whizzed downgrade so fast it reached Antonito before the toot of its whistle. Conductor on the first train in 1888 was Walter D. Carroll, who still lives in Colorado and says that early trains carried Indians for nothing.

For years the Chili thrived on carload lots of cattle and horses, timber, vegetables and pinon nuts. In recent times its money cargo has been onions and chili peppers out of Colorado, now to be carried by motortrucks. Rails will be used as replacements on other D&RGW narrow-gage lines, and some equipment may be shipped to the far East for a rail route along the Burma Road. But even after its roadbed is washed away the old pike will have a monument in the shape of a mighty rock pile built by the agent at Embudo, N. M., one stone per day. Heaping up these rocks gave the late H. W. Wallace a new interest in life.

Data on the Chili Line was sent to us by several readers, including A. J. Van Dusen, W. H. Carlin and W. B. Aird, all of Denver; Fred Brennersen, Ft. Morgan, Colo., and C. C. Campbell, Tampa, Fla. The final train, very mixed, was handled by Engr. Chas. L. Arnell, Condr. Henry F. Willis, Fireman Roy F. Brown and Brakemen W. T. Lewis and J. C. Legg. From Mr. Aird, a one-time D&RGW traveling auditor, comes the comment:

"Abandonment of this branch makes me feel bad. I rode many a mile with the engineer and conductor who made that last run."

The Chili Line's engine and train crews, agents and section bosses, exercising their seniority rights, have "bumped" their way into other jobs on the Alamosa Division. Supt. C. B. Carpenter reassigned Condr. Willis and Brakeman Lewis to passenger train 115 and 116, between Alamosa and Durango, while Engr. Arnell and his "tallowpot," Roy Brown, were given runs on the same train between Alamosa and Chama, N. M.

Condr. D. H. Hines and Brakeman O. J. Timmons, who rode the last train from Antonito west, on August 30th, have been assigned to passenger service between Alamosa and Durango, while Engr. A. H. Baskett and Fireman Ben Hindelang now run between Alamosa and Chama.

Photos from W. W. Stowell, Box 105, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Graveyard Run on D&RGW Narrow-Gage Chili Line: Photos Show Last Train, Eastbound, Taking Water at Embudo, N. M.; and Conductor Willis Handing the Orders to Engineer Arnell, with Fireman Brown Looking on Disconsolately

ANOTHER famous narrow-gage railway has gone into the realm of eternal silence. The 16-mile Bridgton & Harrison, in Maine, which had been on the verge of abandonment for the past couple of years, due to a dwindling in sources of freight revenue, was acquired by a junk dealer named Checkoway on Wednesday, September 10th. For a few days after that the company continued to transport freight

over its two-foot-gage rails, gallantly keeping up the fight for self-preservation, even after all hope was gone. Then the shadows closed in.

Yes, the Bridgton & Harrison is dead, and it died gamely. Employes, shippers and railfans had rallied to its support, raising several thousand dollars with which to buy stock control of the little road and keep it running. But money had dribbled in too slowly. The junk man who held an option on the equipment had allowed one time extension after another. Finally he took it over.

The eyes of veteran employes were misted as they threw the last switch, unloaded the last slender flatcar, and banked the last fire on a tiny B&H engine. Slowly they turned away, leaving the road they had loved so well to a fate it had never deserved. As Linwood W. Moody said in this magazine a few months ago, "It's sunset on the narrow-gage."

* * *

AFTER reading "Sunset on the Narrow-Gage" *(Aug. '41)*, I crossed the Sierras and was glad to learn that 5 trains a week were now pulling out of Keeler, Calif., on the Southern Pacific Narrow-Gage. Three per week get to Owenyo and work north as far as Hammil. Track is open to Benton, over Montgomery Pass; and to Mina, Nev., but this part is not used because traffic won't pay for two engines. At Mina the trains used to meet the Tonopah & Goldfield, a standard-gage short line which still unleashes a gas-car one day and a mixed train the next day.

The SP slim-gage line, formerly the Carson & Colorado, keeps engines 8 and 9 running; a third Old Girl is under repair, and two are rusty and cold. Business is good. It comes from a talc and soda works, from scattered mines.—Bob Stein, 206 Amherst Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

THEY won't scrap the 3-foot-gage Pacific Coast Railway, a 79-mile streak between Port San Luis, Calif., and Santa Maria. Walking around the yard at San Luis Obispo the other day, I saw new flatcars, some of them loaded with new rail. In the shops I found a new streamlined gas-car suitable for mail and small freight. It has the motorman's seat near the center, sliding doors, and an open vestibule at the rear, with a headlight.—Wallace F. Duthie, 3380 Granada Ave., San Diego, Calif.

(Editor's Note: Except for a few strips at San Luis Obispo, the PC Ry. has been sold to the Port San Luis Transportation Co. Our authority is Arthur C. Davis, 2601 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles. The new owners have permission to scrap all track except that between San Luis Obispo and Port San Luis, but are not required to do so. The company was formed to develop Port San Luis into a harbor for freight vessels.)

* * *

I FOUND "Sunset on the Narrow-Gage" most interesting, particularly as I have traveled extensively on narrowgage lines in Switzerland and Australia. It seems extraordinary that the narrow-gage should be regarded as obsolete in U.S.A., while in Western Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, a good half of South Australia, New Zealand, Africa and Malay—to mention only a few places—the 42-inch gage and its near relative, the metre gage, are recognized as "the standard."—Nicholas T. Back, *The Cottage*, Mancroft Towers, Oulton Broad, Suffolk, England.

* * *

NARROW-GAGE lines of the U.S.A. have an old-world charm of their own. I like the way they mould themselves to the countryside, and it's a pity they are gradually dying out. But I disagree when Linwood Moody says of the D&RGW: "Even in foreign countries, where narrow-gage is still popular, no bigger engines nor finer cars nor smoother track nor better service can be found."

Here in New Zealand our heavy 4-8-4's of the K and KA classes weigh about 140 tons and develope 30,000 pounds tractive effort. In 1940 the N. Z. Rys. put in commission seven electric locos, 56 steam locos, 56 carriages (passenger cars), one railcar, and 1779 goods wagons (freight cars). Our latest carriages are semi-steel streamlined type, 56 feet long,

Photo by Linwood W. Moody, Box 14½, Union, Maine

Winter on the Monson Railroad, in Maine, Last of the Two-Foot Gages

weighing over 30 tons. Roller-bearings are standard. Sleeping-cars operate on the North and South Island trunk lines, and the latest second-class cars seat 59. All main lines are laid with 70-pound rails and these are giving way to 85-pound. We have several hundred miles of automatic signals. Rest of the lines are protected by the automatic tablet, a foolproof device superior to the North American train-order system.—J. D. MAHONEY, 59 Bletsoe Ave., Spreydon, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Trackage Rights

AS YOUR authors said in "Trackage Rights," in the October issue, there are some freakish angles when two roads use the same track. Take the 63-mile stretch between Brattleboro and White River Jct., Vt., shared by the Boston & Maine and the Central Vermont, a child of the Canadian National. Each line uses its own engines and crews, but B&M dispatchers at Greenfield, Mass., issue all the orders.

Below Brattleboro there is an odd case of "paired double track." The CV's iron down the Vermont side of the river to E. Northfield, Mass., serves as the southbound lane while the B&M's line on the New Hampshire side is the northbound, but each line runs a single round trip daily on its own pike.—J. H. FOUTAIN *(CN publicity representative)*, 673 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

* * *

WHY not follow up your article by asking readers to aid in compiling a list of all trackage rights held by U. S. and Canadian railways, classifying each as to passenger and freight? For instance:

Central Vermont, pass. and frt. rights over Canadian National between St. Johns, Que., and Montreal.

Rutland, pass. rights over CN between Rouses Point, N. Y., and Montreal.

Delaware & Hudson, pass. and frt. rights over Napierville Jct. Ry. between Rouses Point, N. Y., and Delson, Que.;

also pass. rights over Canadian Pacific between Delson and Montreal.

New York Central, pass. and frt. rights over CP between Adirondack Jct., Que., and Montreal.

—C. L. TERROUX *(President, Canadian Railroad Historical Ass'n., Inc.)*. 48 Rutland Road, St. Lambert, Que., Canada.

* * *

ROLLING from New Orleans to Beaumont, Texas, the shiny *Orleanean* and *Houstonian* of the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley (in other words, the IC) borrow trackage from the MoPac and the Kansas City Southern. So their conductors and flagmen have to know the rulebooks of 3 railroads. How would you like that?—KENNETH GREEN, 633 N. Whitworth Ave., Brookhaven, Miss.

* * *

SPEAKING of trackage rights, I have seen freight drags hauled by New York Central 10-wheelers capped with Ulster & Delaware crummies and manned by West Shore crews on the West Shore's Wallkill Valley (N. Y.) branch. At Montgomery these trains use the Erie track to Campbell Hall, where they take to the New York, Ontario & Western for turning the engines and switching. After that they use a little Lehigh & New England iron to reach the New Haven's branch to Maybrook yard. I've seen engines of 5 different roads enter Campbell Hall a few feet from one another and a single train standing on NH, L&NE, Erie and NYO&W tracks all at once—a train which didn't belong to any of those companies.

E. L. Thompson and Jim Holden say the NYC borrows track in 6 places, but it really leases routeage at 98 points from 39 different roads totalling 808 miles, and owns 36 miles of track which it does not operate. Canadian trains use U. S. track at more than one point, for the CPR's Montreal-Boston whizzers take to B&M iron below Wells River, Vt. On the New York & Long Branch, crews of PRR and Jersey Central men are used in about equal numbers.—ROBT. LEMASSENA, 398 Maple Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

* * *

SPEEDING south to Birmingham, Ala., the *City of Miami* touches the iron of 4 railroads, say the authors of "Trackage Rights" *(Oct. issue)*. Such places are even more rare among interurbans, but 18 years ago there was through service over 5 interurbans between Cleveland, O., and Ft. Wayne, Ind., a distance of 217 miles: the Lake Shore Electric; Fostoria & Fremont Ry.; Toledo, Fostoria & Findlay; Western Ohio; and Ft. Wayne, Van Wert & Lima Traction.—HOWARD DOBSON, 3300 W. 123rd St., Cleveland, O.

The British Empire Heard From

CANADA has, in addition to its two major systems, numerous short steam railways which provide unusual interest to the railfan able to visit them. One such line is the Canada & Gulf Terminal, from Mont Joli to Matane, Quebec, which uses a high-wheeled ex-Michigan Central Pacific for switching and hauling freight. This engine was bought by the C&GT from the Canada Southern Division of the MC at St. Thomas, Ont., on which she was No. 8415, class K-80G. She has 75-inch drivers, and consequently cannot start as heavy a train as the line's other engine, a 42-year old former Pennsy Mogul.

Close by the C&GT is the Temiscouata, crooked lumber carrier, which traverses a heavily timbered region between Riviere du Loup, Que., and Edmundston, N. B. Aside from five 8-wheelers still in service on the CP, this road has Canada's only other 4-4-0 types, numbers 11 and 12—at least, the only other 4-4-0 types operating for Canadian common carriers.

These engines were bought in 1921 from the Quebec Central, having been super-

heated two years earlier in the Angus Shops of the CP at Montreal. The road's predominant power, however, is a series of light freight 4-6-0's bought from various railway contractors of parts of what are now the transcontinental lines of the Canadian National.

All the remaining 4-4-0's of the CP are superheated. One of these, No. 158, was used in the filming of "Silent Barriers" in the Canadian Rockies. She is still substantially the same, except that the diamond stack put on her for the film has now been removed, as have the dummy slide-valve, steam chests and mudguards. After the film was completed, she was shipped east from Calgary to Carleton Place, Ont., where the changes were made. She is now in daily service between Renfrew and Eganville, Ont.

The oldest locomotive on the CP, however, runs between Norton and Chipman, N. B. She is No. 105, a 4-4-0 built in 1882 by Dubs & Co., now the North British Locomotive Co., Glasgow, Scotland. She is also now superheated and has been rebuilt so many times it is doubtful if much of the original engine still exists.

Of the other remaining CP 8-wheelers, Nos. 29 and 30 operate between Ottawa and Waltham, Que., No. 136 between Renfrew and Eganville; and 144 between Norton and Chipman, N. B.

The CP's giant multi-pressure engine, built in 1931 at Angus Shops, and the final engine to be built there, was scrapped in the fall of 1940. This engine, No. 8000, had a brief career in the Canadian Rockies —long enough to prove to the CP that any savings derived from the operation of multi-pressure locomotives were more than offset by their maintainance.

Just as in France the German army must be operating a series of 2-8-2 tank locomotives built by the Canadian Locomotive Co. in 1917 for the Railway Operating Department of the British army as 2-8-0's, we in Canada are operating a series of German-built engines. They are class D6 of the CP, numbering 540 to 559, built in 1904 by the Saechsische Maschinenbau Aktiengesellschaft, Chemnitz, Germany, to the order of the Canadian Pacific.

It was the one and only order placed by a Canadian railroad with a German works. The engines were built to CP designs and have been very successful in light freight work. A few were scrapped, but most of them are still in service. These are 4-6-0 types.—A. ANDREW MERRILEES, 646 Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

* * *

FIFTY below zero! Our fingers and ears were numb that night in 1912, for we boomer switchmen were not used to rigorous winters of the Canadian Northern (now part of Canadian National) at Ft. Rouge, Manitoba. Maybe that was why it happened. Our foreman—I think he was Harold Redman, a good boomer—asked another switch foreman if the Grand Trunk transfer track would hold a certain number of cars. The latter said, "Yes." Redman thereupon rustled up a couple more yard goats, which pushed all the cars in the clear with a great amount of slipping and snorting and shedding of coals. Next morning, lo and behold!—on the transfer track were two flatcars riding on top of two boxcars! Despite a fine-toothed inquiry, the General Yardmaster could not find a single switch foreman who had been near the transfer track. I never knew how they got the flatcars down, as I was making tracks for a warmer clime.—THOS. HANE, 1201½ N. 17th St., Superior, Wis.

OF ALL the cabooses I've been in, on a number of roads, those of the Canadian Pacific head the list for having been built with an eye to comfort. The CP doghouses are very roomy. They have ample sleeping space for at least three men, plenty of locker room, especially for the storage of ice and perishables, and standard-height seats in the cupola, where four men can sit at ease.

You can talk about your comfortable apartments, etc., but I maintain there's nothing more cozy than a caboose on a cold, stormy night, or on a night when the temperature hovers at 35 below zero, with the rosy glow of a fine bed of coke baking in the stove and the inevitable pot of coffee simmering. As a callboy, I've had many a cup of Java while calling men who spend much of their lives in cabooses. My dad is a locomotive engineer.—JAMES D. BENNETT, 19 Highland Road, Stamford, Conn.

* * *

HERE'S a record to shoot at: On August 2nd I rode in the *Montrealer* uninterruptedly from Washington to Montreal over 4 roads (PRR, New Haven, B&M, CN) in a train consisting of a B&M engine (3700 series), a New Haven baggage car, a Pennsy coach, a Seaboard diner and two Pullmans. Maybe some of you men can beat that, but I doubt it.—JOHN E. MARSHALL, 2014 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

WILLIAM J. PARRY, the Canadian National hogger who wrote "Student Switchman" *(Aug. issue)*, reports that *Railroad Magazine* is read by the occupation troops in Iceland. Engr. Parry himself sends copies of the magazine to that country, addressed to his nephew, Arthur Parry, 944708, Don Troop, 388/143 Field Regt., R.A., Iceland (C) Force. Arthur passes them around to his buddies, who like the true tales most of all.

The nephew writes that members of his troop "feel tired out these summer days, as the daylight is very long—the sun doesn't set till midnight and rises again by 3 a.m., so you don't have much darkness to sleep in." Cheer up, Arthur; in winter you get about 19 hours of night every day!

* * *

WITH relief and pleasure, here in England I learn that I am permitted to renew my subscription to *Railroad Magazine*. Having been in the army for more than a year and a half, I now find myself a junior officer in a railway battalion. I am glad to see *Railroad* arrive on schedule again. The last two copies have gone on the table of an officers' mess. It is not long before the picturesque cover attracts someone's attention, and the magazine is whisked away to an officer's bedroom to be studied at leisure.

I have seen the effects of Nazi air raids on London, Sheffield, Clydebank and Portsmouth. For the time being, the ruins are left standing, while life flows around them almost as if nothing had happened. This feeling exists also on the railways. Trains continue to run pretty much on schedule, but with this difference: After years of boosting rail travel, the four main-line companies urge the public not to crowd the lines on holidays, but to stay at home, leaving the rails free for essential traffic. These appeals seem to have little effect on travel-minded folks who now, more than ever before, need the easing in war tension that comes from visiting resort towns.

Recent notices in the press have been asking business firms not to send heavy packages by passenger trains, so as not to overburden the girls now working as porters at hundreds of British railway stations.

At first it seemed strange to us to see a guard (trainman) wave the "right-away" (highball) with his green flag and then watch a girl porter relay the signal to the driver (engineer) by a wave of her arm; but we Englishmen are gradually getting used to such sights.—JOHN B. FIRTH, c/o National Provincial Bank, Ltd., Cambridge, England.

How Station Names Originate

MANY a thriving city and many a lonely flag stop bears the name of some railroad "brass collar" of years gone by. We have Billings, Mont., after the Northern Pacific's former president, Frederick Billings, and Plant City, Fla., honoring John B. Plant, who built the Atlantic Coast Line. New Jersey can point to Blairstown, founded by John I. Blair, a man in a shabby green Prince Albert, who pushed the Dubuque & Sioux City across Iowa in the 1850's; and there are no less than five Vanderbilts in Michigan, Pennsylvania, Texas, Florida and B. C., Canada.

Along the one-time Wisconsin Central (irreverently tagged the "Whisky Central"), now part of the Soo Line, eleven points in Wisconsin bear the names of officials who served the WC between 1870 and 1898, we learn from R. L. Martin, 1509 28th St., Rock Island, Ill. Colby and Abbotsford were named for two WC presidents; Glidden, Spencer, Hoyt and Ballou honor four directors; the town of Phillips designates a builder of the road, Agnew means a civil engineer, Mellen and Collins bring to mind two General Managers, and Mohle was named after a trainmaster.

A city of 1,000 souls along the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis carries the name of Stevenson, Ala., in honor of V. K. Stevenson, a president of about 90 years ago, says J. R. Cook, 824 W. Main St., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Headquarters of the 50-mile Cambria & Indiana is at Colver, Pa., which took its name from Coleman and Weaver, the two builders. At the other end of the track is Manver (last syllable of Coleman and last of Weaver), while one of the largest adjacent coal mines is at Revloc, which is Colver spelled backwards. So writes S. H. Winslow, of Brentwood, Md.

Ride the Long Island and you may glimpse the pretty little station at Stewart Manor, which refers to A. T. Stewart, says Henry H. Heins, 10236 187th St., Hollis, N. Y. Stewart was a New York merchant who built a short railroad, the Central of Long Island.

Norman King of Casper, Wyo., has this to say about the towns of Dotsero and Orestod which spell each other backward.

"When the cutoff was built to connect the Denver & Salt Lake tracks with those of the Denver & Rio Grand Western, thus making the Moffatt tunnel available for through D&RGW trains, the connection was made 'out in the weeds'. There was no town at either end, although the post-office of Burns was in the middle, Dotsero, where the cutoff connected with the D&RGW main line, was quite a place during construction days; and when a name was needed for the D&SL end of the cutoff, the reverse of Dotsero was adopted. The railroad now calls the place Bond."

"*Dotsero* was originally an Indian girl's name," writes Wm. B. Thom, New London, O. "There are many odd station names. "Elyria, O., was named for Heman Ely, an early settler. Waubaunsee, Kan., is an Indian word meaning "dawn of day." Bovina, Colo., suggests cattle country. Beatrice, Neb., was the first name of a pioneer's daughter. Wyuta is on the Wyo.-Utah state border. Crestline is on the ridge between the Ohio River and Lake Erie."

Another odd name is that of Tenino, Wash., on the joint Northern Pacific-Union Pacific track. It honors the 1090, first locomotive to arrive there.

We learn from Walter E. Thayer, Ward 10, Sec. 3, Station Hospital, Ft. Lewis, Wash., that the town of Azwell, Wash., was named for A. Z. Wells, who shipped apples from his 500-acre orchard via Great Northern. The Azwell depot is no longer used, except as a playhouse for local children, a shelter for bums in bad weather and a place for section crews to eat lunch occasionally. Mr. Thayer, now in the Army, still holds rights as section man on the "Big G."

A Section for Juice Fans

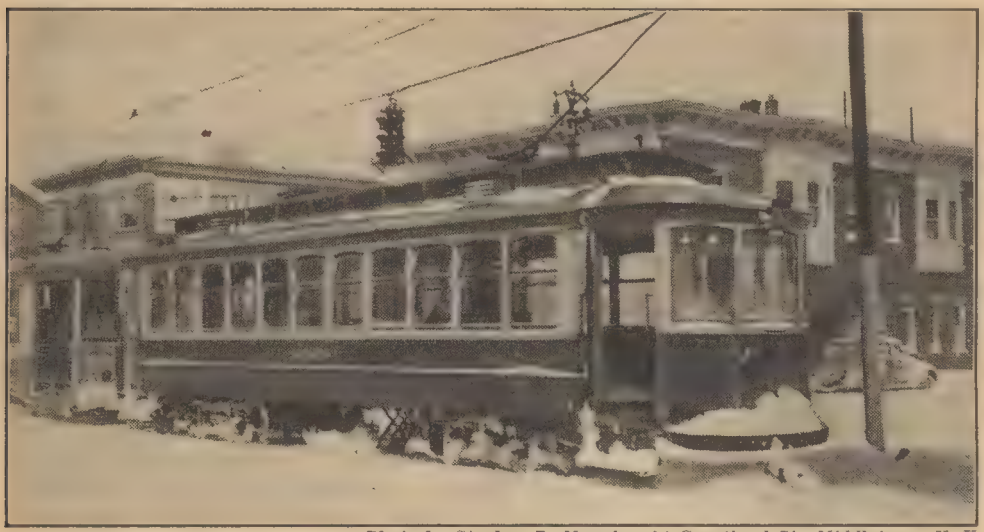
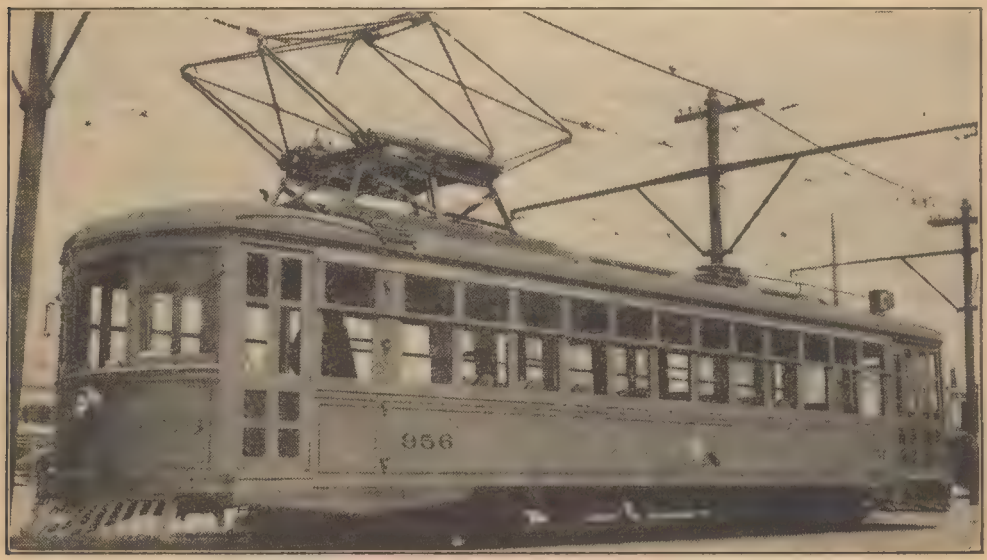


Photo by Stephen D. Maguire, 21 Courtland St., Middletown, N. Y.

AC&S 499200, Highest Known Trolley Number, Snowbound in Atlantic City, N. J.

IN THE winter of 1934 a Bloomfield, N. J. trolley car ran wild from Montclair Center all the way to the Lackawanna trestle, about a mile, while the motorman was aboard another car getting change. The runaway bopped an auto without serious results and came to a neat landing when a policeman took hold of the brake. On another occasion a Valley Road car skipped a switch in Montclair and kept on a steady course for a full block. Would you call this the original trackless trolley? —HOWARD E. MCCONNELL, Box 196, Monmouth Beach, N. J.



Key System No. 956; Snapped by B. H. Ward, 658 Third Ave., San Francisco

Photo by C. W. Burns, 403 15th St., N. W., Canton, Ohio

The NRHS, Eastern Ohio Chapter, Holds Frequent Trolley Fantrips. This One, August 24th, Was a Well-Patronized Ride on the New Castle (Pa.) Street Railway

BUILDING more than a mile of track in 26 days, the Baltimore Transit has shattered recent records. This extension was needed at once to serve thousands of men working at a big shipyard. A construction gang ripped up street paving with a steam shovel, laid 2700 creosoted ties on stone ballast, and spiked down heavy rails taken from defunct routes.

Special work was forged in the Carroll Park shops: four curves and enough switches for one siding and two wyes. The job included repairing streets, erecting 77 poles and stringing a mile and a half of wire. At the terminal they built a waiting-room prepayment station 270 feet long, also a substation and a transformer station. Things went as planned, except that two dozen weed-cutters ran into a clump of poison oak and all the men got the itch. If this doesn't prove that Baltimore believes in trolleys, remember that the BT has just put in service 150 PCC cars of the latest type.—J. CECIL MATTHEWS, 609 E. 33rd St., Baltimore, Md.

* * *

STILL they go. Removal of two trolley lines by the Worcester (Mass.) Street Railway leaves our city with only four: No. 19, the Cherry Valley-Hamilton St.; No. 21, the Providence St.-Hadwen Park; No. 24, the Belmont St. Columbus Park and No. 24 to Green Hill Park and Coes Square. Will fans send me lists of trolley lines still operating in other cities?—THOS. W. HARDING, 30 Clement St., Worcester, Mass.

* * *

TO ELECTRIC-CAR ferries add the one which used to ply the Ohio River two miles above Evansville, Ind. It belonged to the Evansville & Ohio Valley.—HARRY E. ENTLER, 6412 S. Aberdeen St., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

YIPPEE! The City of New Toronto, Canada, seeks more street-cars for its lake shore route on account of heavy traffic due to industrial expansion. "Motorists are leaving their cars at home to conserve gasoline and should be given the best possible service," points out a city official. —DAVE ENGLISH, 62 Niagara St., Winnipeg, Canada.

* * *

HAZARDS were plentiful on New Jersey's early street-cars. First electric car of the Newark Passenger Railway Co. ran on the Orange Division one night in Feb., 1892, as far as Tory Corner. Pretty soon people could ride an electric trolley for five miles and transfer to a horse-car all for a nickel.

In Oct. '92 a horse-car of the Crosstown

Photo by Francis Monahan, 10 Gerry Avenue, South Portland, Maine

If You Had Been in Portland, Maine, Last Winter You Could Have Observed Snow Sweepers of the City's Fine Trolley System Busily Keeping the Rails Clear—This Snowshot Was Made on Congress Street—but You Won't Find Such a Scene There This Winter, nor Any Future Winter, for the Last of Portland's Electric Railway Tracks Were Ripped up a Few Months Ago

line was cracked open by a steam locomotive. Riders escaped by climbing out of the lodged car, but the driver had made his final run. The year 1894 saw the Crosstown line electrified and a trolley taking picnic parties to Eagle Rock. One Sunday that August a well-jammed car coming down that grade left the rails, turned over and scattered 60 men, women and children along the right-of-way.—HAROLD ENGLUND, West Orange, N. J.

* * *

TEN cents per passenger—that's what the Chesapeake & Ohio pays to the Virginia Public Service for the privilege of stopping its steam trains on the Buckroe Beach line of the VPS, a trolley outfit. Some of the C&O excursion trains have as many as 18 or 20 well-filled cars, so the total paid to VPS must be rather large.—WARREN SCHOLL, Queens Village, N. Y.

* * *

GONE is the old Chicago, Springfield & St. Louis after 11 years of receivership, a streak owning some 55 miles of track in Illinois. The last run was made in a gas-electric car.—LEROY A. DALHAUS, East Alton, Ill.

RECENTLY Joe Easley, creator of *Along the Iron Pike,* pictured "railfan" seagulls meeting a Florida East Coast train at Stuart, Fla. When I ride the Market St. Elevated in Philadelphia I see flocks of pigeons flapping around the stations, particularly at 32nd St., perched on tracks and taking to the air when a train growls along. Philadelphia can boast of "juice-fan" pigeons, but what do they eat?—BERT PENNYPACKER, 547 S. Chestnut St., Coatesville, Pa.

(Editor's Note: Those birds eat salted peanuts that fall from slot machines.)

* * *

WITH heavy heart I report the West Penn Ry. has abandoned freight service between Pittsburgh and Connellsville, Pa. The WP used to run freight cars to Trafford City on its own tracks, then switch them onto the Pittsburgh Rys. to complete their journey to the "Smoky City." Recently the Pittsburgh Rys. decided to discontinue handling freight. Since the WP had been using the other road's freight depot, etc., the West Penn had little choice except to follow suit.—FRED BURKE, Box 405, Greenburg, Pa.

Photo by Sydney S. Walker, 1610 N. 52nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

West Jersey & Seashore Car 6924, Operated by the Atlantic City & Shore Railroad (See Photo at Top of Page 132), Subsidiary of the PRSL (See Roster, Page 56). The Car's Number Is a Continuation of the Road Numbers Assigned by the Pennsy to Electric Equipment of the WJ&S

Railroad Camera Club

MEMBERSHIP in the Railroad Camera Club is open to all who collect pictures of engines, trains, cars, stations, etc., or other railroadiana such as books, timetables, tickets, train orders, passes, trolley transfers, etc. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

Membership card and pin are given free to anyone sending us the latest Reader's Choice coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. If you don't want to clip the magazine, make your own R. C. coupon. Canadian and foreign readers, enclose loose stamp from your own country, instead of stamped envelope.

Address Railroad Magazine at 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell us what you want or offer. Unless you do so, your name will not be printed here.

A NEW locomotive chart for engineers, firemen, mechanics, shopmen and all other persons interested in steam power has just been issued by Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corp. (E. W. Shimmons, manager of Book Dept.), 30 Church St., New York City. The chart is a scale drawing of a 4-6-4 (Hudson) type engine, with 4 cross-sections and the names of 315 numbered parts. All details are shown clearly. It was prepared by two experts on the Simmons-Boardman staff: A. C. Tartas, draftsman, and Walter A. Lucas, railroad historian and ex-draftsman. Printed on good quality paper, 3x2 feet, it sells at 50 cents a copy as long as the supply lasts.

* * *

GEO. W. PETTENGILL, Jr., 675 16th Ave., So., St. Petersburg, Fla., announces the issuance of a new 8 mm. movie, *Everglades Runner,* dealing with one of the last big logging pikes in Florida, the Dowling & Camp Lumber Co. of Slater, Fla. This company still operates old woodburners. One of them, the 103, was built by Baldwin in 1913 for the Charlotte Harbor & Northern. Later she was used by the Seaboard, and in 1933 the D&C bought her to haul their log trains.

The highlight of *Everglades Runner* is a round trip aboard a lumber train hauled by the 103 between the mill at Slater and the log camps near Alva, Fla. The conductor, W. S. Ritch, and engineer, C. S. Ritch, are father and son.

"This movie is the fourth in a series of 8 mm. films I have made to fill the needs of railroad clubs," George writes. "All are available on a rental basis. Each film requires about twenty minutes for exhibition. My combined experience as a professional newsreel cameraman and a railroad enthusiast has been used to provide careful editing and ample captions so that the action and settings are made clear for all audiences."

* * *

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL has just issued a beautifully colored 15x18 lithograph of the *City of Miami* hauled by engine 4000, with an attractive background. According to C. E. Kane, editor of the *Illinois Central Magazine,* Chicago, the quantity of these lithographs is limited.

* * *

A BULLETIN containing unusual information to railfans and students of the economics of railroad transportation is being distributed by the University of Iowa at Ames, Iowa. The title is *Analysis of Accounting Practice in Railroad Abandonments in Iowa from 1920 to 1940.*

* * *

EDGAR T. MEAD, North St., Greenwich, Conn., has been negotiating with the junk dealer who bought the recently defunct 2-foot-gate Bridgton & Harrison Ry. in Maine, and hopes to set up a permanent B&H layout somewhere in the Bridgton district.

The Switch List

FREE listing in this department is subject to a few simple conditions:

Submit your item on separate sheet or card containing your name and address. Don't bury it in a letter. Briefly include all essential details. Some entries are too vague to get results.

Redball handling is given to items we receive the first ten days of every month, especially if accompanied by Reader's Choice coupon (clipped from page 143 or home-made.)

Use these abbreviations: *Pix,* photos; *cond.,* condition; *ea.,* each; *elec.,* electric; *env.,* envelope; *esp.,* especially; *incl.,* including; *info.,* information; *n. g.,* narrow-gage; *negs.,* negatives; *p. c.,* postcard; *tr.,* train.

Photo by Frank Quin, 8414 88th St., Woodhaven, N. Y.

The Boston & Maine MB-2 Is Seen Topping a Grade at Johnsonville, N. Y., Headed by the Baldwin-Built 4104, Enroute fom Mechanicsville, N. Y., to Boston, Mass.

And these photo sizes: Size 127—1⅝x2½ inches; Size 117—2¼x2¼; Size 130—2⅞x2⅞; Size 118 or 124—3¼x4¼; Size 122 or pc.—3x5½; Size 116—2½x4¼; Size 616 same as 116, on thin spool; Size 120—2¼x3¼ inches.

The term *tts.* always refers to public timetables—unless preceded by *emp.*, when it means employes' or operating timetables.

(R) indicates a desire to buy, sell or swap old issues of *Railroad Magazine* or its predecessors, *Railroad Man's* or *Railroad Stories*. Condition of magazines should be specified.

(*) indicates juice-fan appeal.

Readers interested in railroad Christmas cards are referred to this month's entries of R. Buckhout, E. M. Day and Paula White.

* * *

D. AMES, 3rd, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., wants pix of B&O steam power and Mallets of any road, pref. action shots.

(*) J. ANDERSON, 4607 N. Marmora Ave., Chicago, sells foreign trolley photos, sizes 116, 120, from Germany, England, Italy, Austria, many other places.

* * *

(R) ROBT. BAIN, 1302 Geranium St., N. W., Washington, D. C., will sell 20 dif. issues *Railroad Magazine*, 1931-'35, for $3.75, plus express. All covers intact. No single copies sold.

ED BARRY, 216 Glenwood Crescent, Winnipeg, Man., Canada, collects pix of CP trains and famous U. S. limiteds. *(Editor asks: You forgot to state whether or not you wish to buy, sell or exchange such pix.)*

(*) HARRY BARTLEY, 7012 Ohio River Blvd., Ben Avon Boro, Pa., collects transptn. tokens, esp. street-car checks. Starting trolley pix collection. Fans who sell and trade such material, write.

(R) OTTO BECK, 119 S. 11th St., Belleville, Ill., selling *Hist. of Baldwin Loco. Works*, *Loco. Tests and Exhibits*, and 1930 *Loco. Cyclopedia*. All good cond., profusely illus. Prices on request, or make offer. Will buy *Railroad Magazine* from Aug., Sept. 1930, June and Sept. '32.

ELDON BEHR, 2633 29th Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn., sells tts. of Frisco, Santa Fe, CB&Q, B&O, C&O, UP, MKT, Wab, CP, 1927; Rock Is., 1930; C&NW, IC, 1931; Alton 1933. Also trades 'em for pix, size 116 or 120, of *Pioneer Zephyr*, any CP pass. tr. hauled by a 5900, L. A. Union Sta., Pennsy mail-car 6100 (from 1860's). Will give issues of *Loco. Eng. Journ.*, Jan. 1935-June '41 free to any worthy organization which will pay expressage—first come, first served.

(R) BENNIE BENNETT, 220 S. Cypress St., Gilmer, Texas, selling 68 issues *Railroad Magazine*, good cond., $7 plus express; no part purchases: Sept., Nov. 1934; Jan., Mar.-Aug., Oct.-Dec. '35; Jan., Mar., Apr., July-Oct., Dec. '36; Jan.-June, Oct., Dec. '37; Feb., Mar., Aug.-Nov. '38; Mar.-Aug. '39; all 1940-41. Switch lists, tts., and tr. orders thrown in free.

RICHARD BIERMAN, 4338 20th St., San Francisco, buys and trades negs. and pix size 116-616 of cabooses, any roads. Will buy and trade for back copies *Ry. Age*, *Loco. Eng. Journ.* (no 1939), R&LHS *Bulletins*, *Off. Guides* and *Baldwin Locomotives* magazine. What do you want?

RAY BIERNAT, Battery G, 14th Coast Artillery, Fort Flagler, Wash., welcomes correspondence from rail-fans. All letters answered. Interested in many phases of railroading.

(*) GLENN BOGGS, 315 Minshall Ave., Viroqua, Wis., trades pix of CMStP&P and C&NW locos and depots, and Milw. Elec. pix for street-cars, interurbans, GM&O depots and engines and Santa Fe depots and locos size 116 or 127. Write first.

(*) J. J. BORBRIDGE, 1176 Topeka St., Pasadena, Calif., wants any size pix of Hull Elec. Ry. eqpmt. or any other Canadian single-truck open or closed cars.

B&M Ski Special: Small Reproduction of a Painting by James D. Mohan, 455 Columbus Ave., Boston, Which Appeared on a Cover of "Boston & Maine Magazine"

R. BUCKHOUT, 11 Midland Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J., offers beautifully colored Christmas folders with greetings inside of old-time Currier & Ives train and engine prints. Set of 5 different folders and envs., 30c postpaid; 4 sets (25 folders and envs.) $1 postpaid.

C. E. BUMP, 303 Brandriff St., Fort Wayne, Ind., will trade 2 switch-keys and one brass signal dept. key for engine pix, size 116.

W. E. BUSH, 2840 Washington St., Chicago, offers three 18-yr. old *Loco. Eng. Journals*, 2 *RR. Trainman* (20 yrs. old) and one *Quannah, Acme & Pac. Emp. Mag.*, all for $1.50. One 1899 Cincinnati Northern rule-book (with one rule forbidding use of bolts for coupling pins), price $2.50.

* * *

(R) C. T. CARLSON, Rte. 2, Box 109, Monticello, Minn., offers these issues *Railroad Magazine:* Apr. 1930 (no back cover), May '30 (no covers), 30c ea.; Sep. '31 (few pages clipped), Feb.-May '35; Nov. '36; Sep. '38, all okay, 25c ea.

(*) J. CARPENTER, 2239 10th Ave., Oakland, Calif., will send an IER (now abandoned) Berkeley Wall tt. for ea. good trolley or interurban pic and stamped env. sent him. Also collects interurban tts., pics, trolley tickets, commutation books, etc. Pix list 5c. Juice fans, write.

(*) R. F. CASHRON, 957 E. 49th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., buys perfect transfers, tickets, badges, etc., of aband. N. Y. trolley lines in Ogdensburg, Oswego, Geneva, Depew, Penn Yan, Catskill, Middletown, Sea Cliff, New Paltz, Port Jervis, Northport, Glen Cove, Long Beach, Freeport, Babylon, Huntington, Patchogue, Rockaway, Manh. Bch. & Marine Ry., Bush Term., Southfield Bch. and City Is. Write first.

WALTER CHUBB, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, will sell 1885 *Poor's Manual of Railroads*, fairly good cond. no pages missing or torn, for best offer in cash or HO gage rolling stock.

HERMAN CLARK, 662 Hoyt Ave., Muncie, Ind., wants to correspond with rail fans and rails. *(Editor asks: On what subject, Herman? You'll get more letters if you state some subject in which you specialize.)*

(*) RICHARD CLOVER, 530 Edge Hill Rd., Willow Grove, Pa., offers new list of rail books, mags., public and emp. tts., rr. booklets and folders and other material of interest to steam and juice fans. Send stamp for copy.

(*) HARRY CODDINGTON, 229 23rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y., buys and trades pix size 120, of trolleys, subways, els, trolley busses, in Brooklyn only. Send your list. Also has negs., size 116. Also ship and steam-engine photos.

J. R. COOK, 824 W. Main, Murfreesboro, Tenn., sells pix, size 116, of NC&StL 2-8-8-2, 4-8-4, 4-8-2, 4-6-2, 2-8-2 and 2-8-0 at 4 for 25c. Negs. 8 for $1. Emp. tts. 10c plus postage. NC&StL tr. orders, history and info. free for postage.

* * *

Miss E. M. DAY, Yucaipa, sells railroad Xmas cards: colorful hand-made cards wide variety of rr. scenes, loco pix, rr. monograms. Also variety rr. scenes in postage-stamp size Xmas seals and "ship by rail" stamps. Assortment seals or cards and one "Game of the Rails" entertainment feature, $2. Sample card or seals, 10c. Special designs made to order; state what you want; she'll quote price.

(*) JOHN DENNEY, Jr., 30 S. 2nd St., Columbia, Pa., wants to correspond with n.-g. and interurban trainmen, trading his pix for their tr. orders, passes, tts. and info. Offers reas. price for negs., size 116-616, of Pac. Coast n.-g., Bridgton & Harrison, Monson, Texas Elec., Okla. Ry. and other short and elec. lines. Send 3c stamp for sales list of pix, size 616, from short, elec. and n.-g. roads.

(R) J. L. DIXON, 5132 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa., trades few negs., size 116-616, of Rdg., Pennsy, Md. & Pa. and WMd. for same size MeC, New Haven, B&A, CV and BAR negs. Will pay cash plus postage for June and July '32 *Railroad Magazine*. Write first.

(*) FRANCIS DORNEY, 15 West St., Bellows Falls, Vt., trades or sells pix of open and closed trolley of following Vermont lines: Rutland, Burlington, Barre-Montpelier. Has 6x4 pix of Burlington open 8-wheeler marked *Winooski*, Bellows Falls No. 2 closed in front of barn, and B. F. open at Barkers Pk. All three, 75c.

Wabash Train, Said to Have Been Photographed at Moberly, Mo., Sixty Years Ago.

Also has Claremont, Berlin and Nashua, N. H., pix, and old Manchester eqpmt.

(*) T. DRUMMOND, 1328 E. Albion St., Milwaukee, Wis., will pay cash for copies of *Elec. Ry. Journ.* from 1900 to 1925. Write first.

(*) HARRY DUDICHUM, Jr., 125 East Ave., Pitman, N. J., wants good pix, size 116 or p. c., of PRR juice engines; also Chicago South Shore & South Bend MU's. Offers pix of MU trains on PRSL and 300 class camelback with 80 in. drivers.

NAVARRO FOSSE, Box 72, Decorah, Iowa, sells prints, size 616, of Milw. 4-4-0's No. 34 and 35; other locos from Milw.; Mpls. Northfield & So.; Soo; Rock Is.; Mpls. Eastern ; GN, NP, CGW, C&NW, and Green Bay & Western. List free.

(*) WM. FRIESE, 2517 Calverton Heights, Baltimore, Md., will send several Baltimore street-car transfers free for stamped envelope.

H. H. FULTON, Box 178, Lewis, Iowa, selling current *Off. Guides*, 65c postpaid. Lanterns, $1.25; pkg. 20 assorted rail pix, size 116, 120, for 50c postpaid. Depot and bay-window caboose pix 4c ea. Trade for B&H n.-g. postcard pix.

L. G. GATES, 14 Percy St., Maryborough, Queensland, Australia, trades pix and negs. size 616 Queensland Govt. Ry. for any U. S. pike. Has no info. except class and no. of locos on his pix. Answers all mail.

LLOYD GRACE, 1306 Kelton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., wants rr. pins. State size, cond. and price of each pin.

WM. GRAF, 56 Westfall Ave., Susquehanna, Pa., wants Erie tts. about 1900-'25, and *Off. Guides* between 1910 and '20.

R. F. GRAY, 1617 Jay St., Port Huron, Mich., will buy (or borrow, if not for sale) *Railways of S. America*, parts I and III, printed by U. S. Govt. about 1925. Write first, stating price or loan charge, also weight for parcel post.

(*) ROY GRIES *(conductor, Sch. Ry.)*, Box 325, Schenectady, N. Y., offers pix of Sch. Ry. trolleys; sample and list for 10c. Also has Hud. Val. and other elec. roads.

FRANK GUERNSEY, 2000 N. E. 58th Ave., Portland, Ore., trades PEO Co. tr. orders for others. Buys any size pix of stored engines, any roads. Wants 4-6-2's and 4-6-0's. Send list and prices.

PERRY HALL, 1122 S. Gladys Ave., San Gabriel, Calif., wants neg. or p. c. pix of NYC loco and 3 cars pictured on page 8, July '41 *Railroad Magazine*. Also, Santa Fe loco making final haul of *Pyrex* to Pasadena.

(R) (*) J. C. HAMMOND, 1629 Morton St., Alameda, Calif., trades and sells pix, size 116-616, of West and Midwest steam and elec. lines; many aband. IE Ry., SN and all SF cable lines before discontinuation. Steam pix mostly SP. Wants good steam and elec. negs. size 116-616 of any line, esp. all SP locos. Also wants several copies *Railroad Magazine* between Dec. '29 and May '34. Send your pix list for his.

(*) L. E. HAMPEL, West Montrose, Ont., Canada, sells negs., size 116, of GRR, LE&N and Kitchener trolleys and motors, sunlit, filtered, ¾ angle shots, 20c ea.; or trade for same size and quality steam loco negs. Write for list of steam pix. Wants to hear from fans between Jacksonville, Fla., and El Paso, Texas.

(*) S. M. HARRIS, 560 27th Ave., San Francisco, offers transfers from 4 S. F. elec. lines and few rr. postage stamps in exchange for pix of elec. rys. Beginning trolley pix collection.

FRANK HARTE, 9030 43rd Ave., Elmhurst, N. Y., has Kodachrome slides from N. Y. World's Fair to trade for other duplicates. *(Editor asks: Railroad views, Frank?)*

(*) AL HASSETT, 46 South St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., offers 18½x24½ artist's proofs of 4 Frederic Remington color paintings dating from 1905-'08, *Argument with Town Marshal, Bell Mare, Buffalo Runners* and *Pony Tracks in the Buffalo Trail*, in exchange loco pix, pref. p. c. size; trolley transfers, or what have you?

MIKE HAVERN, Percy, N. H., wants to buy a practice telegraph set.

(*) JOHN HEATHCOTE *(CP clerk)*, 473 6th Ave., Verdun, Que., Canada, reports he will soon be in a position to offer pix of CP, CN, Montreal So. Counties (elec.) and other roads around Montreal, incl. NYC, D&H, B&M, Rutland.

(*) JACK HEDDEN, 642 W. 35th, Los Angeles, sells pix, size 116, of L. A. Ry., PE and San Diego Ry.; size 120, S. F. Market Ry., S. F. Municipal and Key System, all 3c ea. Send for price list. No trades wanted, except N. Y., Phila. and Boston subways and els and Cincinnati st.-car with elevator.

(*) MARK HILDEBRANDT, Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills, Mich., swaps pix, size 124 (enlarged from 120), of Midwest elecs. for other elec. pix, transfers and trolley co. maps; or sells pix, 6c ea., 5 for 25c. Send for list.

RONALD HIRST, 219 3rd St., Wausau, Wis., trades tts., tr. orders, literature, one UP switch-key, rr. union button, *Off. Guides*, first-day covers, mint U. S. and British North America stamps, baseball record books, all good cond., for Boy Scout insignia, merit badges, town name on armband, foreign money, etc.

(*) GEO. HOUK, Jr., 51 Harmon Terrace, Dayton, O.,

File and Forget

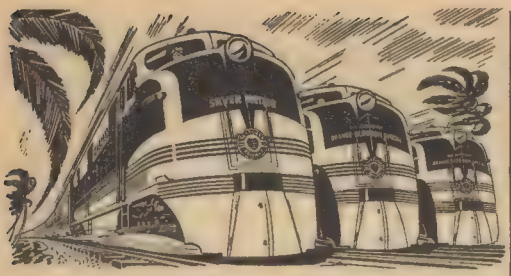
READERS who have had photos published in Railroad Magazine say they are flooded with requests for prints. The fans asking these favors rarely offer anything in return. Sometimes they do not even enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

The best answer to such discourtesy is no answer at all. File the letter or card in a scrap can and forget it.

An exception should be made for foreign correspondents who cannot obtain the postage stamps of your country.

Original photo owned by J. F. Black, Auditor, Cassville & Exeter Ry., Cassville, Mo.

Engine 410, Built by Wabash in '81, Had 69-Inch Drivers, Weighed 79,000 Lbs.



FLORIDA
and the South

Go the SEABOARD, Diesel-electric Way

LOW RAIL FARES--LUXURY, COMFORT AT LOW COST

Two air-conditioned, Diesel-electric trains—America's most famous streamliner, The Silver Meteor, with de luxe coaches, sleeping cars, two dining cars, three lounge cars—and the Southern States Special with coaches, sleeping, dining, and lounge cars. Departures from Penna. Station N. Y. City and from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond.

Consult any railroad ticket office or S. B. Murdock, G.P.A., Seaboard Railway, 12 West 51st Street, New York City.

...GO MODERN GO SEABOARD!

Hurry to get your "Champion". America's most popular gun. High priced performance at low cost. Beautiful finish — walnut trap-style forend — automatic ejector — 3 piece takedown.

Arms & Cycles
Iver Johnson
IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
63 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.

sells old prints and builder photos of Dayton St. Ry. eqpmt., most later destroyed in carbarn fire. Size 8x10 at $1.25, and 4x5 at 65c, postpaid. Details included.

(R) G. W. JAMES, Box 298, Bentleyville, Pa., will pay 25c each plus postage for *Railroad Magazine* issues May-Aug. '40 with NYC roster, and June-July '34 with B&O listings.

(R) JOHN M. JONES *(retired Ry. mail clerk)*, 244 N. 11th St., Lincoln, Neb., offers over 100 issues *Railroad Magazine* between 1910 and '41. Send 3c stamp for list. *(Editor's Note: This magazine made its first run Oct. 1906, was sidetracked Jan. 1919 until Dec. '29; has been highballing on the main stem ever since.)*

* * *

(*) PAUL KALTER, 1931 Idaho St., Toledo, O., buys or pays well for privilege of copying pix size 116 or larger of Terre Haute, Indpls. & Eastern, Union Trac. of Ind., Ft. Wayne & Decatur and Indpls. & Cinc. interurbans.

F. KELLEY, 1217 Huntoon St., Topeka, Kan., sells pix, size 616, of Santa Fe, UP, Rock Is., MoPac, KOG, MKT, StJGI, D&RGW, DSL, and n.-g. C&S, D&RGW, and Uintah, 5c ea. Wants negs. of UP 4-10-2 and Mallets, Santa Fe 2-10-0, KCS Mallets, and any 4-4-0.

FRED KUMMER, 3248 W. 48th St., Cleveland, O., wants lists and free samples, any size, any road, esp. Erie, CP, CN, NYC, UP, SP, Wab, AT&SF, B&O, Cotton Frisco, Sou, B&M, B&A, PM, all English and other foreign pikes. Also wants fan clubs to send application blanks. Postcard collectors and fellows age 18-25 are invited to write. *(Editor's Note: Aren't you asking too much, Fred, to expect fans to send you a lot of free samples? Prints cost money, not to mention postage.)*

* * *

BILL LEWIS, 6036 Flora Villa Dr., Linworth, O., wants pix, any size, of Ashley, Drew & No.; Cairo, Truman & So.; DeQueen & Ea.; Craig Mt.; Farmers, Gram & Shipping Co. Ry.; Arcade & Attica; Chgo., Kalamazoo & Saginaw; and Waterville Ry.

* * *

F. J. McATEER, 49 St. Anne's Place, St. Thomas, Ont., Canada, wants to buy amusement-park live-steam engine. State age, gage, other details, also cash or instalment price.

J. L. MATER, 334 Hamilton St., Harrisburg, Pa., will sell for highest bid rec'd by Dec. 10 Forney's *Catechism of the Loco.*, 1887, fine cond., over 600 pages, with plans, drawings, sketches.

RANDOLPH MATHEWSON, Box 33, Durham, Conn., wants pix, size 116 or smaller, of New Haven engines 150, 158, 1202, 1302, and 3000, and CV 106 and 464.

(*) AL MILLER, 343 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, trades P. E. and L. A. Ry. pix, size 616, for E. Mass. St. Ry. and PRT or PTC eqpmt.

E. S. MONROE, 427 W. High St., Springfield, O., will trade used and old books for *Off. Guides* and operating tts. before 1880.

HUGH MOOMAW, RFD 5, Box 79, Roanoke, Va., disposing of his N&W and Vgn. collection, various size pix. Send 6c in stamps for 12-page list and miniature sample print. Prompt answers.

GEO MOONEY, % DL&W Passenger Dept., 140 Cedar St., N. Y. City, trades Lackawanna pix for other U. S. roads.

(*) DON MOORE, 185 N. Broadway, Mt. Clemens, Mich., buys good pix, size 116, p. c. or larger, of Ind. RR. mail-cars and pass. cars before they were moved; also Lake Sh. Elec. and Mich. Int. Lines.

(R) D. P. MORGAN, 122 Hillcrest Ave., Louisville, Ky., wants CEI pix, size 116, also info., emp. tts and June '33 *Railroad Magazine*. Has about 50 photos to trade for above. Answers all letters.

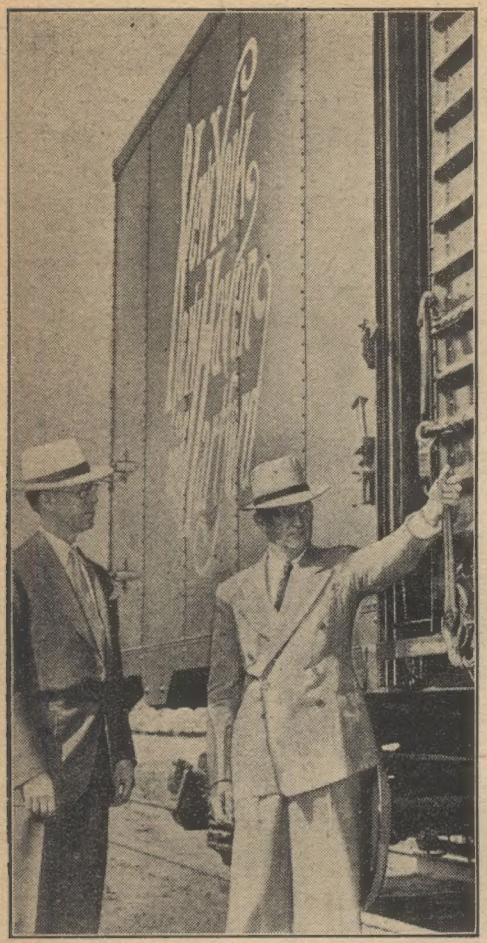
(*) WILF. MORRIS, 229 Queens Ave., London, Ont., Canada, has Kitchener street-cars of his city, L&PS and Grand River interurban pix, size 616 and 620, and rare old postcards, all to trade—no sales.

(*) J. D. MURPHY, 118 Morris St., Albany, N. Y., wants pix, any size, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., aband. trolleys. Has p. c. pix of all lines that operated around Albany. Send stamped env. for list.

* * *

BRUCE O. NETT, 71 Brittin St., Madison, N. J., wants pix of PRR, Bermuda Ry., all Western roads, any size; also 35 mm. Kodachrome slides of streamliners, esp. *Daylight*, in exchange for 35 mm. Kodachromes of Wyo. RR. train and DL&W and Pennsy tts. Write first.

ROY NEWMAN, 701 N. Main St., Paris, Ill., selling old Crams *Std. American RR. System Atlas*, 1898 nearly 600 pages size 18x13½, with 46 city maps. Best offer takes it. ($5 min.) Also, sets 50 dif. rr. blotters,



New Haven Gets 1000 New Boxcars to Speed Defense Shipments. Robt. L. Pearson, Vice President, Shows the Roller-Bearing Slide Doors of One to His Chief, President H. S. Palmer

25c plus 3c stamp per set; and *Off. Guide of World*, OSK line, 1926-'27, 800 pages, $2.

(R) JAMES O'CONNELL, 164 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y., selling *Railroad Magazine* for May, Aug. 1934; Mar., May, Aug., Oct. '35; Jan., Mar., Apr., June, July, Nov. '36; all '37 except May; all '38 but Sept., all '39 and '40; all unclipped, good cond. Write first.

HUGH O'NEIL, 2536 Lincoln Ave., Ogden, Utah, offers 1932 WP rulebook for $1.

JAMES O'NEILL, 1605 Gaines St., Davenport, Iowa, buys rail action shots 16 mm. movies, esp. color films.

* * *

(*) GEO. PEARCE, 2523 N. Purdum St., Kokomo, Ind., wants pix, size 616, of aband. elec. lines Tol. & Chgo.; Stark; Cin. & Indpls.; Ill. Val.; and city lines in Madison, Portage and Eau Claire, Wis., Grand Forks, N. D., and Sioux Falls, S. D. Also NKP 4-6-4's. Write first.

A. SHELDON PENNOYER, 114 E. 66th St., N. Y. City, wants old catalogs of rr. accessories and models, home furnishings and hardware, prior to 1890. Write, giving description and price. *(Editor's Note: Mr. Pennoyer is widely known as a railroad artist. Has painted many front covers for this magazine.)*

AL PHELPS, Auburn, Calif., has pix, size 122, of last pass. tr. on Nev. No. and pix of all NN engines.

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1568 WEST PIERCE STREET
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Wants SP San Joaquin diy. emp. tt., any date between March and Dec. '38.

RICHARD PIAGET, 127 Clark St., Hilside, N. J., wants pix and negs., size 116, of steam locos. Trade or pay reas. cash. Other fans, write. *(Editor asks: What do you want them to write about, Dick?)*

KEITH PRATT, Bloomfield Station, Prince Edward Island, will buy snapshot of Pres. Roosevelt special train and one of his yacht *Potomac*. Write first.

HAROLD PHILLIPS, Box 54, Medfield, Mass., will sell *Trains of Today and Tomorrow*, Hildebrand; *British Locos.*, Bell, Illus.; *Modern Locos.*, Beaty; *Trains*, picture scripts, no author; *CONQUEST*, Story of AT&SF; *Story of a Pioneer*, FEC beginning; and *Short Hist. of the B&O*. Make offers.

E. W. PRIDMERE, Tuscaloosa, Ala., will buy Morse telegraph key and sounder.

* * *

GEO. RAMMING, C-4 Hamilton Court Apt., Norfolk, Va., will trade new Cyclops camera, size 127, for 100 pix, any size. Wants to correspond with fans around 13. *(Editor inquires: Photos of what, George?)*

(R) W. B. REDMAN, 8781 Arcadia Ave., Detroit, Mich., offers over 50 copies of 1940 and '41 B&O, Santa Fe and C&O mags. in exchange for *Railroad Magazine* issues before 1938, or will buy back numbers. Also wants pix, size 116, of old short-line engines, trade or buy. Has Ford Motor steam power pix. Write first.

H. REID, 1202 Redgate Ave., Norfolk, Va., has large stack of pulp, comic and science publications. Best offer in railroad pix or negs. takes 'em. Sells pix size 120 of AT&N 2-8-0, 4-8-0; T&NO 0-6-0; NO Pub. Belt 0-6-0; Smith Lbr. 4-4-0 and L&N 4-6-2 at 5c ea., or trade for D&RG pix. any size.

(*) R. W. RICHARDSON, 34 S. Union St., Akron, O., trades early Akron, Erie and Buffalo trolley tickets for old Ohio steam road tickets, etc. Wants pix and other items of old Pittsburgh, Akron & W.; Northern Ohio Ry. and AC&Y.

(*) JOHN RILEY, 44 Haines Dr., Bloomfield, N. J., wants pix of aband. PSCT of NJ and Trenton Trans. street-car lines. Has 3rd Ave. Ry., Union Ry. Co. and some PSCT of NJ. Buys, sells, trades.

W. J. RIVERS, 518 Ashby St., S. W., Atlanta, Ga., wants pix of old locos, any size, in southwest U. S., esp. Ga. RR., A&WP, W. of Ala., Cofka, SC, or any lines now included in Southern, ACL or SAL. Also L&N from Montgomery to Myrtlewood, Ala. Buys or trades. Has some of Ga. and Ala. main lines and short roads taken in '32. No list. State your wants.

E. S. ROCKETT, Jr., 37 Chatham Rd., Ardmore, Pa., will buy clear pix of 0-4-2 Vulcan type steam loco, or will trade for pix of Eastern roads.

(*) JOHN ROCKWELL, 16 Lincoln St., Gloversville, N. Y., buys clear original pix of N. Y. state interurban and street rys., passenger and non-revenue. Esp. wants FJ&G, all types. Also buys negs., p. c. or larger.

* * *

(R) R. E. SAMS, 3009 15th St., Ensley, Birmingham, Ala., wants to buy Feb. '35 *Railroad Magazine* with true tale, *When the Circus Went West*, and other magazines containing articles about circus trains, wrecks, etc. Also buys circus train pix, or will swap pix, size 120, for what he wants. Make offers. *(Editor says: Read Don Rockwood's letter in this month's "Spot" dept.)*

B. SASSCER, 2125 R Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., buys pix or negs. of old-time Pennsy locos.

C. SCHEEL, 542 Highland Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J., wants to know address of Donald G. Brown of Indiana. Trades Rdg., Wab, SP, NP, O&W, NKP, CGW and DL&W orders for steam negs., size 116. Has pix, size 116, of DL&W, Erie, etc., to trade or sell; also DL&W and Erie negs. to trade only.

(R) L. A. SCHMUCK, 250 Cottage Place, Pasadena, Calif., will sell Jan.-Dec. '35 *Railroad Stories*, complete, no cuts or tears, $2. Also copies of *Yachting* for 1924, '25, '26, '27. What offers in trade?

A. A. SCHRUM, 145 Churchill Ave., Trenton, N. J., sends large 5-page list of pix, size 116, U. S. roads, with 2 samples, 10c. Buys or trades good negs., size 116. Has many mags. and much rr. material to trade for negs. or sell. List for 3c stamp.

ROBT. SCOTT, 2420 W. Jackson Blvd., will trade Erie brakeman's lantern for marker lantern from any road.

W. M. SHACKFORD, Box 105, Far Hills, N. J., offers few emp. tts. of AT&SF, SP, DLW and others, 1935-'36, for postage only. First come, first served. Wants 25c ea. or recent SP and Santa Fe emp. tts.

for *Off. Guides* of Feb., Mar., Apr., May and June.

(R) G. SHARP, 263 Grant, Buffalo, N. Y., disposing of 100 *Railroad Magazine* copies, 19 from 1932, nine '33, nine '36, all '34, '35, '37 and up to date complete. Nearly all good cond.; few have covers missing. Make offers.

(*) W. K. SHARPE, 35 Woodland Rd., Short Hills, N. D., sells 8x10 pix of Ind. RR. elec. frt. engine, Pennsy K-4, and Pennsy big hook, $1 each.

(*) RALPH SHEARS, 01944 S.W. Palatine Hill, Portland, Ore., offers Ore. Elec. and United Rys. tr. orders 30 for 20c, or will swap for interurban pix, esp. Iowa.

JAMES SHEPPARD, Laurens, S. C., interested in C&WC, CN&L, other short lines. *(Editor's Note: Does that mean you wish to buy, sell or trade pix or other material referring to those roads?)*

ROBT. SHAW, 12 Church St., Poultney, Vt., has many D&H loco pix, size 1⅝x2½, to trade for other D&H locos, esp. 600 class. D&H fans, write. Also has *Off. Guide*, Feb. '40, good cond.

(*) W. H. SIEVERS, Box 47, Mill Valley, Calif., sells 5x8 action shots of San Francisco cable street-cars, Nev. County n.-g. trains, locos, and NWP elec. trains, 25c ea. List and sample 25c.

FRANK SMARS, 1622 N. La Salle St., Chicago, formerly of Zeigler, Ill., wants street addresses of G. W. Johnston, formerly of Los Angeles; R. W. Legg, Gasport, Ind.; J. G. Connelly, Portland, Me.; and R. E. Chaffin, Lynn, Mass., his former correspondents.

K. M. SMITH, 337 McDougal, Fostoria, O., collects souvenir porcelain or glass dogs with cash value not over 50c, esp. 5-and-10-cent-store items with city name imprinted on them. Offers in exchange stamps, time-cards, engine pix, tickets and match folders.

(*) RUSSELL SMITH, 205 Locust Lane, Alexandria, Va., wants to hear from fans on jct. or div. point who have sharp ¾ and side view negs. of large selection of PRR power. Also desires contact with fans in Roanoke, Va., and Midwest who are handy to Frisco, Katy, KCS, Soo, CGTW, etc. Offers many C&O, Sou, RF&P, B&O and Pennsy elec. power, negs. size 616-116 only. Buys emp. tts. Send 3c for sample print and list.

(R) FRED STECKER *(NYC fireman)*, 2812 35th Ave., Astoria, Long Island, N. Y., will buy set of pix of recent New Haven derailment at South Kent, Conn. Wants to send his *Railroad Magazine* issues to someone who'd appreciate them after he has read them each month. *(Editor's Note: Fans will please ignore offer of free magazines. We're advising Fred to send 'em to some Army training post, preferably Camp Upton on Long Island, which is nearest his home.)*

ART STENSVAD, Box 634, North Platte, Neb., wants UP loco roster. Also will buy small UP loco pix. *(Editor's Note: May '33 Railroad Magazine carried UP roster.)*

(Concluded on next page)

RAILROAD MAGAZINE Reader's Choice

280 Broadway, New York City

Stories, features and departments I like best in December issue are:

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2.....

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4.....

5.....

6.....

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

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TRIAL OFFER—Mail 25c coin with name, address for full trial SINASIPTEC and NASAL DOUCHE applicator. Write to American Drug Corp., Dept. B-28, 6060 Maple, St. Louis, Mo.

JUNIOR STEVENSON, Walkerton, Ind., buys Dixie Line, Soo, GT and LV pix, size 116, 616 or p.c.

WARREN D. STOWMAN, 7444 Forrest Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., collecting 5x7 or builders photos of all locos in East that burned anthracite: LV, Rdg, Pennsy, N. Y. els, CNJ, D&H, NYC, etc. Also wants old B&M 4-8-0's, SP and Sonora (Mexico) camelbacks, D&H, LV and DL&W 4-4-0, 4-6-0 and 0-8-0 (as rebuilt from 4-4-0, 4-6-0 and 2-8-0 camelbacks), p.c. size. Also CP or CN 2-8-0 or 0-8-0 camelback, p.c. or 5x7. Buys or trades.

(*) IRA SWETT, 1414 S. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles, sells pix and complete specs, of practically all eqpmt. ever owned by PE, LA-Pac. and LA Unt., 5x7 glossy, 40c ea., 3½x6 at 25c. Also SBVT, R&A, RC, O&SA, LAT, MtL and GG&OS of SF, 5x7 at 25c and 3½x6 at 15c. Also trades.

EUGENE TALLMADGE, Co. K, 161st Inf., A.P.O. 41, Tacoma, Wash., collects poster stamps—wants baggage labels and all kinds of rr. stickers.

FRED THACKRAH, 37 Market St., Amsterdam, N. Y., wants pix, size 116 or p.c., of streamlined trains and snow scenes with trains. Will buy 5x7 streamliner photos.

* * *

(*) ROBT. VAN BUSKIRK, 120 Chestnut St., Jersey City, N. J., sells PSCT pix, sizes 120, 116, or trades for same size or larger, one for one. List of PSCT and others with sample, size 116, for 7c. Wants pix and negs. of N. J. and N. Y. trolleys before 1936.

C. L. VINEALL, 1157 Central Ave., Albany, N. Y., trades pix and negs., size 616, 122, of cabooses, depots, engines, hist. scenes and boats. Has over several thousand pix, 175 roads, incl. Mallets, camelbacks, Garretts, old-timers, English roads, snowplows, small N. Y. state lines. Wants small pikes anywhere, size 616 or 122, negs. or pix.

* * *

(*) R. WARD, 117 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has for sale or trade over 800 pix, p.c. size, of B&QT, TARS, PSCT, AC&S, Queensboro Ry. and SB Ry. Wants N. Y. rys., NY&NS, any aband. traction or interurban line. Send reply postcard for info.

E. A. WEBB, 1705 Woodlawn, Logansport, Ind., sells p.c. prints of L&N, Pennsy, Wab. and over 30 classes of NYC roads, P&E, Big 4, IHB, etc. Send dime for sample and list. Buys NYC system negs. Sells rosters reas. List for 3c stamp.

D. J. WELCH *(loco engr.)*, Box 396, Tracy, Calif., wants negs. or prints of SP 3059, size 616 or p.c.

(R) R. M. WELLING, Millbrook, Dutchess Co., N. Y., will sell *Railroad Magazine* issues of March '34; Nov. '35; Aug., Nov., Dec. '37; Jan.-June, Oct.-Dec. '36; Jan. '38 up to the present, all clean, good cond. Best offer takes 'em.

(R) F. E. WHEDBEE, Seabrook, Md., offers 1939 and '40 *Railroad Magazine* at $1 per year, complete. Also 23 copies *Ry. Age*, 1940, '41, for $2; Jan., April and July '31 *Baldwin Locomotives* magazine, $1 ea.; 15 copies *Loco Fireman's Mag.*, 1940-'41 issues, $1; and 6 copies 1940-'41 *Loco. Eng. Journal*, 50c.

PAULA WHITE, 508½ E. Healey St., Champaign, Ill., sells pix, size 116 and 5x7 of old historic engines, 10c and 25c ea., respectively. Also has blueprints of famous engines, including *J. W. Bowker*, suitable for modeling, 25c ea. sells rr. Xmas cards. Send stamped env. for lists. Wants prints of old locos between 1870 and 1900.

* * *

(*) GORDON ZAHORIK, RFD 2, McHenry, Ill., sells 8 dif. Australian elec. line pix, size 116-120, photographed by A. Jack, 7c ea. Also prints of 5 scrapped Chicago surface line cars, class 1100-1423, at 5c ea.